

M A Y ATLANTIC

Ninety years of continuous publication

VOLUME 181 1948 NUMBER 5

The Atlantic Report on the World Today

Stop Russia's Subversive War	WILLIAM J. DONOVAN	27
American in the Making	FIORIELLO H. LA GUARDIA	31
Shower of Gold. <i>A Story</i>	EUDORA WELTY	37
The Academy Speaks	JEAN HERSHOLT	43
Italy — Is Aid Enough?	WILLIAM G. CONGDON	46
Smuggler's Gap. <i>A Poem</i>	SARA HOLMES	50
The Vortex of Dialectic. <i>A Dialogue</i>	GEORGE SANTAYANA	51
The Year of the Flood	LOUIS BROMFIELD	59
Barring the Weight. <i>An Atlantic "First"</i>	W. B. READY	65
If Corporations Will Give	LAIRD BELL	68
Birth Day. <i>A Poem</i>	ROBERT CECIL	72
I Like the Greeks	OSBERT LANCASTER	73
Arabesque. <i>The Atlantic Serial</i>	GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD	79

ACCENT ON LIVING

René MacColl — R. P. Lister — Lowell Kindschi — Padraic Colum — John W. Campbell, Jr.	91
---	----

BOOKS AND MEN

Pride and Prejudice	W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM	99
Alfred North Whitehead. 1861-1947	PAUL WEISS	105
Failure. <i>A Poem</i>	DANIEL J. BERRIGAN, S.J.	107

ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

Edward Weeks — Charles J. Rolo	108
--------------------------------	-----

Cover engraving by Hans Alexander Mueller

1 YEAR \$6.00 2 YEARS \$10.00 3 YEARS \$15.00

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, May, 1948, Vol. 181, No. 5. Published monthly. Publication Office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N.H. Editorial and General Offices, 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass. 50 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by return postage. Entered as second-class matter July 15, 1918, at the Post Office at Concord, N.H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U.S.A. by Rumford Press, Concord, N.H. Copyright 1948, by The Atlantic Monthly Company. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention.



From one Vacuum to another

LITTLE tummies of growing youngsters seem constantly empty—a void that clamors for energy-building foods.

Today scores of foods, fortified by vitamins, deliver the concentrated nutriment that builds stronger bones, healthier tissues, sounder teeth for sturdier, infection-resisting bodies.

Precious Vitamin A, for example, made under DPI *high vacuum* distillation, added to margarine enables the makers to guarantee *pre-determined unit-standards of nutriment value the year around*.

But many things other than vitamins, hormones, and medicinals are today being researched under high vacuum techniques. Industries in the broad fields of foods, chemicals, metallurgy, petroleum, electronics, optotechnics, cosmetics, plastics, are exploring high vacuum distillation fractionating, dehydration and fusion, to improve products, decrease costs or convert waste materials into valuable commodities.

High vacuum may return millions of dollars to these industries—dis-

cover invaluable benefits to humanity in better health, better living.

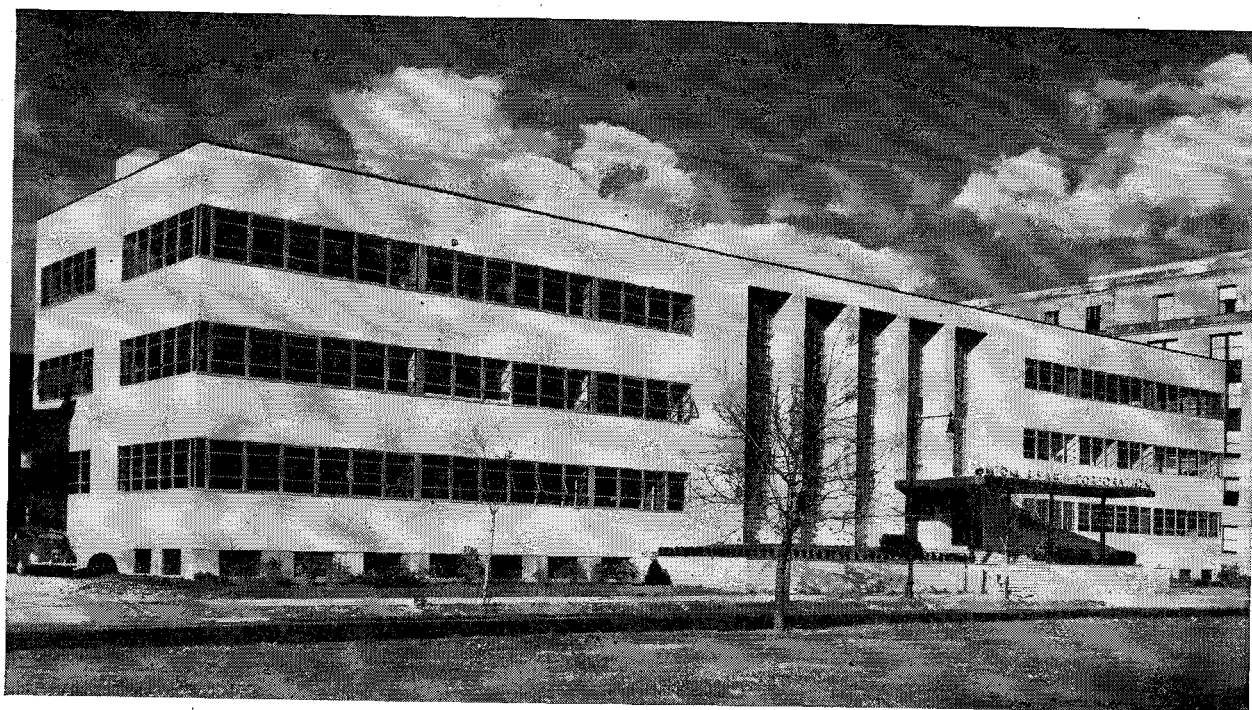
For information on high vacuum and its commercial application, write:

DISTILLATION PRODUCTS, INC.
735 Ridge Road West • Rochester 13, N. Y.

DPI

HIGH VACUUM RESEARCH
AND ENGINEERING

Manufacturers of Molecular Stills and High Vacuum Equipment; Distillers of Oil-Soluble Vitamins and other Concentrates for Science and Industry



Buying the Unknown — with Confidence

THE BUYING OF RESEARCH—the financing of a study of the unknown—must always involve uncertainty. But in spite of uncertainty every progressive industrialist realizes his own imperative need for research and his responsibility to buy it with the greatest possible assurance of success.

Although success in research cannot be guaranteed it is sure to be commensurate with the brains and experience of the men who engage in it and with the equipment at their disposal.

National Research Corporation is a picked team of young scientists and engineers. Since 1940 this growing staff has been accumulating specialized experience by carrying through to successful completion some of the most difficult and essential development programs that War and Peace have presented. Now in our fine new building in a recognized center of research activity, we have ample space and equipment to serve industry with-

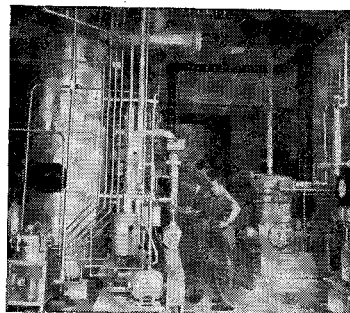
out limitation. Here uncertainty is reduced to the lowest possible minimum.

Our most conspicuous accomplishments, like the low-temperature dehydration of blood plasma, penicillin, orange juice and coffee, the production of magnesium from dolomite, vacuum coating and our work on the famous Manhattan Project, have been in the field of high vacuum. Our Research Division is particularly active in distillation, electronics and metallurgy. In all these fields we do research—and more. We carry on pilot plant operations. We manufacture equipment and we engineer process installations.

You *can* buy research with confidence—confidence based on the fact that at National Research Corporation every knowable factor—ability, experience, equipment—assures a successful and profitable outcome. We welcome your inquiry—particularly if it promises a unique and difficult assignment in industrial process development.

A new brochure explaining our work in detail is just off the press. Write for it today.

*Streptomycin plant of
Merck & Co., Inc.,
Rahway, New Jersey*



*Low temperature dehydra-
tion process developed and
equipment designed, manu-
factured and installed by
National Research Corp.*

NATIONAL RESEARCH CORPORATION

SEVENTY MEMORIAL DRIVE



CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS



THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

Atomic Energy

In fundamental physical science, the most significant advance in a decade was announced in March. This was the artificial production of mesons, nuclear particles hitherto found only in the mysterious cosmic rays which constantly bombard the earth from some unknown origin in outer space.

The work was done in the University of California's Radiation Laboratory, of which Dr. Ernest O. Lawrence — Nobel Prize winner for the invention of the cyclotron — is director. Dr. Eugene Gardner, research physicist of the laboratory, and Dr. C. M. G. Lattes, Brazilian scientist from the University of São Paulo, performed the experiments as part of research being carried on for the United States Atomic Energy Commission.

Exploring the subnuclear processes

Alpha particles — the nuclei of helium atoms, consisting of two protons and two neutrons — were hurled with an energy of 380 million electron volts against targets of carbon, beryllium, or other materials in the 4000-ton cyclotron of the Radiation Laboratory. Photographic emulsion plates placed near the target materials recorded the tracks of the mesons, which came into being when one of the protons of an alpha particle — temporarily possessed of more than its one-quarter average share of the bombarding voltage — encountered a proton of the target material at a moment when that proton was moving toward it, so that there was a compounding of energy amounting to about 390 million electron volts. This is apparently about the threshold for the release of mesons.

When this combination of circumstances occurred, one of the meeting protons was converted into a neutron and a negative meson. The mesons

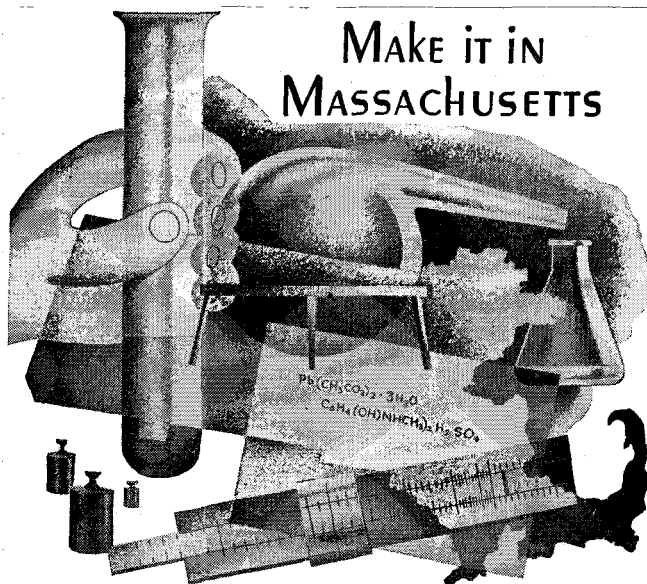
thus observed have an energy of only about 4 million electron volts — extremely low for a meson, but enough to enable it to travel some nine inches in a vacuum from its origin in the target to its destination in the photographic emulsion.

Techniques stemming from earlier research at the University of Bristol, England, and from field studies in the Pyrenees and the Andes, where observers hitherto have carried their equipment to detect the mesons resulting in nature from cosmic-ray bombardment, were utilized in the Berkeley experiments.

There have been dire predictions from laymen about the possibility of bombs even more titanic than those now known. Hence it should be emphasized that the Berkeley announcement by Professor Lawrence and the Atomic Energy Commission stressed that no practical applications of the artificial production of mesons, such as fission, are now in sight.

The significance of the accomplishment rests in the aid which it promises toward further understanding of the mysterious subnuclear processes — the force, for instance, which is both unknown and unlike any known force, that holds the nucleus of the atom together.

The Berkeley cyclotron is the most powerful in existence, and it possesses just barely enough power to produce mesons of low energy. Still more powerful instruments must be built, Dr. Lawrence declared, to produce mesons for exploration of why the repulsions between two positively charged particles — the protons of the helium nucleus, for example — do not rend the nucleus apart.



WHERE YOU GET...THE NATION'S FINEST RESEARCH FACILITIES...

In the forefront of scientific progress, Massachusetts sets the pace with the greatest established plant for research anywhere on earth: 125 industrial research laboratories operated by private industry . . . over 30 specialized consulting laboratories . . . a dozen top flight universities that offer services to industry.

One section of the Boston area alone, holds the world's greatest concentration of diversified scientific brain power. Right now, research projects underway will save some industries countless millions . . . revolutionize others. Take as examples the wind tunnel now under construction to provide velocities of 3000 mph — 5 times the speed of sound . . . the world's most powerful X-Ray machine that will advance industrial research and cancer therapy . . . a new blast furnace process that boosts output 20% while reducing coke consumption 12% . . . the device that can maintain a temperature only two degrees above absolute zero . . . another that produces a vacuum so high the remaining molecules of air can be counted . . . the new protein "chain propagation" which results in a synthetic "skin" that may rival silk or wool.

Consider the advantages of having experts in every field quickly available to you for on-the-spot consultation or long range research programs. A 50-page book will give you other facts about the industrial possibilities in Massachusetts. Write: Massachusetts Development and Industrial Commission, S-Rm 407A, State House, Boston, Massachusetts.



Only MASSACHUSETTS Gives You All Three:

1. SKILLED COOPERATIVE LABOR
2. UNEQUALLED RESEARCH FACILITIES
3. CLOSENESS TO MAJOR MARKETS

The meson which has been produced so far exists for only an almost unimaginably small fraction of a second, leaving as record in a photographic emulsion a track about four one-hundredths of an inch in length made by electrons which it knocks off the nuclei of atoms in the emulsion. To bring the tracks into view, the developed emulsion must be examined under a 600-power microscope. And this meson is but one of three types of mesons whose existence has been determined in nature from observations on cosmic rays. That there are probably others is current belief.

For research in cancer

The Atomic Energy Commission will spend some \$3,000,000 in expanding its support of nation-wide cancer research. Radioisotopes useful in studies of the nature, diagnosis, and treatment of cancer are to be made available without charge except for handling and transportation. On April 1, iodine-131, phosphorus-32, and sodium-24 were put on the "free list" to qualified scientists and physicians. Other useful available isotopes will be added as soon as possible.

During 1947 more than 1600 shipments of radioisotopes were made to qualified users in the United States; and since President Truman's announcement, on September 3, of the program of foreign distribution, forty-four shipments have gone to individuals and research groups in eight foreign countries — Australia, Argentina, the United Kingdom, Denmark, Peru, Canada, Italy, and Sweden. A number of other nations have made the necessary arrangements to obtain the artificially radioactive materials from the uranium chain-reacting pile at Oak Ridge, in furtherance of an important program of international coöperation and good will.

For leukemia and the thyroid gland

By far the most numerous among the foreign shipments of isotopes have been those of phosphorus-32 and iodine-131. Phosphorus-32 is used mainly in medical therapy for treatment of serious blood diseases, including leukemia; and iodine-131 is invaluable in the study and treatment of disorders of the thyroid gland, which absorbs the radioactive isotope especially.

Isotopes of carbon, sulphur, zinc, iron, and cobalt have gone to other foreign research groups working in chemistry, physics, biochemistry, physiology, and botany. Under the agreement by which other nations receive these materials from the United States, reports on the results of investigations are to be made at six-month intervals.

Radioisotopes are generally regarded as the most valuable new research tool since the invention of the microscope. In its third semiannual report the Atomic Energy Commission said: "If the development of atomic energy had produced nothing else, its cost would undoubtedly have been balanced within a few years by the gains in knowledge that the nation is making with isotopes in medicine, chemistry, industry, and agriculture." The Com-



The Atlantic Report on Atomic Energy



mission regards it as of vital importance to make isotopes available to all qualified users in quantities as large as can be profitably used, in variety as great as can be developed, and at the lowest possible cost.

Broadening education

The Atomic Energy Commission is setting up and financing a training program to be administered for the Commission by the National Research Council of the National Academy of Sciences. Fellowships are to be distributed among doctors of medicine, doctors of philosophy in the biological sciences, and bachelors of arts or science, who will receive training in health physics—the medical specialization concerned with the protection of people from radiation and radioactive materials.

Facilities to provide training for fellows are being established in North Carolina, New York, Texas, Colorado, California, and Oregon, and are expected to be ready in time for the academic year 1948–1949. Some will be operated by individual educational institutions; others will be coöperatively operated by two or more institutions. Joint participation is seen as valuable in permitting the integration of medical and biological training with physics, chemistry, and mathematics.

A complementary research fellowship program in the physical sciences basic to atomic research and development has been established, with an initial allocation of \$1,500,000 from the Commission. Physics, chemistry, metallurgy, mathematics, geology, and astrophysics are examples of the fields involved, and indicate the ramifications of the nation's atomic energy enterprise.

In addition to making radioisotopes more accessible for the treatment of cancer patients, the Commission will bring selected patients and investigators to its research centers for study with isotopes of such short periods of activity that they cannot be shipped away—minutes, for example. Physicians and scientists will also have the opportunity for investigation and treatment with direct radiation from high-voltage cyclotrons and other atomic particle accelerators. Hospitalization will be provided at or near laboratory sites for a limited number of patients selected by investigators studying certain types of tumors.

The series of studies will begin at Oak Ridge Hospital, where eight or ten beds and the necessary research facilities will soon become available. Similar programs near Argonne National Laboratory,

Brookhaven National Laboratory, and Los Alamos Laboratory will be inaugurated during the next two years as hospital facilities are completed.

Weapons

Despite its promising nonmilitary accomplishments, the Commission's primary responsibility remains production of atomic weapons. A long-range research program has been rounded out. The Los Alamos Laboratory—center of the work—has been restabilized, and the Commission's intention is that it shall be operated “in the spirit of a permanent research center.”

Expansion of production facilities, and development and standardization of new designs and of procedures for handling atomic weapons, are the primary objectives of the weapons program. Testing activities are being carried on at the Eniwetok Atoll proving ground, and air and shipping authorities have been notified that a danger area of some 30,000 square miles surrounding the atoll will exist throughout this year.

Liaison between the Armed Forces and the Commission, whose mutual interests extend over an extremely broad range of subjects, has been good. Donald F. Carpenter, vice-president of the Remington Arms Company, has been appointed civilian chairman of the Military Liaison Committee by Secretary Forrestal, and Major General Kenneth D. Nichols, former engineer for the Manhattan District, has succeeded Lieutenant General Leslie R. Groves, who retired February 29, as head of the Armed Forces Special Weapons Project and as member of the Military Liaison Committee.

Security provisions—both those involving special physical precautions and those implied in loyalty reviews—have been further strengthened. These measures are of course of vital importance in a world where the political situation between great nations is highly charged.

They are underlined by the fact that General Andrew G. L. McNaughton, head of Canada's delegation to the United Nations, speaking before the New York Herald Tribune Forum for high schools, referred to the United States as “the only nation now in possession of atomic bombs, at least on any scale which would suffice to make atomic war,” and by the fact that in an address before the Oak Ridge Education Association Commissioner Sumner T. Pike, characterizing the weapon as “a terrible fact,” said: “At the moment, we probably have a monopoly in this field.”



Every inch the Chief

Yes, *Little Chief*, our Chief measures up to the name!
For it is the all-Pullman, extra-fare, transcontinental streamliner
(along with the daily Super Chief) that is famous among
discriminating travelers for smooth-riding speed, roomy comfort,
and delicious Fred Harvey meals.

The Chief provides daily service between
Chicago and Los Angeles, Chicago and
Phoenix, Chicago and San Diego.

In conjunction with the New York Central
20th Century Limited, the Pennsylvania

Broadway Limited, and Baltimore & Ohio
Capitol Limited, it provides daily Pullman
service between New York and Los Angeles,
and between Washington and Los Angeles
without changing cars.



SANTA FE SYSTEM LINES... Serving the West and Southwest

T. B. Gallaher, General Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago 4

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The United Nations

THROUGHOUT the Western world the news of the Czech coup and Masaryk's death came as an alarm bell. It came at a time when the fortunes of the anti-Communist forces in Greece and China — in which the United States was heavily involved — were going badly, when relations between the Western and Eastern powers controlling Germany had reached the breaking point, when Italy, on the eve of an election, was facing the likelihood of substantial Communist and left-Socialist gains.

In a single week — March 14–20 — events took place which changed the entire pattern of international relations. In Brussels, the five-nation fifty-year defense pact was signed; in Washington, President Truman made his peacetime conscription speech; and on the same day, at Lake Success, Chile appeared before the Security Council to present its charges against the Soviet Union. In Paris, the conference of the sixteen Marshall Plan nations hastened their program of joint economic action. Washington, London, and Paris proposed returning Trieste to Italy. Congress speeded its ERP timetable. And at Lake Success, Senator Austin announced that the United States had abandoned its stand in favor of the partition of Palestine.

Partition by force?

The General Assembly resolution of November 29 had made the Council ultimately responsible for seeing that partition was carried out. While the Palestine Commission met in closed session at Lake Success, the Arabs of the Middle East were making good their threats to block partition by force. Reports from Jewish Agency and British sources told of armed Arab bands moving into Palestine from Syria and Lebanon, and violence in Palestine began to take the shape of civil war.

As the death toll mounted, the Jewish Agency accused the British of doing little to maintain order — accusations the British denied. The British, however, made no bones about their refusal to permit the Palestine Commission to organize a Jewish militia and police force while the mandate continued, and about their rejection of the Commission's request that the British open up Tel Aviv to them as a Palestine base of action.

On February 18, the Palestine Commission in a special report to the Security Council requested an international force with which to implement the partition scheme. This report came up for discussion on February 24, when a fact long suspected came out into the open: the United States was lukewarm in its support of the Assembly's decision. Warren R. Austin, the United States delegate, said that the Security Council had no legal authority to impose partition by force. The most it could do was to take action to maintain order if it were proved that a threat to international peace existed.

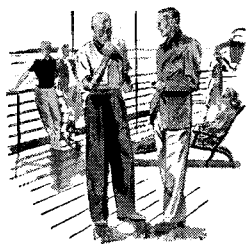
Faced with the refusal of both the United Kingdom and the United States to stand forcefully behind partition, and doubtful that under the circumstances an enduring settlement could be imposed, the Canadian delegate urged that a last supreme effort be made to bring about conciliation. The American delegate then proposed that the whole matter be referred to a committee composed of the five permanent Security Council members.

Up to this point there had been no open breach between the United States and the Soviet Union on Palestine. But to the American proposal, Andrei Gromyko replied that he saw no point in setting up a new committee on Palestine, and certainly no point in a Security Council committee consulting with the Jewish Agency, the Arab Higher Committee, the mandatory power, and the Palestine Commission, as Senator Austin's resolution proposed. During the lunch hour Mr. Austin and Mr. Gromyko reconciled their differences in a joint resolution. Four of the five permanent members of the Security Council — the United Kingdom refused to take part — went into consultations. The conference ended when Mr. Austin proposed a special session of the General Assembly to establish a "temporary trusteeship" for Palestine under the Trusteeship Council.

The U.S. changes its mind

Unless we see it in the context of world developments, American reversal on Palestine is inexplicable. The facts in the situation — the unwillingness of the two communities in Palestine to reach agreement, Arab violence, the imminent ending of

I met New England



ON A CARIBBEAN CRUISE"

You get acquainted fast on shipboard, and pretty soon I was discussing my company's manufacturing problems with this middle-aged Boston businessman.

"You ought to set up a plant in New England," he said. "Your problems are a lot simpler there."

"But hasn't New England been bursting at the seams for years?" I asked. "I thought there wasn't a good spot left."

"Don't you believe it!" he said. "We've got *plenty* of room — plenty of darn fine locations — and all the skilled help you need, too. Whatever you need — reliable power, good water, good transportation, they're *all handy* in New England."

I was impressed. "But how about markets?" I asked.

"There are no other major ports on our Atlantic Coast," he answered, "that are as near to *both* European and South American markets as those in New England. And coming right down to it, New England itself is the richest market in the whole country. Our total personal income in 1946 was around 12 billion dollars!

"Investigate," he urged me. "Find out *exactly* what locations are available in New England for an organization like yours. Find out all New England has to offer compared to any other region. I promise you, it'll be worth your while!"

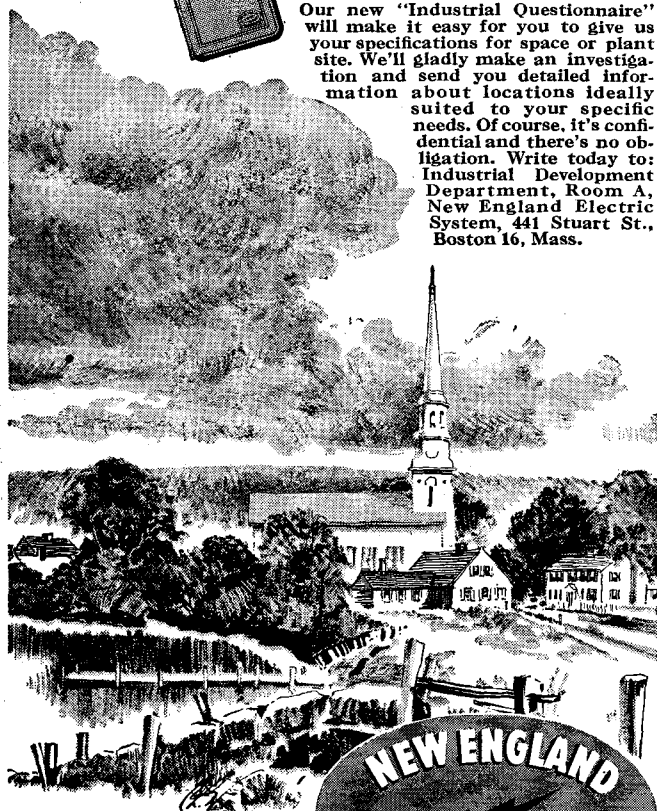


INVESTIGATE NEW ENGLAND

Write for New

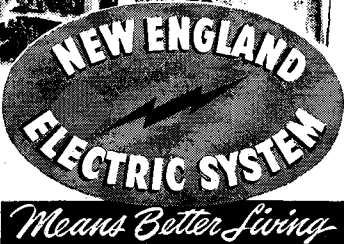
"INDUSTRIAL QUESTIONNAIRE"

Our new "Industrial Questionnaire" will make it easy for you to give us your specifications for space or plant site. We'll gladly make an investigation and send you detailed information about locations ideally suited to your specific needs. Of course, it's confidential and there's no obligation. Write today to: Industrial Development Department, Room A, New England Electric System, 441 Stuart St., Boston 16, Mass.



The largest electric utility system in New England—serving 2,500,000 people living in 250 New England communities.

New England is THE place to work and live!



the British mandate, and the questionable legality of Security Council action to impose partition — were all known or anticipated when the United States decided in favor of partition. In fact, a number of nations — New Zealand, Canada, and the United Kingdom particularly — warned the Assembly of the serious problem of implementation. Nevertheless, the American delegation backed partition and supported the resolution that gave the Security Council an important role in its implementation.

The United States proposal for "temporary trusteeship" and for a special session of the General Assembly to put it into effect represented an about-face with no new facts to support it. Strategic rather than moral reasons determined the switch.

The United States was opposed to an international army to enforce partition because it would mean bringing Russian troops into the Middle East. Moreover, at a time when all efforts were being directed to strengthening the coalition of Western nations, oil reserves, Middle Eastern bases, and the friendship of the Arab states counted for more than commitments to a Jewish national home.

A very serious consequence of the Palestine reversal is not merely that it deals a staggering blow to United Nations prestige but that it is not likely to contribute any benefit to the Middle East. Violence will continue and will probably increase. The Jewish people have given every indication of abiding by the Assembly decision, and they are proceeding with the organization of a state of their own. The Arabs will intensify their opposition.

India and Pakistan take the stand

The conflict in Kashmir was only one expression of the bitter struggle between Moslem and Hindu communities which partition of India had failed to resolve. At the outset the arguments seemed to be on the side of India. Pakistan appeared to be a proved accomplice in the warlike incursion of the northern tribes into the province of Jammu and Kashmir. Active Indian resistance had come in response to the appeal of the princely ruler of Kashmir, a Hindu, who turned over his state to the protective custody of the Dominion of India.

But as the Pakistan case was presented by Pakistan's brilliant Foreign Minister, Sir Mohammed Zafrullah Khan, it became clear that the situation was more complicated than the Indian representative had made out. There were, in fact, indications that India was determined to consolidate its position in strategically important Kashmir with its predominantly Moslem population. India was prepared to grant a plebiscite. But it insisted that a provisional government under the pro-Indian Sheikh Abdullah should take office and that Indian troops should remain even after the tribesmen and their Pakistan aides had withdrawn.

During January, the President of the Security Council, Fernand van Langenhove of Belgium,



The Atlantic Report on the United Nations



conducted direct negotiations between the Indian and Pakistan representatives, and members of the Council submitted several proposed lines of settlement. In February, General Andrew G. L. McNaughton, the new head of the Council, advanced a plan which called for the cessation of hostilities, the withdrawal of all outside forces, and the holding of a free plebiscite under United Nations auspices.

The Pakistan delegate gave broad assent to the proposal, but the Indian delegate, standing by his claim to India's paramount interest in Kashmir, announced abruptly that he was going home and had already booked his plane passage.

The Council immediately asserted its authority. India had brought the dispute to the Council and had no right to walk out on what had become a Council matter. The Indian delegate might go home to consult his government, but he was instructed to inform New Delhi of the wishes of the Council and report back. Meanwhile Kashmir remained on the agenda and the Council proceeded to examine complaints that Pakistan had brought against India concerning areas other than Kashmir.

The U.N.'s future in the balance

The acute deterioration in the relationships between the Soviet Union and the Western nations has raised serious debates as to the future usefulness of the United Nations. Those who view the building of the Western coalition as a prelude to war are waiting for the day when Russia and the Eastern nations will walk out. On the other hand, there are many who believe that if the present moves among the Western nations lead to the restoration of economic and political health and not merely to military preparedness, a more stable balance between East and West will result.

Certainly, there are no present pressures to force Russia out of the United Nations. In the Interim Committee of the General Assembly, for example, much time has been devoted to a discussion of modification of the veto in the Security Council. What has been evident from the start is the lack of important support for the abolition of the veto. It is still hoped that a "code of conduct" can be agreed to among the Big Five to restrict use of the veto to matters in which a majority decision would call for sanctions against a member nation.

Philip C. Jessup, the deputy American delegate, brought forward the most constructive proposal in listing thirty-one cases in which, if the powers

agreed, the veto would not apply. In the past, the Soviet Union has opposed any efforts to modify the voting procedure of the General Assembly. It has, however, on many occasions followed the practice of abstaining from voting on proposals with which it did not agree.

Coalition for peace?

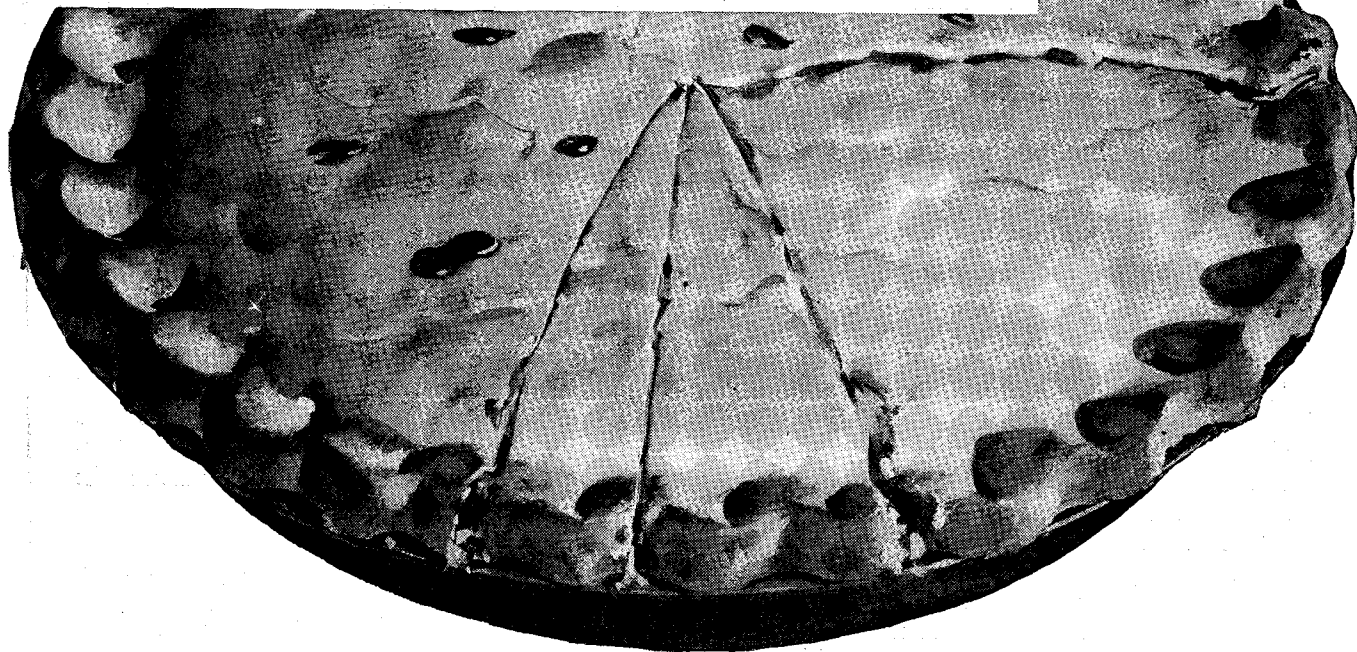
One important question that has a bearing on the future of the United Nations is the form the currently developing Western coalition will assume. Hamilton Fish Armstrong and others have suggested that Article 51 of the Charter permits collective self-defense agreements "until the Security Council has taken the measures necessary to maintain international peace and security." Since the Security Council is obviously not in a position to take these measures now, a general defense agreement might be concluded among the Western nations.

Lester B. Pearson, Canadian Under Secretary of State for External Affairs, in a speech given in Toronto in January, suggested a course which would retain the present Charter but would frankly recognize that within the present United Nations certain members were determined to form a collective system which "would really guarantee their own collective security, even if this could only be done on a limited basis of membership."

He denied that this would be "an offensive and defensive alliance of the old type . . . because it would be bound by all the obligations and restraints of the Charter." Moreover, said Mr. Pearson, "such a security system could, and indeed must, establish beyond doubt that it was solely an instrument of peace, and that it would not be used to further selfish national or imperial interests, or to support aggressive power policies by any of its members."

The next months will decide what form this inner security system will take. If the big powers call the tune, there is danger that the coalition will become the old-type alliance. If the smaller powers continue to exert the influence they have exerted in the past, it may be a constructive step in the direction of peace and not war. For, as Mr. Pearson concludes: "A collective security agency within the United Nations which would prove both its good will and its power — two things which don't always go together — might hope eventually to attract to its membership all states of the United Nations. We might then, in fact, have secured a new United Nations with both universality and effectiveness."

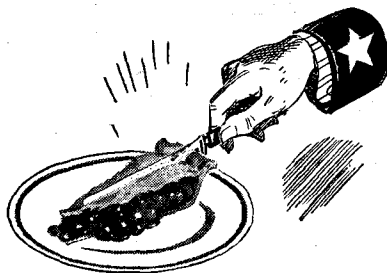
How would you slice this pie?



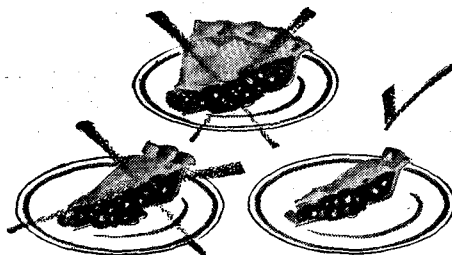
1. A lot of people have some pretty surprising ideas about how much of each dollar that industry takes in goes for profits. They think profits take a big slice of the sales "pie"—an average of as much as 25 per cent.



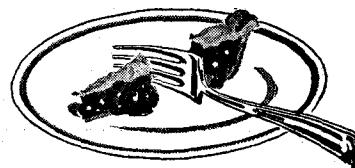
2. These same people—all over the country—were asked what they thought would be fair profit for business to make. The great majority said from 10 to 15 cents out of each dollar! That is amazing—because . . .



3. The fact is, as shown by Government figures, industry *averages* less than half that much profit!



4. So, profits are not the big piece of pie that many people think. They aren't even the middle-sized piece most people believe to be fair. Actually, they are only half of even that—the little piece of pie shown here.



5. And even that doesn't tell the whole story. For about half of the reasonable profits earned by industry go right back into business to pay for the development and expansion that bring more products, more jobs, and greater security for all.



6. That's how "the profit system" works to give more Americans more good things than are enjoyed by any other people on earth!

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MANUFACTURERS

Composed of the 16,500 large and small companies that make most of America's manufactured products.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Washington

PRESIDENT TRUMAN got more acclaim for his mobilization speech than for any other speech in his Presidential career. He is said to have written it himself. On his return from Key West, he found two schools of thought bidding for his ear. One, headed by Secretary Forrestal, wanted an immediate showdown with Moscow, meaning a "so far and no farther" ultimatum on the Soviet's direct and indirect aggression. Secretary Marshall was not so extremist. He insisted on a sort of mobilization of American manpower by means of the draft and UMT so as to provide the equipment for a showdown. Marshall won out.

Such is the anti-Russian feeling that many observers criticized the speech as too weak for the crisis. Ponder that! An unparalleled request for a draft in peacetime, and it is called inadequate. Those who were dissatisfied wanted a guaranty to Western Europe. Without further preparedness, it was said, a guaranty would simply be paper-made.

At present all the signs point to Congressional willingness to give Truman either UMT or a draft, not both. The draft, of course, is the more urgent, with an increase in authorized strength from 670,000 to 900,000. Secretary Forrestal's request for the increase has made a strong impression. It is backed by the understanding arrived at in the Key West military talks on unification. Forrestal is determined that there shall be greater unity between the Air Force and Naval aviation over their respective functions, in place of the old West Point-Annapolis rivalry. The example of unity at the top will certainly have a beneficent effect in the lower echelons.

Truman under fire

The President, in spite of the direction he has given to American preparedness, has lately been lost in a series of morasses. The main one, of course, was Palestine. The blunt fact is that the Administration got into a most unholy mess in its handling of the future of the Holy Land. Again, the President at a recent press conference said that the broadening of the base of Chinese government to include the Communists had never been American policy.

This is somewhat startling, and the newspapermen went back to their files. They found that, whatever the policy is now, it certainly once was to promote peace between Nationalists and Communists, and to have a coalition government in which the Communists were represented. Secretary Marshall hastily speeded to his chief's rescue with the statement that American policy in China is to encourage Chiang Kai-shek to "broaden the base" of Chinese government and to leave the details to the Chinese. Put the *gaffe* down to the extraordinary difficulty of conducting a press conference.

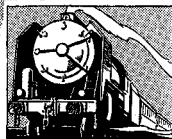
Neither President Truman nor Secretary Marshall is adept at press conferences. Which is a pity, for a press conference, in addition to being almost an arm of government for domestic purposes, could be a formidable weapon in political warfare with the Russians. Secretary Marshall wants to do better, but he is uncertain how to proceed. He is perfectly at home off the record, or among newsmen he knows, but he emulates a clam when speaking at a press conference. The times call for facts and their masterly presentation. Secretary Hughes was a good performer, and Under Secretary Acheson did well, too.

Congressional investigation

The Un-American Activities Committee got its appropriation with a bumper majority. But that doesn't mean its methods are approved. A dissident legislator would have invited the charge of being a Commie if he had voted against the Thomas Committee. Yet many legislators look with favor on the house-cleaning proposed by the Lucas Resolution.

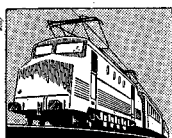
This would give the witness summoned before a Congressional committee the right to have his counsel present and to obtain a stenographic transcript of the testimony at cost. Reports of committees could be released only after discussion at a meeting called upon proper notice and approved by a majority of the committee members present. Both the committee and its employees would be forbidden to issue any report alleging misconduct unless the accused person had been previously advised of the criticism and given a reasonable opportunity for rebuttal.

From Biscay to the ALPS From the Channel to the RIVIERA



... The best way to travel is BY RAIL

French National Railroads cover all France and with their highly modernized equipment insure speed, comfort and safety.



The New York office of the French National Railroads offers to travel agents and tourists a combination of train and motor coach tours in France.



Train service with reserved seat tickets from any French port or from Paris to all parts of France and Europe.

610 FIFTH AVENUE • Circle 7-5390



**FRENCH
NATIONAL
RAILROADS**

These and other safeguards have become necessary as a result of recent witch-hunting. Heads of departments and their employees would be the greatest beneficiaries. Nowadays they are, in the words of a department head, "hounded." It has got to the point, especially in the House Appropriations Committee, that anybody who worked for the WPA, or who has a third cousin who was a member of one of Attorney General Clark's list of Front organizations, or who belonged in the thirties to an anti-Fascist group, is *ipso facto* deemed suspect.

The Republican Congress has been insisting upon the surrender of Executive files in connection with disloyalty charges. The Administration, particularly Averell Harriman, says they are none of the Legislative's business. Even the FBI is alarmed, because, if its reports are shown on Capitol Hill, how will it get information? It is of first importance to the FBI to protect informants.

Harriman's stand has been supported by President Truman, who, in turn, is supported by a long line of Presidential precedents based on sound political considerations and upon principle. Representative Hoffman, venting his anger over Executive stubbornness, has introduced a bill to make the Executive tell. Its chances of passing are nil.

New faces

It is noted that Soviet Ambassador Panyushkin is more amiable than his predecessor, Novikov. But the difference is merely surface. As those who go to the meetings of the Far Eastern Commission, which sits in the old Japanese Embassy, bear witness, he is tougher in conference than Novikov. In the Far Eastern Commission the Russians betray not the slightest agreement to a waiving of the veto or an all-in conference in liquidating the war with Japan. And a peace without Russia runs counter to a Chinese commitment to Russia against separate peacemaking. Of course, the Chinese could adduce the principle of change of circumstances for going it alone.

The charge in the Far East is that the Russians have extended neither the friendship and support for Chiang Kai-shek nor the respect for Chinese rights in Manchuria that they promised in the Sino-Soviet pact of August 14, 1945. But the Chinese will not budge, since they are now using all their cards to get aid from America. They may eventually desert their present position.

Wellington Koo, China's Ambassador to Washington, has succeeded the charming Procopé of Finland as the center for the Capital's disgruntled. These are bent upon making China an extension of American party politics. Of course, there are Sino-philiacs in the group, notably the zealot, Congressman Judd of Minnesota. But in general the aiders are composed of the old isolationists, the foes of the Marshall Plan, and die-hard Republicans.

Talking of ambassadors, the new British head of mission, Sir Oliver S. Franks, is awaited with some

AS YOU TRAVEL THROUGH The British Isles

Famous trains will carry you swiftly and comfortably to your appointment with the historic and scenic charm which is Britain's own ... trains like the Flying Scotsman, the Royal Scot, the Cornish Riviera and the Golden Arrow. For your cross-channel journeys to Ireland and the Continent, avail yourself of the wide choice of routes provided by our own fleet of vessels. Enjoy your stay at any of 43 railway-operated hotels.

For tickets, reservations and expert travel advice concerning the British Isles
CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT
or any of our offices:

NEW YORK 20, N. Y. — 9 Rockefeller Plaza
CHICAGO 3, ILL. — 39, So. LaSalle Street
LOS ANGELES 14, CAL. — 510 West Sixth St.
TORONTO, ONT. — Canadian Pacific Building
Write Dept. M at any of above addresses for free, full-color map folder, "The British Isles".
1948 — BRITAIN — HOST TO THE OLYMPICS



BRITISH RAILWAYS

impatience. The lack of somebody on the British side who knows his economics has been felt keenly. Sir Oliver is a professor. So was Lord Bryce, and it didn't hurt him, though the new man may share Bryce's distaste for public appearance. However, Franks, in addition, is a great administrator, as well as an expert on the economics of Europe. He made a profound impression on the Capital for his work in Paris at the head of the sixteen-nation group, and for the gift of disarming exposition he showed when he reported the work in Washington.

"Father Franks," as he is known at Oxford, will remind Washingtonians of Lord Halifax. He has the same spare and ascetic look, is a man of deep religious feeling, and has the same sense of dedication. One story about him is going the rounds. When he left the government service, he said, "Now I can go back to Oxford and recognize what is right or wrong instead of only what is possible."

The Mood of the Capital

There is no consensus on the tactics of Soviet aggression. Some insist that, with the situation "harmonized" (in Hitler's word) behind the iron curtain, a military pounce will be hazarded, especially if the Italian vote does not put the Communists in the saddle. Spitzbergen is regarded as the likeliest target. This supposition is encouraged by the fear reported from the Scandinavian peninsula on the heels of Stalin's demand for a mutual assistance pact with Finland.

Other observers feel that cold war will be relied upon by the Soviet Union. This viewpoint regards the moves in Czechoslovakia and Finland as dictated merely by fright about the outcome of their respective elections. It was clear that in both countries Communism would have sustained a setback. For two reasons Moscow could not have run the risk of an electoral showdown there—the bad effect behind the iron curtain and the encouragement to the free countries in the Western world.

As for tactics against the West, the question asked by this school of thought is why should there be any need to change the rules when the Soviet cold war is succeeding in holding back Western European recovery. This school deprecates hysteria about Soviet tactics, on the ground that any such feeling would promote panicky and unwise legislation, as, for instance, the stationing of American agents in Europe's customhouses to see that no goods processed with American materials go to Eastern Europe.

But the common denominator of both schools of American thought is that, cold or hot, the present war one of these days will produce a showdown between Russia and America. In the nation's memory and in its sense of national security there exists the opposition expressed by Jefferson against a Europe under any tyrant's heel. And, even granted the great discipline that Communism imposes, the uncertainty of a false step by a satellite, especially Tito, is ever present in Washington minds.

Full Speed Ahead **into a second decade of Planned Progress!**



Rocky Mountain Rocket at foot of Pikes Peak

TWENTY great Diesel-electric streamliners like this one—and a large fleet of Diesel-powered Rocket Freights—are in daily operation on Rock Island Lines. They are impressive testimony to this railroad's program of Planned Progress, now in its eleventh year.

The public, passengers, shippers, investors and employees all have a stake in the growing success of Rock Island Lines. All of them will benefit by our earnest determination to provide the finest in passenger and freight transportation.

*J. D. Farrington, President
Chicago, Rock Island and
Pacific Railroad Company*

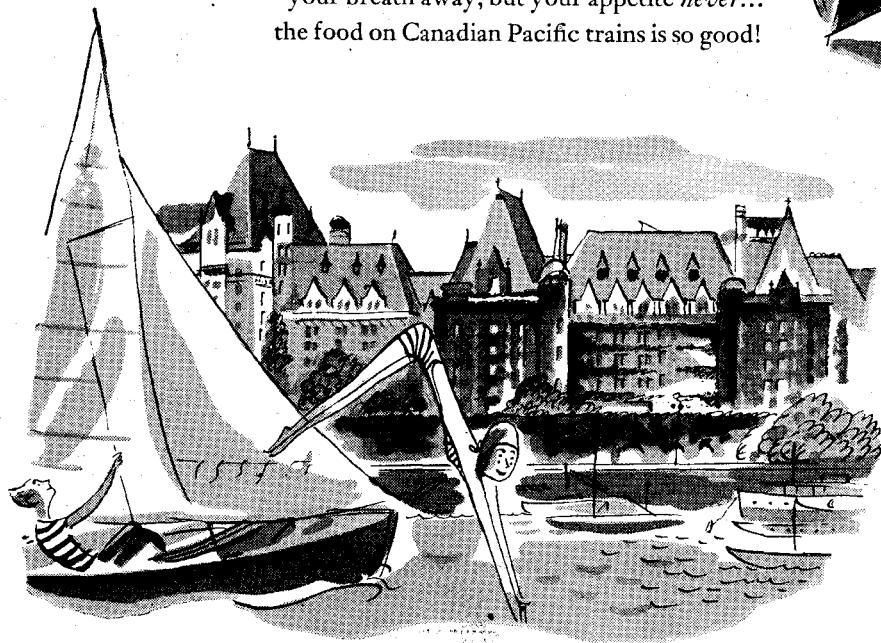


Rock Island Lines

The Route of the Rockets

Canadian Pacific took me TO CANADA'S WESTERN WONDERLAND!

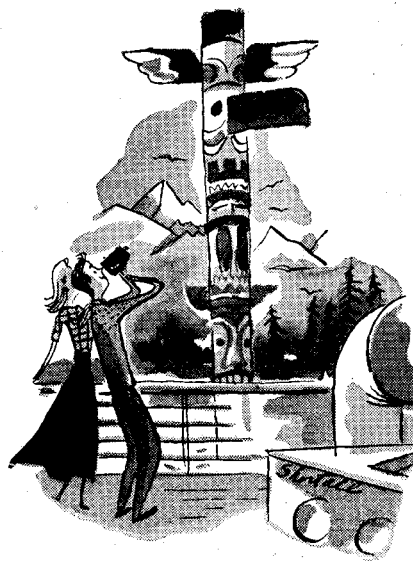
IN MY COZY, Canadian Pacific-designed berth,
I rode in perfect comfort. Canada's Rockies...the
scenery all the way to Victoria, British Columbia...take
your breath away, but your appetite *never*...
the food on Canadian Pacific trains is so good!



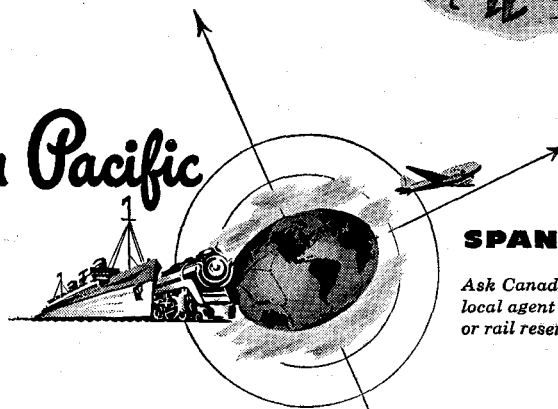
ON MY STOP-OVER AT THE EMPRESS,
I sailed, swam, played tennis and golf,
fished for salmon and trout, shopped
for English bone china and fine
woolens. Even had time to relax and
enjoy the acres of velvet lawn and
the roses that are as famous as the
English country-house atmosphere
of this Canadian Pacific hotel.

ALASKA BECKONED, so Canadian Pacific arranged a side-trip
...reserved me space on one of their Princess liners that sail up the
sheltered Inside Passage. A sight-seer's paradise of sparkling
water, incredible flowers, fiords, totem poles.

THIS YEAR, my husband and I are honeymooning
at the Empress, and you can be sure Canadian Pacific will go out
of their way to take care of us in every way...to and from the
Pacific Coast. It's this special service that has made
Canadian Pacific the world's most gracious travel system.



Canadian Pacific



SPANS THE WORLD

Ask Canadian Pacific or your
local agent about hotel, steamship
or rail reservations.

Railways • Steamships • Air Lines • Hotels • Communications • Express

London

WHILE Britain's gold and dollar reserves were running out, uncertainties in connection with the European Recovery Program forced the Government in London to shelve long-term planning. The British Government's Economic Survey for 1948 admits this plight by restricting its whole import plan to the first half of this year.

Early last winter Attlee's ministers were declaring that Britain must avoid relying on Marshall Plan aid. The Cabinet, they said, was shaping its plans on the supposition that the nation would have to creep along on its own power. This pretense was dropped when the Government published its Economic Survey. Absence of U.S. help, the Survey confessed, would bring wholesale unemployment, distress, and dislocation of production, and would delay for years the prospect of a decent standard of living for the people.

What the Survey omitted, however, was acknowledgment that totalitarian compulsion repugnant to the British people would have been unavoidable if Uncle Sam had not pulled Marshall Plan dollars out of his stovepipe hat. Instead of the present rare "direction" of a few citizens into essential trades, there would have been compulsory mobilization for farming, mining, and other industries. Existing controls, which Conservatives and business are denouncing, would have had to be extended. Apart from a state monopoly of import and export, the furtherance of state ownership would have become a live possibility.

How does Britain's economy look this spring? The dollar shortage dominates the picture. To cope with this, the Government has reduced purchase of goods from the American continent. Britain has almost entirely ceased buying food from the United States. Of all British imports, 49 per cent were drawn from the Western Hemisphere in 1946 and 44 per cent in 1947, but this rate is being scaled down to 34 per cent in the first half of 1948. Britain intends simultaneously to raise her exports to the Americas.

Last September the Government decided that by the end of 1948 the total volume of British exports

must be 60 per cent above that of 1938, the last normal pre-war year. That target has now been lowered to 50 per cent, owing to saturation of certain overseas markets, import restrictions abroad, and lack of steel for Britain's export industries. At the beginning of 1948 Britain's gold and dollar reserves totaled about 2720 million dollars. The Survey estimates that by midyear these reserves will have fallen to 1800 million dollars, and by the year's end to 900 million — which is below the minimum for practical trade and credit operations.

Next to dollars, steel has become the great shortage. Steel output is to be raised from last year's 12.7 million tons to at least 14 million in 1948. This will still lag far behind Britain's steel requirements for motorcars, machinery, and other exportable engineering products. Lack of steel will also hamper manufacture of farm implements, impede building, and delay modernization of many industries and coal mines. It will prevent erection of oil refineries and new steel plants.

To increase sales abroad, the British will make a terrific drive to raise textile exports by 40 per cent this year. The number of men and women making cottons, woolen goods, and other textiles is to be enlarged from 652,000 to 760,000. This is only one illustration of the large shift of labor which is indicated by Government plans.

Unconditional aid to Europe

The Economic Survey informs us that even with American aid, the best Britain can do is to scrape through this year with a small worsening of home conditions. Without the ERP the British would face certain insolvency, near starvation for many citizens, severe unemployment, and rising political ferment. Leftists have been insisting that no political strings be tied to American help. The truth is that the United States could have attached merciless conditions to the ERP, and the British and other European anti-Communist governments would still have had to accept them.

The U.S. Congress and the Administration have intelligently rejected demands to make American aid depend on Western Europe's renunciation of



The Atlantic Report on London



socialist experiments. Almost all non-Communist countries of Western Europe have chosen a way of life part capitalist, part socialist. By trying to substitute private enterprise for the limited sector of Western Europe's socialized economy, the U.S. would simply be antagonizing its friends and feeding the suspicions Russia has been inflaming against the Marshall Plan.

America should continue to resist suggestions of reimposing straight capitalism upon nations with a mixed economy. As things are, many Europeans are champing at their dependence on the United States. Communists never weary of reminding Western Europeans that they are at America's mercy. In coming elections and at political conventions on Europe's side of the Atlantic, resentment or fear concerning loss of independence will impinge on gratitude for U.S. aid.

All roads lead to Washington

Immune to Bolshevik propaganda, Britain has her own sensitiveness. With the decline of naval power, the spread of mechanization to other countries, and exhaustion after fighting two world wars within a generation, the British are uncomfortably aware of having abdicated their role in world affairs to the United States. Their sensitiveness explains recurrent moves to create a British-led Western European bloc as a Third Force, tilting the scales between the U.S. and Russia.

But countries on the rebound from Russia find only one bridge intact, and it leads to Washington. Individually and collectively, economically and strategically, the West bloc depends on the United States. The signing of the Brussels alliance formalized a situation that already existed. If this new alignment receives an American military guarantee, that will simply extend the application of the Truman Doctrine.

Without American backing, the Western union would be hopelessly incapable of "stopping Russia" in war. With the Soviet mechanized armies and air force on the Elbe, the Russians could swiftly overrun Western Europe and hold the English Channel ports. As was the case in 1943, an American expeditionary force would have to fight its way back to the Continent.

Military inferiority of the West bloc (without the U.S.) will persist even if the Brussels alliance is expanded by adherence of Italy and later of Western Germany. The coal, coke, and steel of the Ruhr are to restore the non-Russian zones of Germany

and to speed recovery of France, Belgium, Holland, and Luxembourg. However, one must weigh the economic and strategic asset of the Ruhr against its political and psychological liability.

Germany: arsenal of power

A strong Western Germany is a nightmare to Poland and Czechoslovakia. It also alarms our French and Benelux friends. Allied supervision of Ruhr industries, producing under German management, will fail to allay the deep distrust of German nationalism.

The race between Russia and the United States for Germany's favor has been gaining momentum since the fiasco of the Big Four conference in Moscow a year ago. Early in March Germany, the richest prize in the East-West struggle, was the topic of a series of American-British-French talks in London, with Belgium, the Netherlands, and Luxembourg participating.

Progress towards agreement was achieved mainly as the result of concessions by the French. The conference witnessed France's absolute abandonment of her former demand for detachment of the Ruhr district from German sovereignty. Agreement that the Western Allies shall supervise merely *distribution* of Ruhr output means that France also relinquished the claim to Allied control of Ruhr *production*. Distribution of Ruhr output is to be watched only at the top, instead of installing Allied inspectors to control production and distribution, as the French had asked, from top to bottom.

The American Ambassador to Britain, Lewis W. Douglas, who led the U.S. delegation in these secret negotiations, requested Britain and France to fall into line with previous American action by terminating all future shipment of German machinery to Russia on reparations account. The legal advisers of Foreign Ministers Bevin and Bidault have felt that despite grave Soviet provocations, suspension of these deliveries would give a certain justification to Moscow's inevitable charge of violation of the Potsdam accord.

We have grown used to describing the United States as a great power, without pausing to think how that power is making itself felt. Britain's economic dependence; the reliance of Western Europe upon ERP dollars and goods; the Brussels security pact, acquiring significance only because it enjoys American support; the wishes of the United States supreme in Western Germany — all underline America's new responsibility.

Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Gandhi's Influence

SIR:

Reading Reinhold Niebuhr's article, "The Impact of Protestantism Today" (February *Atlantic*), one may accept all its statistical showings as well as the historical data and yet take strong exception to certain general observations having to do with the efficacy of theology and liturgy as religious agencies.

Dr. Niebuhr could hardly have selected a worse time for publication of his article than just that period in history when the world's attention was focused on the passing of Gandhi.

Gandhi's ecclesiastical raiment (and form, in the shape of religious insignia, is a part of liturgy) was that of the humblest layman in straitened circumstances. Yet Gandhi's sorrowing followers vastly outnumbered the combined Catholic and Protestant membership in the entire world.

As evidence of the profound force of Gandhi's influence, we could well look over the world and fail to find another religious leader the state of whose health alone would cause the closing down of banks and industries and the halting of activities of great cities.

In seeking for an explanation of this marvelous recognition of spiritual integrity by such a vast multitude, who are not equipped mentally to manipulate the theological slide rule so frequently used to appraise our spiritual standing, it is not unreasonable to believe that Gandhi's appeal was based in large part on his scant attention to the packaging of theological output, and on his willingness to accept truth from whatever source — Christ, Buddha, Ruskin, Tolstoi,

Thoreau, whatever "met the witness" in his own heart — and to use it, after purifying himself, simply, humbly, and persistently for the uplift of himself and those around him.

In his case, we may well question whether leakage of the theological and liturgical conduit mattered much, because we may believe his inbreathing spirit was nurtured and cleansed by God's pervasive love, which cannot be confined and is free for all who are willing to accept it.

ARTHUR K. TAYLOR
Baltimore, Md.

The Santayana Dialogues

The *Atlantic* this spring has taken special pleasure in publishing three Dialogues by George Santayana which came to us in manuscript shortly before Christmas. His ease and perfection of style and his extraordinary mind exhibit themselves in these pieces in undiminished force; as one reader of the manuscripts wrote in his report, "the bouquet of Santayana still comes out of the bottle essentially in its unique vintage quality."

The first two Dialogues were closely related, and it was an editorial question whether to publish them separately. We discussed this question with the philosopher when we sent his proofs to Rome, and his comment will be of interest: —

You have judiciously divided it into parts and sometimes into shorter paragraphs. I know how much this relieves the attention of the innocent reader. My own division even into three Dialogues was done in revision, not planned; for the greater part

of this stuff belongs to the time of the other *Dialogues in Limbo* but was left unfinished, and all I have done now is to omit passages that seemed superfluous (perhaps not enough of them) and supply a few connecting links and additions. I am not one of those who see an essential bond between a thought and its date or even its author, and many of my books — *The Last Puritan*, for instance — contain parts written at intervals of twenty or forty years. This may explain patches of youthfulness in my style; but I flatter myself that, at moments, I can still show signs of vitality.

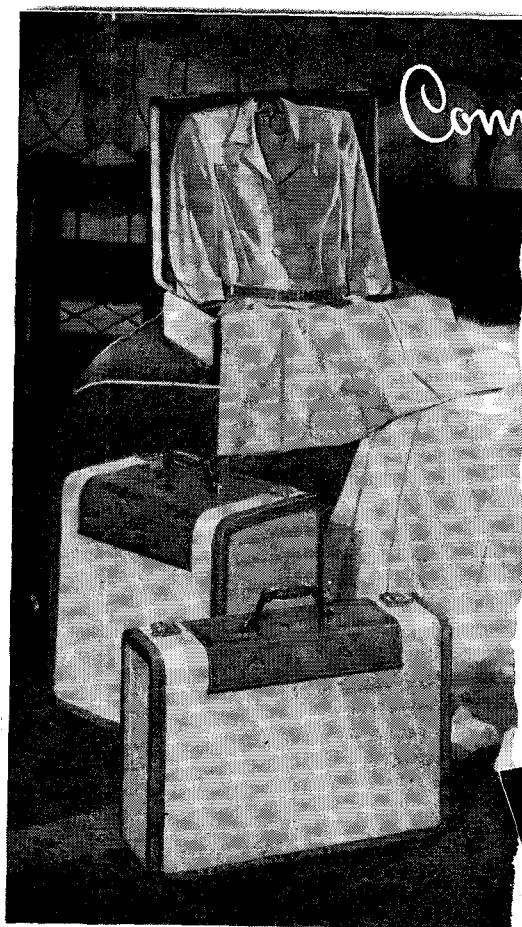
"Inflation Hits the Colleges"

SIR:

Criticism of James Phinney Baxter's article, "Inflation Hits the Colleges," in the March *Atlantic*, must lie not in contradiction of what is there said, but in reminder of what is left unsaid.

If money is to be raised in times of inflation — that is to say, now — it must be raised among those classes who either profit by inflation or are so rich that inflation means nothing to them. The majority of college alumni belong to neither of these. The greater part are as hard hit as are the colleges themselves. In consequence, though the colleges — or most of them — will get the funds they seek, 95 per cent of their alumni will together give not over 10 per cent of the money; and 90 per cent of the money will come from not over 5 per cent of the alumni — a good deal of it in a very few very large gifts.

This is a condition not at all desired by the colleges, but one from



Complimentary!

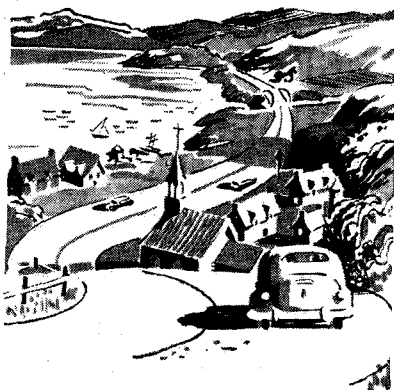
WHEARY "Side Saddle"

Treasured companions of the traveler accustomed to lovely things. Smartly-styled in Sandytan shade, dressed-up with nutmeg brown rawhide. Write for booklet showing this and other attractive new models now at Wheary dealers.

WHEARY, INC., Dept. 509, RACINE, WIS.



WHEARY • "THE NAME TO REMEMBER IN LUGGAGE"



For a vacation that is really different come to la Province de Québec — unspoiled land of beautiful mountains, lakes, rivers, valleys, picturesque towns and villages. Here you will be welcomed with truly French-Canadian charm and hospitality in comfortable inns and hotels.

LA PROVINCE DE
Québec

For help planning your vacation, or for information covering the unsurpassed industrial opportunities in our province, write the Provincial Publicity Bureau, Parliament Buildings, Québec City, Canada.

Will you help?

The American Friends Service Committee is asking all of us for gifts of selected magazines to send to their reading rooms, Neighborhood Centers, and other service units abroad. They can use many copies of recent and current issues.

Mail this copy of the *Atlantic* when your family has read it — also 1946 and 1947 back numbers — to:

AMERICAN FRIENDS
SERVICE COMMITTEE
WAREHOUSE
23rd and Arch Streets
PHILADELPHIA 3, PENNA.

which they cannot escape; and it illustrates the truth that the support of privately endowed education is and must be a rich man's hobby — a basis of national education of which few will care to boast.

Again, in all the college drives a considerable portion of the desired funds — in the case of President Baxter's Williams, 60 per cent — is to be applied to a building program. The desirability of the new building easily may be admitted. Yet a time of extreme inflation in which building costs are swollen to twice normal, a time of grave shortage of building materials for housing more immediately needed than even are college laboratories, is the very worst of all times in which to launch extensive building programs.

Beyond all this, there is the total inadequacy of the whole system of privately endowed colleges to meet the educational needs of the nation.

In human society, and especially in a democratic society, there is no such thing as "leavening the lump." The lump itself must be transformed, since by sheer weight of its majority it rules the mass.

CARROLL E. ROBB
Williams College, '09
Swarthmore, Pa.

The Lonely Kitchen

SIR:

The article "Radio and Who Makes It?" (January *Atlantic*), by John Crosby, was very enlightening. However, Mr. Crosby implies that the broadcasters themselves do not know the why of soap opera. Perhaps this is because they are not giving enough thought to the nature of housework.

Contrary to the general opinion, the housewife does not sit for hours, mouth agape, listening to her radio. Actually, she moves briskly and efficiently about her housework all the while. So instead of discrediting her with the mental age of nine, why not credit her with twice that mentality, then admit that it is divided by two? For when it comes to testing the heat of an iron, as against listening to Portia's brave cry for help, the iron will win out every time.

Why does she turn on the radio? Well, next to lighthouse keeping, housekeeping is the loneliest work in the world, and she is grateful for the sound of human voices. Also, since much of her work is mechanical, she has opportunities to listen in fits and starts.

Soap opera, simple and crude, cuts through the haze of other distractions. With words such as *murder*, *suicide*, *illegitimacy*, *bankruptcy*, it yanks back the wandering attention. Then, too, no matter how much of the program is missed outright, the rest can be picked up readily. Suppose, just as the doorbell rings, Nana asks Katie, "But why don't you trust Julia?" The housewife may miss the answer, but by the time she returns, another character is saying to Julia, "I like you but I don't trust you," and Julia is revealing her Machiavellian plans. Fifteen minutes are dedicated to the idea that Julia is a two-faced, double-dealing so-and-so.

In theory, the housewife would prefer a reading from the classics or a play with sound dramatic structure. However, such programs cause her to put pepper in the cake batter, instead of salt, or, if she succeeds in concentrating on her work, leave her with a frustrating sense of missing the Important Things.

Soap opera, I agree, is debasing to the cultural tastes. Surely it is possible for radio writers to create programs which supply the warm and friendly sound of human voices, and which are attention-compelling without requiring sustained concentration.

MRS. L. E. FALLS
Maplewood, N. J.

Punctuation Plea

The following comments are from a reader of "The Day After Saturday" by Edward Watkins in the *March Atlantic*: —

MONDAY — COLD AND SOBER
teach the young to think and write
with our journal erudite
as a hornbook you suggest
gad forbid it we protest

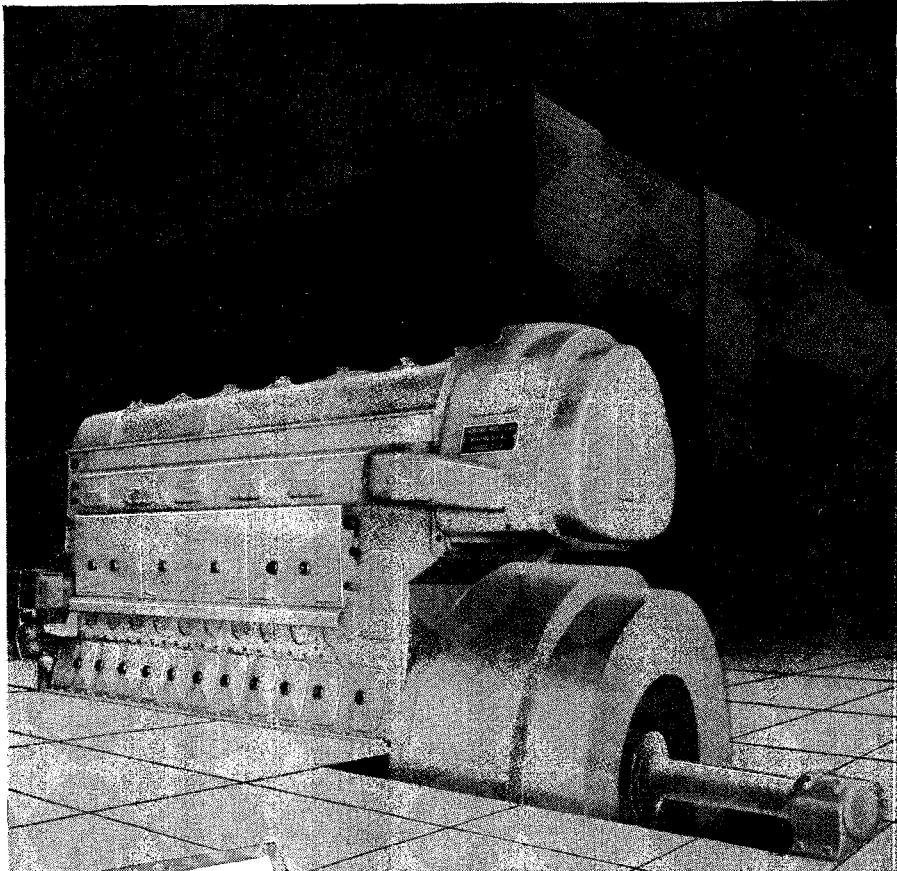
watkins with unsteady gait
wobbles on impunctuate
cumbering atlantic space
with untidy commonplace

what would briggs or perry bliss
comment on such stuff as this
retching of a rueful raff
english 5 or 16 hf

would not tolerate such trash
morning after balderdash
rating several sorry groups
lower than the catadoups

verse obscure has been our fate
now it turns illiterate
if your readers must be fed it
edit poetry pundits EDIT

HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON
Ellsworth, Me.



Fairbanks-Morse Opposed-Piston Diesel Design . . .

Two pistons in each
cylinder . . . delivering
more power per cylinder,
reducing bulk and
weight, minimizing
maintenance costs and
"down time." Proved
for years in toughest
heavy-duty service.

For Diesel Engines . . .



FAIRBANKS-MORSE

A name worth remembering

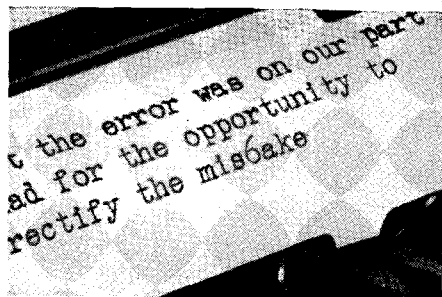
Outstanding The Fairbanks-Morse Model 38 Opposed-Piston Engine!

The Model 38's advanced two-cycle Opposed-Piston design eliminates 40 percent of the working parts of the ordinary Diesel engine. The Model 38 has no valves, no cylinder heads — produces up to twice as much horsepower per foot of floor space! For heavy-duty service as the main engine in small plants or a space-saving unit in larger installations, consider the basic advantages of the Model 38. See your Fairbanks-Morse Diesel specialist for full particulars.

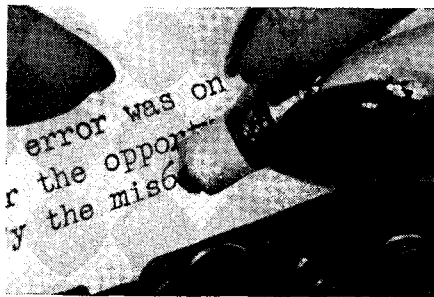
Fairbanks, Morse & Co., Chicago 5, Ill.

DIESEL LOCOMOTIVES • DIESEL ENGINES • STOKER:
SCALES • MOTORS • GENERATORS • PUMPS • FARM EQUIPMENT
MAGNETOS • RAILROAD MOTOR CARS and STANDPIPE!

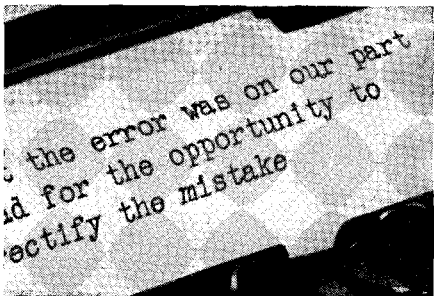
THE MIRACLE PAPER THAT ERASES WITHOUT A TRACE!



Well, you can't hit 'em right every time! Come on, eraser, out of the doghouse and meet your best friend —



A miracle paper with a patented surface called EATON'S CORRASABLE BOND. Lawyers, writers, bankers, businesses large and small and typers of all types buy EATON'S CORRASABLE BOND by the millions of sheets to save time, temper, money and to get neat, clean work.



Quickly, easily, words, sentences, whole paragraphs can be flicked off with an ordinary pencil eraser without smearing, blurring or gouging. Isn't this miracle paper something you'd like to try for yourself? Send the coupon and only one hard-earned dime for a tryout-fifteen-sheets of EATON'S CORRASABLE BOND.

Famous EATON'S CORRASABLE BOND, crisp, white, fine quality and "magical" besides, is only one of a full line of fine business and social stationery made by Eaton — the most famous name in letter papers.

CORRASABLE BOND

Made only by **EATON**

*Sold only in stores
One of Eaton's Berkshire Typewriter Papers
A correct paper for every business need

EATON PAPER CORP. Samples Dept. M
Pittsfield, Mass.

Here is a dime. Please send me a 15-sheet sample of Corrasable Bond.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

I usually purchase typewriter paper from

Name _____

Address _____

Picasso and Poetry

SIR:

George Biddle, in "Modern Art and Muddled Thinking" (December *Atlantic*), quotes a passage written by Picasso, calls it a description of "his latest masterpiece," and draws the conclusion that whether or not his paintings have profound intellectual content "it would seem evident that his critical pronouncements have none."

Actually the passage quoted as evidence is neither a description nor a critical pronouncement but a few lines from a poem entitled "The Dream and Lie of Franco," published in conjunction with two etchings of the same name.

Picasso himself has never written art theory or criticism for publication, but two famous interviews have been published — and quoted from — many times. They are readily accessible to Mr. Biddle. Indeed, he might profit by studying their trenchant and penetrating, if sometimes paradoxical, ideas.

Should one interpret Mr. Biddle's misrepresentation as an effort to ridicule a great artist and thereby to strengthen prejudice against the modern movement of which he is a leader? Or have we here merely another example of "muddled thinking" about modern art? In either case it seems to me that Mr. Biddle and the *Atlantic Monthly* owe Picasso — and your readers — an apology.

ALFRED H. BARR, JR.
New York City

I hasten to apologize to Alfred H. Barr, Jr., to Pablo Picasso, and to the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly*. I had stupidly supposed that the passage beginning: "fandango of shivering owls souse of swords of evil-omened polyps scouring brush of hairs from priests' tonsures standing naked in the middle of the frying-pan" was a prose description of one of Picasso's paintings. Does anyone owe your readers an apology for calling this sort of drivel poetry?

I do not see any reason why a little ridicule is not the sane way to handle such nonsense. It is the combination of snobbism, fetishism, deification, and soft thinking, which is largely responsible for the confusion of the public toward contemporary painting.

The late Leo Stein, who knew Picasso well as early as 1907, when he started buying his pictures and had introduced him to his sister Gertrude,

found in him no trace of serious intellect. He writes in his *Appreciation*: "He is observant and often shrewd. He is humorous and can wise-crack on occasion, but having significant thoughts is quite another matter." And elsewhere: "I had recognized the value of Picasso the first time I saw his work and for a while I was the first person anywhere, as far as I know, who in these early days recognized Picasso and Matisse. One stuck to his line and has brought it far. The other [Picasso] had not sufficient character for this, and became the playboy of Modern Art. . . . He would have been a truly great artist if he had been more genuine."

I saw much of Leo Stein in Paris in 1926 and remember his once saying to me: "Picasso was a great draughtsman in the tradition of Toulouse-Lautrec. His tragedy was that he lived in a period when illustration was at a discount. This is why he was led to depreciate his own great illustrative talent and probably one reason why he became absorbed in the abstract movement."

— GEORGE BIDDLE

I Personally —

SIR:

Kudos to Raymond Chandler for "Oscar Night in Hollywood" (March *Atlantic*) and for daring to tell the truth. Maybe he is a cynic, but cynics have their place in the scheme of things, and he has done a long-overdue job in analyzing some of the undercover things that go on in the movie capital. More power to him!

A. E. BRUCE
Claremont, Calif.

SIR:

Special thanks for the poem, "New Worlds for Old," by R. P. Lister, in your March issue. Not only is it a tour de force in literary accomplishment, but its hauntingly beautiful sentiments express the fear, uneasiness, and general sense of "loss" which most of us have felt these past months, and more especially after seeing the terrifyingly familiar newsreel films from Czechoslovakia.

ELIZABETH SHAFER
Colorado Springs, Col.

SIR:

In his searching and stimulating article, "Crowded Off the Earth" (March *Atlantic*), Fairfield Osborn says that nothing could better exemplify the dire consequences of over-

using the land for trade or profit than the sheep industry in Australia.

It is true that the greed, short-sightedness, and ignorance of some sheepmen have led to the erosion, waste, and sometimes ruin of pastoral areas. Attempts to secure more pasture for sheep have been one of the causes of the destruction of trees over large areas.

Today, however, Australia's sheep industry is, taken as a whole, on a very sound footing. Mr. Osborn speaks of "herds of sheep, each numbering several thousand animals," and the damage they may do to the land. Almost all Australian sheep country is now fenced. Instead of feeding in bands, the sheep scatter over their fenced runs. I am told that you can still see plenty of bands of sheep advancing over the country and eating the herbage out in a face before them in Wyoming and other Western states.

Rabbits have done much more harm to Australia than sheep. As Mr. Osborn points out, however, the rabbits are now fairly well under control in the better pastoral country.

THOMAS DUNBABIN
Australian News Bureau
New York City

SIR:

Having just finished reading Marguerite Gaylord Tate's moving story, "Marooned in the Clouds," in the February *Atlantic*, I should like to express the implication of "one of the greatest international rescue efforts of all time." To me the emotional appeal of her story is more than the actual rescue of twelve people who faced death and escaped by the grace of God: it is the implication of what concerted effort on the part of friendly nations can do to relieve emergency and suffering.

The miracle of production in World War II, the patriotism which flows when bullets are flying, the good will and all-out coöperation which always win wars, could win a peace even if applied only in part. The tried and true adage—that the few with arms can control the many—could be reversed, and with the power of good, even a few could sway the course of the world. Let us hope that good and friendly nations will do this bigger rescue job, now, for a world "marooned in the clouds."

ARTHUR W. HENDERSON
U. S. Army
Kitzingen, Germany

New Way to Hear Better Without Risking a Penny!

Send coupon below and receive
this amazing hearing aid by
mail—no "fitting" needed,
no sales pressure. Hear
better or your money
back in full!



So good it can be offered on this MONEY-BACK TRIAL

Wear your Zenith "75" at home, at work, anywhere. Compare its QUALITY, PERFORMANCE, OPERATING ECONOMY (less than 1c per hour battery cost) with that of ANY other hearing aid. If the Zenith "75" isn't better than you ever dreamed ANY hearing aid could be, return it within 10 days of receipt and Zenith will promptly refund your money in full.

Now—for the first time—you can judge entirely for *yourself* how much a hearing aid can mean in your life. Because the new Zenith "75" needs no "fitting," it comes to you by mail—yours to try anywhere you please . . . without sales pressure or embarrassing visits to salesrooms.

MADE POSSIBLE BY ADVANCED PRINCIPLE

More than just a superb new hearing aid, the Zenith "75" is an improved *kind* of hearing aid! For it employs Zenith's "Full-Range Audio" principle, designed to amplify the *full range* of sounds covered by the instrument. Thus you, yourself, can emphasize the particular range of sound



that enables you to hear best in different surroundings—with the instantly adjustable Fingertip Control! The correctness of this principle was recently confirmed by U. S. Government-sponsored research at Harvard University.

SAVES YOU OVER \$100, TOO!

This advanced principle not only eliminates the need for "fitting," but also brings you a top quality hearing aid at a tremendous saving. If Zenith had, to include the expense of "fitting," middlemen's profits, and high sales commissions, the price of the Zenith "75" would have to be \$195, instead of \$75!

So do as tens of thousands have already done. Order your Zenith "75" without risking a penny. Remember—when you make others shout or repeat, your hearing loss is much more noticeable *without* a hearing aid than *with* one. Mail the coupon today!

BY THE MAKERS OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS ZENITH RADIOS

Look only to your doctor for advice on your ears and hearing

Accepted by American Medical
Association Council on Physical
Medicine.



Zenith Radio Corporation
Hearing Aid Division, Dept. AM-58
5801 Dickens Avenue, Chicago 39, Illinois

☐ I enclose check or money order for \$75* for one Zenith "75" Hearing Aid. Unless I am completely satisfied, and find the Zenith "75" superior to any other hearing aid, I may return it within ten days and get my money back in full.

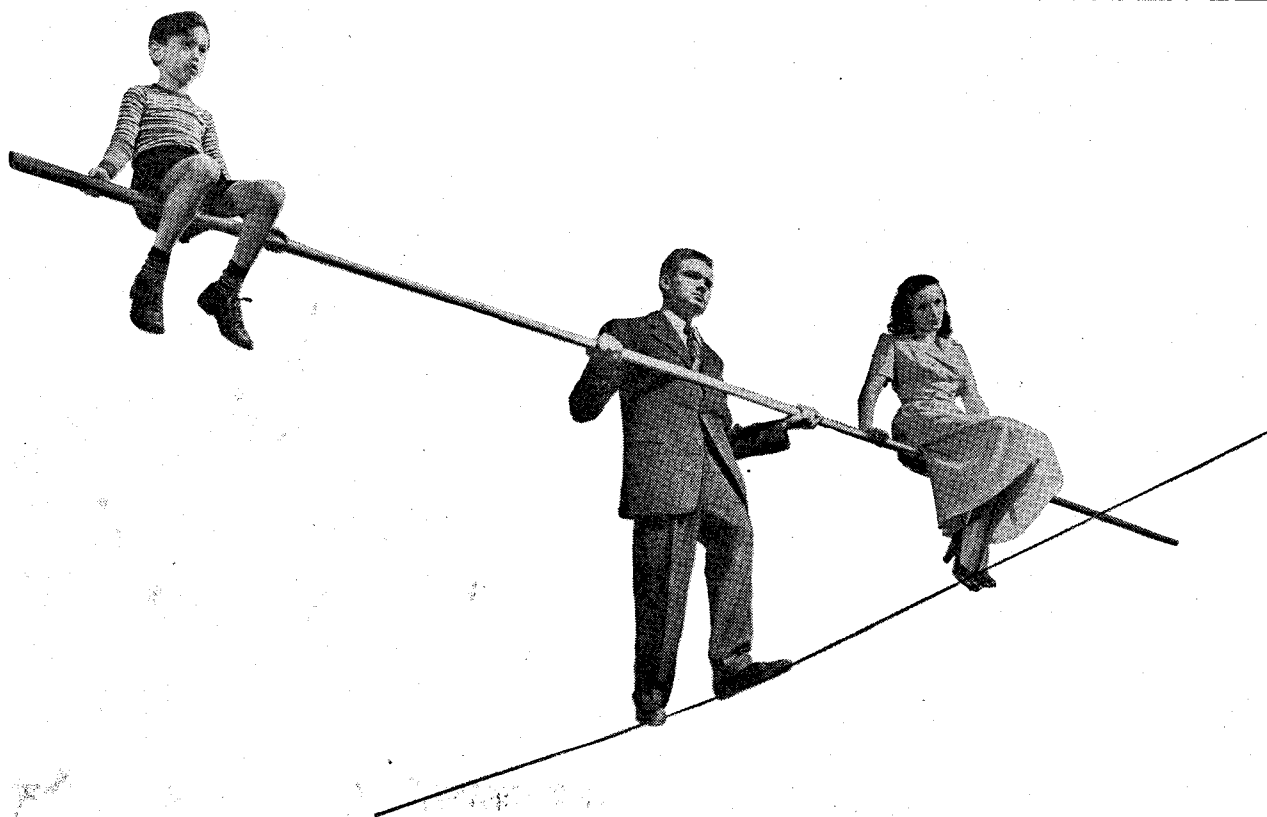
*Plus tax of \$1.50 in Illinois or New York City; \$1.88 in California, except Los Angeles, \$2.25.

☐ Please send me free descriptive literature.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



The high cost of living has us walking a tightrope too

The high cost of living is another name for inflation. It hurts us just where it hurts you—in the pocket-book. For when prices are too high, fewer people buy.

We are doing everything we can to keep our prices *down* and quality *up*. To this end, key men from all our companies meet at a round table once every month. They study the best results of National Dairy operations . . . pool brains and experience . . . to find new, better ways of bringing you *top quality at lowest possible price*.

Here are some figures which show how milk prices compare with food prices, from 1939 to 1947:

Increase in cost of food . . . 106%
Increase in cost of fluid milk 63%

Notice that milk has not increased nearly so much as the average of other foods. Our profit from all of our milk divisions averaged less than $\frac{1}{2}$ cent per quart of milk sold in 1947—far less than the public thinks business makes—and much less than the average profit in the food industry.

We all take food costs seriously these days. And milk—nature's most nearly perfect food—gives you more for your money than anything else you can eat. We guard the quality of milk—and cheese, butter, ice cream and other products made from milk—to keep quality high. Then we make these foods *available at the lowest possible prices to the greatest number of people*.

An impartial national survey shows that most Americans consider 10%-15% on sales a fair profit for business. Compared to this, the average profit in the food industry is less than 5%. And National Dairy's profit in its milk divisions in 1947 was less than 2%.



NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION



A lawyer and man of action, born in Buffalo in 1883, WILLIAM J. DONOVAN proved his leadership in the First World War. He rose to be Colonel of "The Fighting 69th," was three times wounded, and was decorated with the Congressional Medal and the Légion d'Honneur. He has explored China on his own, distributed relief in Poland, and traveled in Siberia. In 1938 curiosity took him to Ethiopia, thence to Spain, and finally to the military maneuvers in Germany. In 1940 he began the secret missions for President Roosevelt which were to lead to his command of the OSS with the rank of Major General.

STOP RUSSIA'S SUBVERSIVE WAR

by WILLIAM J. DONOVAN

THE American people are accustomed to think of war as fought only with military weapons. According to our tradition, war is waged with armies and ships and planes and shooting. But there is a phase of war other than shooting; it is irregular and unorthodox warfare. It uses weapons other than those of the military, and its methods are as diverse as the situation requires. This is subversive war, and this war is now in progress.

The Soviet Union is waging it not by its Red Army but by the Communist Party of Russia and its fifth columns throughout the world, against our country, against all other democracies, against all democratic movements.

When President Truman appeared before a joint session of Congress on March 17, he made clear that we do not intend to let Russia dominate all of Europe and he called upon the nation to prepare for war if the Soviet Union did not heed the warning.

Secretary of State Marshall was more specific. He pointed out that diplomatic protests will mean nothing to Russia if she thinks we are unprepared to fight. "Diplomatic action," he said, "without the backing of military strength in the present world can lead only to appeasement."

Implicit in these two statements was the suggestion that we had been caught off base. Not that we had been surprised by the Czechoslovakian

seizure. That had been anticipated at least since the moment the Soviets had forbidden Czechoslovakian participation in the European Recovery Program. We can only conclude that there were certain circumstances connected with the seizure which might be interpreted to mean the imminence of war.

We knew, or should have known, long ago that Czechoslovakia with her crucial and undamaged industries was marked for absorption; that the finger had been put on Finland; that unless we were able to prevent it, not only Norway, Italy, and France, but also other countries of Western Europe, each at its appointed hour, would be called upon to "stand and deliver."

Congress listened with mixed feelings to the President's message. Some Representatives indicated a reluctance to approve the draft; some were reported as saying: "Give us more facts. Without them this legislation has not a ghost of a chance to get through."

The President might have given more facts in his speech — simple facts known to the ordinary citizens of the European states. Facts like the mobilization of Bulgarian and Yugoslav troops near the Greek border; the warlike preparations of Tito; the demonstration of Soviet troops upon the German-Czech line; the increasingly menacing tone against us in Soviet propaganda; the hostile atti-

tude of Russian commanders toward Allied representatives in the Austrian and German zones; and the measures being prepared to sabotage European recovery.

These evidences of Soviet antagonism might have strengthened our understanding of Soviet intentions. But this antagonism should not have caught us off guard. Rather, it should have prompted our leaders to integrate the facts and interpret them, so that the American public could be told what we were called upon to do and why we were called upon to do it. This should have been done long ago. Only now in America and in Europe are we awakening to the existence of the hard fact that the Stalin challenge to our world is indistinguishable from the Hitler challenge — except that the Stalin attack is more thorough and more ruthless.

At the time the proposal of the Marshall Plan became concrete, on December 19, 1947, we learned of the determination of the Cominform to fight it to the death. Our government must have known this just as the man in the street in Italy and France knew that ammunition and supplies were being sent from Russia or its satellite countries to Communists in France and in Italy to be used, if necessary, for the overthrow of the duly constituted governments of those countries.

The calculated, deliberate, conspiratorial subversion by Russia of the victim states of Rumania, Bulgaria, Poland, Hungary, and Albania, together with her indirect pressure on Greece and Turkey, clearly disclosed Russia's ultimate purpose to dominate all of Europe.

We were not without warnings. Every leader of the captive countries who was able to reach America pointed out the Soviet design and explained the methods by which Russia sought to have it accomplished. Many Americans who knew the situation in Europe and were familiar with Russian subversive activities besought our statesmen to inform the American people that Russia was waging a subversive war against us on a psychological, a political, and an economic front — a war which was destroying our prestige abroad and weakening our unity at home. Yet for all these months we have not countered these attacks.

Russia's malicious lies and distortions have gone unanswered and unchallenged. Each day hundreds of Soviet radio transmitters, the guns of the psychological war front, aim into every part of the world a salvo of doubt and suspicion and hostility against the United States. In his speech at Chicago, Secretary of State Marshall called this "a calculated campaign of vilification and distortion of American motives in foreign affairs."

The Soviet Union denounces us as the menace of this world and seeks to blacken us with the very crimes of which she herself stands accused: the police state, warmongering, enslavement of Europe. Every medium of propaganda is employed.

Since we make no answer to these attacks, they are accepted as true by many who hear them.

In broadcasts to their own people, the Soviets go to further extremes. America is pictured as an enemy which the Russian people are urged to hate. The following line of attack has been carried on for nearly a year: "The United States is dominated by monopolistic capital; dwelling in the inaccessible heights of human society are the supermen; and below are the masses to whom access to thought, knowledge, and science is denied."

For a long period our political and military leaders were susceptible to the suggestion that Stalin was becoming more coöperative and that all would be well if we were patient and understanding. In our desire to get along with the Soviet Union, and in our almost abject effort to placate her, we yielded on terms and accepted conditions in which we did not believe. This was true at Yalta, it was true of the Italian treaty. But we now begin to see that the grand strategy of the Politburo as the administrative agency of the Soviet Union and the Communist Party has not changed. The tactics change to meet changing situations, but the underlying plan remains the same. Today, Communists' deeds as well as words testify that they still insist upon violent struggle as Marx and Engels did a century ago.

On November 6, 1947, the Thirtieth Anniversary of the Revolution, Molotov in Moscow proclaimed that the ideas of Marx and Lenin have guided the policy and actions of the Soviet Union during the last thirty years. He said: —

"Like the sun on a clear day the ideas of Marxism-Leninism illuminated our path through all these thirty years. Our advance was based on the tactics of Lenin and Stalin."

In its report on "The Strategy and Tactics of World Communism" the Subcommittee of the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House of Representatives published the official protests of the United States government against Communist policies and actions and related correspondence. There are forty-seven protests referring to eleven different countries. I should say that the documents in this report point to these rather definite conclusions: (1) the Communists have one goal: world revolution; and (2) they assume that the revolution will be violent.

Soviet tactics on every question, on disarmament, on the use of UN machinery, must be appraised in the light of this Bolshevik conviction that an Armageddon, an ultimate armed clash for mastery of the world, is unavoidable.

2

THE Russian fifth column is different from the Nazi fifth column. The Nazis had small groups of adherents in the democratic countries, and their es-

pionage apparatus was more limited. Nazism had no real base in the United States. The Communist fifth column, on the other hand, seeks to identify itself with every social grievance. Russian espionage and subversive operation are made up of trained and skilled spy technicians and intelligence officers, propaganda specialists, experts in spreading rumor.

Instruction is planned so that the agent will find it as easy for a minority to operate a labor union, or a pacifist league, or any other such movement, as it is for a minority group to control a large corporation when most of the stockholders take no active interest in the management.

In all countries, the Communists stress the tactical importance of the channels of public information. They give strict attention to the development of their own press abroad, both popular dailies and weeklies and, on the more esoteric level, technical Marxist monthly and quarterly journals. These tactics provide for the infiltration by Communists and sympathizers into radio, movies, book publishing, and even music and other arts. Stress is placed upon the seizure of newsprint and printing forms. Special care is taken to develop the Communist control of labor in key industries — industries rated as of special importance either for warmaking or for disrupting a nation's economy.

Words may achieve more than bullets can accomplish, because words do not kill. A ruthless and powerful man would be foolish if he killed opponents he could use for his own purposes. The dead can neither fight nor work. At best, they may be used as examples to frighten others, equally powerless, into yielding in order to keep alive.

All war aims at the surrender of the mind — the conversion of the will to resist into a willingness to accept defeat. To attain this object, the weapons used are not exclusively military; propaganda can also be effective — all means, both moral and physical, tending to convince the enemy that it is better for him to yield rather than to resist. The Nazis exploited "the disqualified and the traitors" on a large scale; the Soviets have enlarged and perfected that technique.

The most superficial look at Eastern Europe today makes clear that Russia has had great success in employing this kind of war and in bringing states into its orbit by the use of highly disciplined and armed minorities against weaponless majorities.

Steadily and ever faster the Soviet sneak-up war has eaten into our strength in Southeastern and Western Europe, the Middle East, China, and Korea whenever our interests have been in conflict with those of Russia. Our bastion of Western Europe has been steadily disintegrated by an invasion which we have up to this moment let go by default.

Subversive war is very much a war of maneuver. It is like the sapper who undermines the city wall before the assault is made. Obviously he who wins this phase of war has his opponent at a great dis-

advantage, and if that disadvantage is sufficiently great the winner may find it unnecessary ever to come to the shooting war. A study of the tactics employed in Rumania, Bulgaria, Poland, Albania, Yugoslavia, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia is like a study of a battlefield. Here we see the skill, the techniques, the central headquarters giving direction to carefully timed, ruthlessly executed policies.

Our real danger lies in the fact that if we permit Russia to outmaneuver us, to seize bases important to us, to penetrate our inner defenses under a strategy of disunity, the day may come when, if we should feel it necessary to fight, we should not be able to get on our feet to do so.

We are against an enemy who is in this for keeps. We can expect no mercy, we can expect no rules. We must steel our wills and recognize that we must counter his subversion against us; that we must aid those we have pledged to aid and even, if Europe is taken over by the Red Army, continue to establish our communications and to support our allies although they may be behind an iron curtain for many weary months.

3

THE Marshall Plan is vital in all this. But in my view it is not the final solution. Those of us who advocate the Marshall Plan, as I do, must avoid the danger of regarding it as a kind of economic Maginot Line which is automatic in its resistance and in its effectiveness. If we do not buttress it, if we do not support it with other weapons, and if then it should fail, either because of sabotage or for any other reason, this failure would be exploited to our hurt. For we know that the promulgation of the Marshall Plan has already set in motion the Soviet machinery of subversive war. The reason is plain. In the Marshall Plan and its effects, the Soviet Union sees the restoration of the economic and industrial life of a free Europe under democratic governments. It recognizes that this would block the Soviet effort to separate Western Europe and the United States.

Press reports show that the militant heads of the fight against Communist control of the labor unions in Europe are within the unions themselves. But if the Communists grab the German labor unions, they will grab Germany. If they grab Germany, they have the industrial heart of Europe at their disposal. And then there can be no European recovery.

As Russia extends its bases, we are weakened in our position abroad. Not only do we lose our foothold, but our failure to counter Russia's subversive efforts lessens our moral influence. An important factor in Russian calculation has been the hope that discouragement and disgust with the situation in Europe would drive the United States back to isolation, even though we as a people have solemnly committed ourselves to the world community.

A day will come within the foreseeable future, as our scientists tell us, when with jet propulsion and long-range planes we shall not need those outer and forward bases upon which today we depend for that defense in depth which two wars have shown we must have. As yet these planes are not in existence, and until they are, we badly need those bases, especially since, if war should come, we shall have less time and less powerful allies than ever before to accept with us the burden of defense.

Western Europe is such a base: in both World War I and World War II, Europe protected us while we got ready. Whether from the humanitarian motive, or in the interest of our national security, it is our duty to support Western Europe.

4

I do not believe war is inevitable. Why should the Soviet Union run the risk and uncertainties of a shooting war, when through the chaos of the present peace it can continue to acquire vast territory and an industrial potential?

The issue of war or peace depends on our will to develop the physical and spiritual strength of our people as a democracy. Only with this strength can we achieve both the resolution and the reasonableness which are necessary to win a lasting peace. And if we want a true peace, we must meet that test.

We must assert our moral leadership and uphold the remaining free institutions of Western Europe. Our defense is not solely dependent upon our fleets or our planes or our armies. Our defense is dependent on the belief of other countries that we, as a people, have a vitality of body and spirit upon which they can draw. That is the help we must give them — the spirit to resist while we renew our strength and our skill.

We can't buy our way out of this subversive war. We must force our way out against a resourceful and determined opponent who knows what it wants and is single-minded in its purpose. We must not underestimate the Soviet Union, her strength, her skill, her determination and tenacity, and her experience in this kind of warfare. Her skill is shown by the way she has maneuvered us into our present position.

We have tried temporizing, negotiation, and appeasement — and all of these things have failed. Is there a program of peace that is self-respecting and positive? I think there is if it is based upon a willingness to take the initiative and upon a determination to do what we need to do. Now that we know Russia's intention, now that we see the pattern of its tactics and understand the significance of its warfare, this is the way we must meet this offensive: —

1. We must perfect our intelligence services, so that we may quickly unmask Soviet intention and

develop those unorthodox tactics which World War II demonstrated to be essential.

2. We must counter Soviet subversive attacks and help to build resistance in countries Russia attempts to subjugate.

3. We must take the offensive on the psychological front and perfect our radio, the pamphlet and the press, and assist our allies in assembling facilities for getting the truth to the Russian people.

4. We must adopt a firm policy of immediate reprisal against the Soviet Union for every indignity or physical injury or unlawful imprisonment inflicted on our men in military service. Only by reprisal can we compel proper treatment of our representatives by the Soviets and obtain the confidence of our allies in our purpose and in our courage.

5. We must use our economy as a weapon against the Soviet Union and not permit her to use it against us. Economic reconstruction in Western Europe is an essential element in undermining Communist strength. We must deny her goods in short supply, or which we are stockpiling, or which will strengthen her in preparation for war against us.

We have seen in the operations of the Soviet Union that subversive action is made the more effective if there is the threat behind it of a strong, developed military force. Therefore, to counter such subversive action, we must have such a force.

In preparing a strategic defense, it is essential that we keep in mind that the new weapons of destruction have increased the vulnerability of our country. Dependent upon the efficient administration of our Intelligence, we may not know that other nations possess atomic bombs until we are hit by one, or be aware that biological weapons have been placed in advance by sabotage agents or delivered by air.

Therefore, to obtain an essential edge on our potential enemy, in addition to increasing our naval force and ground force divisions, we must intensify our applied research and develop a program in aerodynamics, power plants, and electronics that will make available the most modern piloted aircraft and guided missiles. We must also have an effective warning system and an adequate defense system of interceptor planes and ground weapons. We must have ready for immediate retaliation a force of combat planes with a range and altitude and speed which will enable them to impose heavy punishment upon any nation that attacks us.

To man and operate these weapons, we must have carefully trained soldiers, sailors, and airmen whose minds and wills can stand the strain. This can be attained only by conscription to meet any immediate danger.

For the first time in our history, we see that we are faced with the danger of insecurity. We must not run away from the compelling fact that we shall get security only if we stand up and equip ourselves in a moral and a practical sense to achieve it.



A native of New York City, son of Italian immigrants, FIORELLO H. LA GUARDIA spent his boyhood in Arizona and his early manhood in Budapest and Fiume, where for five years he was in our Consular Service. Then he returned to Manhattan to work his way through law school and to take the first steps of his political career. This is the second of three installments drawn from his autobiography, on which he was working at the time of his death and in which we see what effect his youthful experiences had upon his mature legislation. The autobiography, edited by M. R. Werner, will be published by Lippincott in May.

AMERICAN IN THE MAKING

by FIORELLO H. LA GUARDIA

I

WHEN I returned to New York in 1906 after resigning from the Consular Service, I had a definite plan worked out in my mind for my future. I wanted first to complete my education, get admitted to the bar, and then enter public service.

On my return to New York, I found it hard to get a job. The experience I had gained abroad was of little value in connection with available jobs in the United States. I soon realized that I would have to start at the very bottom of the ladder. I got a temporary job with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, translating parts of the French penal code pertaining to children. This paid me \$10 a week. Then I got a job with a steamship company at \$15 a week. I found that if I learned stenography I could earn more money. An ad in the newspapers offered a complete course in stenography for \$7.50 at the Pratt School. I paid my \$7.50 and at the end of six weeks got a job as stenographer with Abercrombie & Fitch, where I received \$20 a week, which was considered good pay in those days.

In the meantime I had taken the United States Civil Service examination for interpreter at Ellis Island. Robert Watchhorn was then Commissioner of Immigration in New York. He was most helpful to me. Because I knew Croatian as well as Italian and German, my name was placed high on the eligible list, and soon Mr. Watchhorn was able to assign me to an interpreter's job at Ellis Island at \$1200 a year. This enabled me to go through law school in night classes relatively free from economic worries.

On applying for entrance to New York University Law School I learned, much to my chagrin, that the certificates I had from the Arizona schools

were not satisfactory to the Regents of the State of New York. I was therefore required to take Regents' examinations for the equivalent of pre-law-school courses, and I had to do some boning. In one group of examinations I made all the points needed except four, and completed those the next term. The New York Preparatory School, which I entered for the purpose of studying for Regents' examinations, poured the stuff into us as fast as any individual could absorb it. My stay in Europe had not been entirely wasted, for besides my knowledge of languages, the general reading I had done in history came in handy.

I entered New York University Law School in 1907, taking my courses in the evening after my full day's work over on Ellis Island. The work on the Island was difficult and strenuous. For two years we worked seven days a week, for immigration was very heavy at this time. All of us were glad, however, to have the jobs, despite the long hours and tiring tasks. Immigrants were pouring in at the average rate of 5000 a day, and it was a constant grind from the moment we got into our uniforms early in the morning until the last minute before we left on the 5.30 boat in the evening.

Under the Immigration Law, contract laborers who have been induced, assisted, encouraged, or solicited to migrate to this country by offers or promises of employment are excluded. The application of the contract labor provision of the law during my day in the Immigration Service was anything but uniform. Some of the inspectors were clever about questioning the immigrants and trapping them into admitting that they had offers or promises of jobs.

It is a puzzling fact that one provision of the Immigration Law excludes any immigrant who has

no job and classifies him as likely to become a public charge, while another provision excludes an immigrant if he has a job! Common sense suggested that any immigrant who came into the United States in those days, to settle here permanently, surely came here to work. However, under the law, he could not have any more than a vague hope of a job. In answering the inspectors' questions, immigrants had to be very careful, because if their expectations were too enthusiastic, they might be held as coming in violation of the contract labor provision. Yet, if they were too indefinite, if they knew nobody, had no idea where they were going to get jobs, they might be excluded as likely to become public charges. Most of the inspectors were conscientious and fair. Sometimes, I felt, large batches of those held and deported as violating the contract labor provision were, perhaps, only borderline cases and had no more than the assurance from relatives or former townsmen of jobs on their arrival.

While the application and interpretation of the contract labor law might seem on the surface to be extreme, even illogical, the history of immigrant labor in this country fully justified such a law. Before its enactment in the eighties, our country went through a period of exploitation of labor which is one of the most sordid and blackest pictures in our entire history. The railroads and our young industries were built by exploited immigrant labor brought here under contract. They were built with the blood and tears and sweat of underpaid, ignorant immigrants. The padrone system flourished for more than twenty-five years before it was weakened by our immigration laws. For some twenty years thereafter, the padrone system continued to operate in a milder form but in just as cruel and greedy a manner, and with just as disastrous results for the poor ignorant immigrants who were subjected to it. Though we have outlived systematized exploitation of labor, the contract labor provision still serves a useful preventive purpose.

Shipload after shipload of immigrants was brought into this country by contractors, or padrones, who had already made contracts with the railroads and other large corporations for their services. The wages, at best, were disgracefully low. In the eighteen-nineties these wages averaged \$1.25 to \$1.50 a day. The padrone was paid by the corporation. In addition to the low wages he paid the laborers, he took a rake-off from their meager daily earnings. In addition to that, he gave the immigrants board, for which he often made exorbitant charges, deducted, too, from their small pay. Often he had a company store as well, in which he sold them supplies at excessive prices. How they ever managed to save enough to send for their families is a wonder. The twelve-hour day was not unusual, and the seven-day week was common.

The parents of some of our splendid citizens

went through a life of hardship and sacrifice. It is no wonder that so many of their children have made valuable contributions to American life, for they valued what they and their parents got after such effort. It annoys me greatly whenever I hear thoughtless people, often raised the easy way, who have never known any of the hardships these immigrant families endured every day, hurl insults at American citizens who have in many cases contributed much more to the welfare of this nation than those who turn their noses up at them. Look around you in any part of this country: the immigrants have contributed more than their share to building its power and its wealth.

The time is not distant when our country will want more immigrants. Within a few years there will be great need for more unskilled workers, domestic help, and manual laborers. Perhaps we shall have to work out a system of seasonal immigration for some workers. Before long there will be a shortage of labor in our coal mines, and these immigrants will have to be permanent residents. I hope that we shall learn from our past experience and build staffs of understanding, considerate men and women interpreting a careful, consistent body of immigration law adequate for the new immigration we shall require.

2

DURING the last year of my three years' service at Ellis Island, I was assigned to the Night Court as an interpreter. This was very helpful to me, for it permitted me to take my last year's work at law school in the daytime and saved me time going back and forth to Ellis Island.

The Night Court at that time, 1910, dealt exclusively with cases of commercialized vice. The Immigration Service was interested in aliens who were engaged in such practice. I had to interview defendants brought into Night Court and to ascertain from them their place of birth, and, if they were foreign-born, the dates of their arrival. If any of them had been here less than five years, warrants were issued, and upon proper proof they were deported. I interviewed an average of thirty to forty such persons every night for a whole year.

Some of these cases were very pathetic. In this work I got a liberal education in the ways of the Police Department, experience that was very helpful to me later on. I venture to state that the suppression of commercialized vice during my administration as Mayor was more efficient than at any previous time. We just did not tolerate police corruption and were determined to wipe it out.

That some of the police were corrupt in 1910 was easy to see. It was not at all unusual for a patrol wagon full of women to draw up to the Night Court. The policemen and the victims would suddenly

learn that there had been a substitution of judges. A "jail judge" was sitting instead of a "fining judge." The clamor among the girls was then great. I used to see police officers reluctantly return money to the girls. When a "fining judge" was sitting, more cases were brought into court. The grafters were thus able to maintain their record for arrests and do a thriving business.

I can still see the faces of numerous men who practiced at the bar of this Women's Night Court. To me it was clear that this was a dirty trade. Some of the lawyers were eventually disbarred. But, surprisingly, some made good. They would take cases in those days for anything from two dollars to about twenty-five, which was usually the fee for defending a woman on the charge of "keeping and maintaining" a house of prostitution. Some of these former gentlemen of the Night Court bar in 1910 hold high office today. One whose name I recall has an important judicial post. It was strange to me then, and it is strange to me today, how these individuals could justify their way of making a living. Though the procedure has been improved since 1910, it is by no means perfect. At least, there is an opportunity today of ascertaining disease and providing for proper cure, which did not exist when I was a young interpreter.

The probation system, too, was in its infancy at that time. Though it was unorganized, it was effective, and there was not so much so-called scientific approach. However, the system was tender and humane. Miss Alice Smith was the probation officer in the Night Court in 1910. She is the mother of probation in New York City. Miss Smith sat in a side room off the courtroom. In the back of the courtroom sat the representative of the Florence Crittenton Mission.

Welfare and religious organizations did not go in for that kind of work in those days, and nothing that exists today can take the place of the kindness, hospitality, and understanding of that Florence Crittenton League of those days. It had a little home in Bleecker Street. Young girls who were immature first offenders were turned over to Miss Luther, of the Florence Crittenton Mission Home, at the end of the court session. Miss Luther would toddle off with them. There were no guards, no locked doors in that little house in Bleecker Street. That is why the girls didn't run away. There was always a pot of coffee on the stove.

Miss Smith, the probation officer of Night Court, would get to work to find the girls jobs in the effort to rehabilitate them. No public funds were available, but Miss Smith had friends who would always provide the money for a new outfit of clothes, shoes, dental work, or whatever else the girls desperately needed before they could get respectable work. Among the people who supplied Miss Smith with funds for this worthy cause were Jules S. Bache, John D. Rockefeller, Andrew Freedman, and Miss

Kelso, who was one of the editors of Street & Smith publications.

The percentage of girls who were salvaged by this simple, humane probation work was very high. The hardened cases, the repeaters, would be the first to say to a "kid" in the station house, the patrol wagon, or the detention cell at Night Court, "Hey, kid, get out of this while you can. Tell the judge you want to talk to Miss Smith."

From my experience in the Night Court I would say that 95 per cent of such cases brought into court then were the results of economic pressure. Provided there is increasing economic security, and provided enforcement agencies keep after the professional procurers who exploit these unfortunate girls, there will be less and less commercialized vice in New York. Of the hundreds and hundreds of cases I interviewed, I do not believe that there were more than four or five above average intellect, or who had more than fifth or sixth grade schooling. The living wage now paid to many unskilled women workers is the greatest factor in reducing the number of these victims of social evil.

The White Slave Division of the Immigration Service was constantly on the alert for persons who imported immigrants for immoral purposes. Such systematized importation was pretty well broken up by the time I entered the service. It had flourished during the eighteen-nineties, but with the amendment of the Immigration Law, putting teeth in it and broadening the powers of the Immigration Service on deportation, organized importation of white slaves was rare in 1910, although there were some stray cases.

One of the Assistant United States Attorneys who prosecuted white-slave cases, and whom I got to know and remained friendly with thereafter, was a young lawyer of ability and sincerity. His name was Felix Frankfurter.

The inspector in charge of the White Slave Division of the Immigration Service was a man named Andrew Tedesco. He knew many languages, was unkempt and unprepossessing in appearance. But to Tedesco belongs most of the credit for preventing importation of white slaves from foreign countries on a systematized basis. He faced the opposition of hotels, resorts, and politicians. To all in those trades this white-slave traffic was potentially profitable. A lot of them weren't worried about how widespread the traffic became, so long as it went on quietly and did not interfere with the comfort or disturb the feelings of their other patrons, who did not know it was going on under the same roof where they were spending their holidays or leading their more respectable lives. Tedesco cleaned up the red-light district along Sixth Avenue, which was part of the notorious Tenderloin.

When I was first assigned to Night Court, Tedesco said to me: "You can get experience in this job, or

you can make a great deal of money. I don't think you'll take the money. But, remember, the test is if you hesitate. Unless you say 'No!' right off, the first time an offer comes your way, you're gone."

I always remembered that bit of advice throughout my career. It is the first, instinctive reaction to dishonesty or indecency that always counts, and I have repeated Tedesco's advice to many men entering public service where they are subject to temptation.

3

I PROFITED greatly by my studies at New York University Law School. I had plenty of incentive to study law rather than merely to cram for a bar examination as many of my classmates were doing. It seemed to me then, as it has ever since, that too many lawyers were being turned out like so many sausages every year. It was obvious that many of the young men in our classes had neither the mental equipment nor the educational background needed to make good lawyers. Yet there they were, being turned out and going into active practice. After my three years of study at NYU, I had no trouble passing the bar examination and was satisfied that I had learned how to use "the tools of the trade."

I started in the law business on the first day I was admitted to the bar in October, 1910. I had two weeks' salary from my job at Ellis Island, amounting to a total capital of \$65. I rented office space at \$15 a month in the law offices of McIlheny and Bennett. I managed to get some letterheads and some secondhand furniture. The firm had a good law library, and I had a good legal education. I was hopeful, but I had no particular passion for the practice of the law. My practice, however, was most useful and gave me an opportunity to learn a great deal about conditions in New York courts and New York politics in relation to the courts, which came in handy later when I held office in New York City.

The more I got to know about lawyers and their ethics, the less respect I had for them. I needed business about as badly as any young lawyer in the game, but I look back now and am happy in the knowledge that I never took a case that I did not believe in.

I never accepted a retaining fee unless I was convinced of the rights of my client. I found that nine persons out of ten who consult lawyers have either no need for a lawyer or no case. I refused to take cases when I thought the client had no case or did not need a lawyer but could settle his differences himself. I lost many, many clients who became fine friends of mine in later years. They would seldom believe me when I advised them that they had no case, and would run to other lawyers, who would sometimes exaggerate the importance of their cases, talk a lot of legal gibberish to impress them, and

take a fee which the client, in time, would have to charge off to experience. It would have been easy to build up a large practice if I had done the same as they, but I liked it better the other way.

Later, when I went to Congress, I saw how easy it was to exploit public office to get law business. But I thought there was only one thing to do and that was to devote my time to my Congressional duties. Even lawyers tried to retain me to appear in government cases or before government departments. Members of Congress are forbidden by law to engage in such practice. However, strangely enough, a great deal of it was going on during the seven terms I served in the House of Representatives.

Soon after I began to practice law, I got some familiarity with the workings of our courts in New York City. One of the first things that one noted was that knowing the judge did not injure any lawyer. I remember still my first case in the Municipal Court. I prepared it carefully, and the facts were properly presented. The judge decided it against me. I could not figure out why. The judge called me up to the bench. He knew I was a young lawyer recently admitted to the bar. He congratulated me on my presentation of the case. "Well, if I did so well, why didn't you decide in my favor?" I asked. "Oh, young man, I'll give you a break some other day," he said. What a hell of a way to dispense justice! I thought. This same judge is now on the bench of the New York Supreme Court.

I did not go in for criminal cases, and I don't suppose I ever had more than ten or twelve such cases to try. I do not remember ever having taken a fee for a criminal case. Most of those I tried were either assigned to me by the court or cases I accepted because friends or settlement house workers solicited my interest when the families involved had no money to retain a lawyer.

The personality of the judge affected some of the interesting civil cases I tried. Because of the personal traits of judges one could never be sure that a case would be decided on its merits. I remember one case of breach of warranty in which there was a perfectly good defense because the goods sold and delivered by a wholesale grocery firm were defective, and the vendor had refused to accept return of the merchandise, which was a total loss to the purchaser.

At the end of the trial, however, the judge said to the jury: "Now, gentlemen, if you want to retire, you may, but I don't think it is necessary. There is a very clear case of goods sold and delivered and not paid for." But the jury did want to retire. The judge expressed surprise. It was late in the afternoon. Two or three times I noticed the court attendant come up and talk to the judge. The lawyer for the plaintiff was a former partner of this

judge. Finally, the jury brought in a verdict for the plaintiff. I learned a few years later from one of the jurymen, whom I happened to meet, that the judge had sent word to the jury to hurry up with the decision and come in with a verdict for the plaintiff.

In another case I was trying, for a woman who was injured through the gross negligence of a motorman on a Brooklyn trolley car, the judge was pretty rough to our side all the way through. The jury went out. I was in the hallway. The judge, on his way from the courtroom to his chambers, accosted the lawyer for the trolley line. "Was it all right, Joe?" he asked. Perhaps he didn't see me, but he ignored me if he did, and did not care whether I heard him or not. Then he added to his friend the traction lawyer: "Well, Joe, don't worry. If they bring in a verdict against you, I will set it aside."

Later I studied the system by which judges were selected for nomination and found that most of them were hand-picked by politicians. The bar association would go through the motions of endorsing or refusing to endorse candidates. I learned that any judge who had a chance of election was pretty sure to get the endorsement of the bar associations.

When I was Mayor, I consulted the bar associations on one of my first judicial appointments. I found that three out of five of the members of the bar association committee on appointments were candidates themselves for this judgeship! I thought maybe that was just a coincidence. But I did not get much help from the bar associations during my years as Mayor.

I also discovered, when I looked into the situation on selection of judges, that any judge who had served a term, no matter how bad he might be, had ninety-nine chances out of a hundred of getting an endorsement for renomination by the bar associations. I hate to say that. I have so many good friends who are prominent in the bar associations of New York City, and who are fine, upstanding men, a credit to their profession. Yet the fact remains that the caliber of the judges in New York State, on the whole, through the years, bears out what I say. Oh, yes, there are some excellent judges, scholarly, upright, hard-working, fair. They are the exceptions. Later, when I was a Congressman, I brought impeachment proceedings against several Federal judges. Some of those men in our high Federal courts were neither upright nor scholarly, and some of them bore no resemblance to Caesar's wife.

I often sought in later times to have a "Who's Who" of judges' secretaries drawn up and published. It would have been a shock to most citizens. My idea was never taken up. Some of the secretaries of judges, drawing around \$10,000 a year in salaries, know no law. Most of them know the

district leaders. Some of them have very little education of any kind. Some even have criminal records themselves. They are selected for their politics and their friendships, and this is one of the most pernicious results of the patronage system.

Some day the whole method of selection of judges, and of determination of their qualifications and those of their assistants in New York State, will have to be changed, if we are to attain an approach to decent justice.

4

I PRACTICED law actively from 1910 to 1915 and sporadically in later years when my political activity permitted. I did not accumulate much money, but I managed to live, found time for study and research, and certainly learned a great deal about the political and economic conditions in my city.

I joined the Republican Party because I could not stomach Tammany Hall. Let it be understood that when I say Tammany Hall I mean the Democratic political machine in all five boroughs of Greater New York. They are all alike.

I lived in a district in Greenwich Village where the Republican organization was exceptionally clean. It produced such fine men as Herbert Parsons, Fred Tanner, Henry H. Curran, and Frank Stoddard. However, we were a regular political club. History will bear me out when I say that the minority party in any large city can afford to be somewhat virtuous. But if it happens to get control of the city government, it will resort to the very same activities and indulge in the same bad habits as its rival, assuming it can control the elective officials.

I had been storing up knowledge, and I was eager to bring about better conditions, particularly a more equitable economic situation and less favoritism to special interests in the administration of the law. That was why I was determined to become a Congressman. From the time that I returned to New York after my experience abroad in the Consular Service, I read the *Congressional Record* and kept abreast of activities in Congress. I also made myself familiar with the legislative history of that period. Somehow — I did not know how — I had a feeling that some day I would get into Congress.

I kept my eyes open, but I felt that my chances in New York City were very slight. The Republican districts had their Congressmen, but it required a great deal more political influence than I had to obtain a nomination in one of those districts, where nomination meant almost certain election. It was hard to break down the Democratic majorities in their districts. For a time I thought I might go West to a younger state, where the chances were better.

One night I happened to be in the clubrooms of

the 25th Assembly District, my own district, where I was an election district captain for a time, when the boys were filling in petitions for the nomination for Congress. It was in the late summer of 1914. The petitions were printed, and the names of state and county candidates appeared on them. There were blanks left for the local candidates for the State Senate and Assembly and for representatives in Congress.

Someone hollered out, "Who is the candidate for Congress?" The leader of the district — I think it was Clarence Fay — came from his backroom office. He shouted out, "Who wants to run for Congress?" That was my chance. "I do," I said. "OK, put La Guardia down," Clarence said. That was all there was to it. But I darn near missed out even so. One of the men asked, "Hey, La Guardia, what's your first name?" I said, "Fiorello." "Oh, hell," he said, "let's get someone whose name we can spell." I spelled the name carefully and slowly and had to argue hard to get it on the petitions.

I took my nomination seriously. I soon learned that I was not supposed to take it seriously. When September came along, I attended my first political meeting. It was in one of the district clubhouses. Pamphlets were distributed throughout the district announcing the meeting and stating that all the prominent candidates would talk. I was there bright and early. The meeting started. Candidate after candidate spoke. The state candidates came in, and they had the right of way. I waited and waited for my turn. Two or three times in the course of the evening I was sure that I was next when the chairman would say, "And now we will hear from a young and promising candidate." I would get up each time, only to see that someone else was being introduced.

The meeting ended around 11.30 that night. I had not been called on. I protested to the chairman, who was talking to the district leader. "How come?" I asked.

Everybody had a good laugh. "Why, Fiorello, you haven't a chance of winning," they told me. "We've never elected a Republican to Congress from this district. Now, what you should do is go out and campaign for the State Senator and Assemblyman, help elect the ticket. That is all you can do."

"Could I try?" I pleaded.

"Oh, no, don't be foolish. You just go out now and help the others, and some day you may get a nomination for an office you can win."

I didn't think that was quite on the level. A few of the boys in the district agreed with me, among

them Harry Andrews, who was district secretary, Louis Espresso, and old Mike Kehoe. Kehoe, who was in his late seventies, was a mastermind and a good political strategist. He was very much amused at my predicament. "Kid, don't be discouraged," he said, "but go out and try."

I discovered that the procedure at that first meeting was repeated at all the regular party meetings. I was not to get a chance to speak at any of them. I went out and bought a secondhand Ford. Harry Andrews and I plastered it with signs, and I started out on my own private, individual campaign. We went from corner to corner every night in that district, and we never missed a wedding, a funeral, a christening, or any other kind of gathering we could get into.

The 14th Congressional District ran from the Hudson River clear across Manhattan to the East River. It included some of the tenement sections of the lower East Side, teeming with Italian and Jewish immigrants. My knowledge of Italian and Yiddish came in handy. I rang doorbells and talked to the immigrant families. At outdoor meetings I would wait until the regular political rally had ended, pull up in my Ford as the people were leaving, gather a crowd, and do my talking.

My opponent was Congressman Michael Farley, a popular saloonkeeper and president of the National Liquor Dealers' Association. He had been the regular Tammany representative in Congress from that district for some time. I was called down once or twice for being "too rough" on him. Distinguished and serious gentlemen in the community pointed out to me that the retail liquor business was a lawful occupation and urged me not to disparage the Congressman who was in that business. I did not disparage him. I merely pointed out that he was not a good Congressman and wasn't even a good bartender.

When the votes were counted that November, 1914, Congressman Farley was re-elected by the small margin of 1700 votes. Never before had the Democratic majority in that district been less than 16,000 votes. Both my Republican colleagues and my Democratic opponents began to take notice of me. The Republicans began to think that maybe I had a future in politics because I could put on a campaign that got the public interested, and therefore it would be wise to keep me in the political family. The showing I made attracted enough attention among the politicians to make them think it worth while to give me the appointment of Deputy Attorney General of the State of New York.

(To be concluded)



An Atlantic Story



Seven years ago, EUDORA WELTY made her first appearance in the Atlantic with "A Worn Path." That story was ultimately to receive an O. Henry Award, but more important, it proclaimed the arrival of a young and talented Southern writer. Miss Welty was born in Jackson, Mississippi, attended Mississippi State College for Women, the University of Wisconsin, where she was graduated, and Columbia University School of Business. Then she "edged on back home" to do her short stories and her novels, *A Curtain of Green* and *Delta Wedding*.

SHOWER OF GOLD

by EUDORA WELTY

THAT was Mrs. Snowdie MacLain.

She comes after her butter, won't let me run over with it from next door. Her husband walked out of the house one day and left his hat on the banks of the Big Black River.

We had a little run on doing that, in Battle Hill along in then, five years back. When King did it, the old copycats did it. Some just plain left, and some trimmed it up. King MacLain left a new straw hat on the banks of the Big Black and there are people that consider he headed West.

Snowdie grieved for him, but the way you'd grieve decently for the dead, and nobody liked to think, even, *around* her, that he had treated her that way. But how long can you keep it up? I could almost bring myself to talk about it — to a passer-by, that will never see her again, or me either. Sure I can churn and talk.

You seen she wasn't ugly — and the little blinky lines to her eyelids comes from trying to see. She's an albino but nobody would ever try to call her ugly — with that tender, tender skin like a baby. She's the only one like her I ever seen, right here. Some said if King figured it out that if the babies started coming, the chances were he was going to have a little nestful of albinos some day, that swayed him. No, *I* don't say it. I say he was just willful. *He* wouldn't think ahead.

Willful and outrageous, to some people's minds. Well, he married Snowdie.

Lots of worse men wouldn't have no better sense, and with King it must have been a kind of showing

off. Like, "Look, this is about what I think of Battle Hill and all you all in it — I'll marry a girl with pink eyes!" And Snowdie as sweet and gentle as you find them. She couldn't see very well —

They said it was a good thing she couldn't, with King for a husband. They said there's one little girl of his growing up in the orphan asylum out from Vicksburg today. And Deacon Hill said it was another good thing she couldn't maybe tell the color of their skins, either, other ladies', but Snowdie didn't see that in King at all. He was always just as nice as he could be to Snowdie.

Gave her servants. He was never heard to raise his voice to her, he was considerate and courteous as could be. Oh, his nice manners were one of the things about that devil — haven't you noticed it prevail, in the world in general? Beware of a man with manners. He never said a harsh word to her, but then one day he walked out of the house. Oh, I don't mean once!

He went away for a long spell before he come back that time. Let me get his trips right. She pretended like it was a nice restful trip he was needing, and she was glad he could take it. She had a little story about the waters, I could tell you now her poor little rigmarole. But next time it was more than a year, it was two years — oh, it was three. I had two children myself, enduring his being gone. Yes and that time he sent her word, and it said, "Meet me in the woods." Why? I don't aim to say why, when I don't know. A thing like that could be because he enjoyed it in the woods — a plain, everyday reason. And

maybe again it was the driving old devil in him. If *Snowdie* didn't have to know, but went like he asked her, then we don't have to. He more invited her than told her to come. And it was for nighttime. Anyway, she said herself that in the woods they met and decided on what would be best.

Best for him, of course. He was to stay away a little, or maybe longer than a little. We could see the writing on the wall.

"The woods" didn't mean a thing but Cooper's Fields. We would any of us know the place they would go, without having to find it — I could have gone straight as an arrow to the very oak tree, there to itself in Cooper's Fields and all spready, a real shady place by *day* is all I know. Can't you just see King MacLain leaning up against that tree by the light of the moon as you come walking through the woods and you hadn't seen him in three years? "Meet me in the woods." My foot. Oh, I don't know how poor *Snowdie* stood it, walking to him.

Then, twins.

2

WELL — they first come here to the Pump House Road bride and groom. I hadn't been married long myself, and Mr. Rainey's health was already a little delicate so he'd thought best to quit the heavy work. *Snowdie* was Mrs. Lollie Hudson's daughter, and Mrs. Hudson was a lady. Her father was Mr. Eugene Hudson, a storekeeper down at Crossroads, but he was lovely too. *Snowdie* was their only daughter, and they give her a nice education.

And I guess people more or less expected her to teach school. She couldn't see very well, was the only thing, but the board would pass that by, knowing the family and *Snowdie*'s real good way with children. I would trust her with any of mine to bring up, did anything happen to me. Then she got took up all of a sudden by King MacLain, before the school year even got a good start.

It was no different — no quicker and no slower — than those things happen, so I don't need to tell you they got married here in the Battle Hill Presbyterian Church before you could shake a stick at it. And when they dressed *Snowdie* all in white, she was whiter than your dreams. Even while the music was playing, people were saying he did it to spite Mrs. Nell Waincaster, that he was in love with in the Delta — she eloped with a duke or a millionaire, one. I never knew her. King made a big show of a trip — he went I forget where but he took her on that one.

They moved in the old Fewell place here and he traveled for somebody, I'll tell you in a minute what he sold, and she stayed home and cooked and kept house. There was a big show of changes over at the Fewells', and they cut down the cedar trees and put a row of flowers, and put up that tall fence between our pasture and the flowers; there it is yet. And

she couldn't see near that good, but more than once she made all new curtains for every room. At first it didn't look like they would have any children.

So it was the way I told you, him leaving and him being welcomed home, him leaving and him sending word, "Meet me in the woods," and him gone again, at last leaving the hat. I told my husband I was going to quit keeping count of King's comings and goings, and it wasn't long after that he did leave the hat. So my husband said, Well now let's have the women to settle down and pay attention to home folks. That was a lot from him and I told him about it.

So, you wouldn't have had to wait long — there came *Snowdie* across her yard and mine to bring the news. I seen her coming down my pasture in a different walk, it was the way somebody comes down an aisle. Did you notice her little dainty waist she has still? I declare it's a mystery to think about her having the strength once. Look at me.

I was in the stall milking, and she come and took a stand there at the head of my best little Jersey, Lady May, that I was milking, and in a quiet, picked-out way, she told me, "Mrs. Rainey — I'm going to have a baby too."

Me and Lady May both had to just look at her. She looked like more than just the news had come over her. It was like a shower of something had struck her, like she had been caught out in something bright. There with her eyes all crinkled up with always fighting the light, yet looking out bold as a lion that day, gazing into my bucket and into my stall like a visiting somebody. Poor *Snowdie*. I remember it was Easter time and how the pasture was all spotty there behind her little blue skirt, in sweet clover. He sold tea and spices, that's what it was.

It was sure enough nine months to the day the twins come after he went sallying out through those woods and fields and laid his hat down on the bank of the river with "King MacLain" on it.

I wish I'd seen him! I don't guess I'd have stopped him. I can't tell you why, but I wish I'd seen him! But nobody did.

For *Snowdie*'s sake — here they come bringing the hat, a hunter and boys, and a hullabaloo raised — they drug the Big Black for nine miles down, or was it only eight, and sent word to Bovina and on, clear to Vicksburg, to watch out for anything to wash up or to catch in the trees in the river. Sure, there never was anything — just the hat. They found everybody else that ever honestly drowned along the Big Black in this neighborhood. Old Man Eckhart, he was a foreigner here, and he drowned and they found him. I think with the hat he ought to have laid his watch down, if he wanted to give it a better look.

Snowdie kept just as bright and brave, she didn't seem to give in. She must have had her thoughts and they must have been one of two things. One

that he was dead — then why did her face have the glow? It had a glow — and the other that he left her and meant it. And like people said, if she smiled *then*, she was clear out of reach. I didn't know if I liked the glow. Why didn't she rage and storm a little — to me, anyway, just Mrs. Rainey? The Hudsons all hold themselves in. But it didn't seem to me, running in and out the way I was, that Snowdie had ever got a real good look at life, maybe. Maybe from the beginning. Maybe she just doesn't know the *extent*. Not the kind of look I got, and away back when I was twelve year old or so. Like something was put to my eye.

She just went on keeping house, and getting fairly big with what I told you already was twins, and she seemed to settle into her content. Like a little white kitty in a basket, making you wonder if she just mightn't put up her paw and scratch, if anything was, after all, to come near. At her house it was like Sunday even in the mornings, every day, in that cleaned-up way. She was taking a joy in her fresh untracked rooms and that dark, quiet, real quiet hall that runs through her house. And I love Snowdie. I love her.

Except none of us felt very *close* to her all the while. I'll tell you what it was, what made her different. It was the not waiting any more, except where the babies waited, and that's not but one story. We were mad at her and protecting her all at once, when we couldn't be close to her.

And she come out in her pretty clean shirtwaists to water the ferns, and she had remarkable flowers — she had her mother's way with flowers, of course. And give just as many away, except it wasn't like I or you give. She was by her own self. Oh, her mother was dead by then, and Mr. Hudson fourteen miles down the road away, crippled up, running his store in a cane chair. We was every bit she had. Everybody tried to stay with her as much as they could spare, not let a day go by without one of us to run in and speak to her and say a word about an ordinary thing. Mrs. Willie Stark let her be in charge of raising money for the poor country people at Christmas that year, and like that. Of course we made all her little things for her, stitches like that were way beyond her. It was a good thing she got such a big stack.

3

THE twins come the first day of January. Mrs. Willie Stark — she hates all men, and is real important: yonder's her chimney — made her nigger hitch up and drive to Vicksburg to bring back the doctor in her own buggy the night before, and stuck him in a cold room to sleep at her house; she said trust the doctor's buggy to break down. Mrs. Stark stayed right by Snowdie, and of course we stayed too, but Mrs. Stark was right by the bed without budging and took charge when the pains began.

Snowdie had the two little boys and neither one albino. They were both King all over again, if you want to know it. She clapped the names on them of Lucius Randall MacLain and Eugene Hudson MacLain, after her own father and her mother's father.

It was the only sign she ever give that maybe she didn't think the name King MacLain had stayed beautiful. But not much of a sign, because, you know, some women are going to name their sons after any other men in their family first, before they get to their husbands; some women are just that way, one of their peculiarities at times like that. I don't think with Snowdie even *two* other names meant she had changed yet — not towards King, that devil.

Time goes like a dream no matter how hard you run, and all the time we heard things from out in the world that still didn't mean we believed them. You know the kind of things. King MacLain had been seen in Memphis. King MacLain was seen getting a haircut in Laredo, Texas. King MacLain passed somebody right on the street in New Orleans in bright day, and never blinked an eye. Those things you will hear forever when people go off. Like a few last shots in the hunter's woods. They might mean something — might not.

Till the most foolish was the time my husband saw a man that was the spit-image of King no further away than Jackson. He was in a *parade*, my husband told me in his good time, marching along with all the Shriners, and up front.

When I asked the way he looked, I couldn't get a thing out of my husband, except he would just march silly across the kitchen. I knew, though. If it was King, he looked like "Hasn't everybody been wondering, though, been out of their minds, to know where I've been keeping myself!" I told my husband it reasoned to me like it was up to the Shriners to get hold of King and bring something out of him, and see what it would be, but my husband said maybe they thought it was his own business and besides, a parade was going on. Men! I said if I'd been a Shriner or any man, and marching along and spied King MacLain next to me insufferable like that, parade or no, if I'd been so sure, I'd have had the whole thing brought to a halt, and called him by name. "Well, what good would it have done you?" my husband said. "A plenty," I said. I was excited at the time it happened. "That was just as good a place to show him forth as any, right in front of the Governor's mansion on Capitol Street in Jackson, with the band playing 'Dixie'."

Well, yes — men like that need to be shown up before the world, I guess — not that any of us would be surprised. "Did you go and find him after the parade got safely where it was going, then?" I asked my husband. But he said no, that wasn't what he went to Jackson for. He went for me a new bucket, and brought me the wrong size. But he said that was King or his twin. What twin!

Well, through the years, somebody comes home from a summer trip and says, "You know who I saw when I got there? King MacLain!" And if it was ever to speak to, nobody has ever breathed a word.

I believe he's been to California. Don't ask me why. But I picture him there. I see King in the West, out where it's gold and everything. Everybody to their own opinions.

4

WELL, what happened turned out to happen on Halloween. Only last week — and seems already like something that couldn't happen at all. My baby girl, Virgie, swallowed a button that same day — later on — and *that* happened, and seemed likely, but not this. And not a word's been spoke out loud, for Snowdie's sake, so I trust the rest of the world will be as careful.

You can talk about a baby swallowing a button off a shirt and having to be upended and her behind pounded, and it sounds reasonable, but get talking about something that's only a kind of *near* thing — and hold your horses.

Well, Halloween, about three o'clock, I was over at Snowdie's helping her cut out patterns — she's kept on sewing for those boys. Me, I have a little girl to sew for — she was right there, asleep on the bed in the next room — and it hurts my conscience being that lucky over Snowdie too. And the twins wouldn't play out in the yard that day but had hold of the scraps and the scissors and the paper of pins and all, and there underfoot they were dressing up and playing ghost and what all. Uppermost in their little minds was Halloween.

They had on their Kress's masks, of course, tied on over their Buster Brown bobs and pressing a rim around the back. I was used to how they looked by then — but I don't like masks. One was the Chinese kind, all yellow and mean with slant eyes and a dreadful thin mustache of black horsy hair. The other one was a lady, with an almost scary-sweet smile on her lips. I never did take to that smile, with all day for it. Eugene Hudson wanted to be the Chinaman and so Lucius Randall had to be the lady.

So they were making tails and do-lollies and all kinds of foolishness, and sticking them onto their little middles and behinds, snatching every scrap from the shirts and flannels me and Snowdie was cutting out on the dining-room table. Sometimes we could grab a little boy and baste something up on him whether or no, but we didn't really pay them much mind, we was talking about the prices of things for winter, and the funeral of an old maid.

So we never heard the step creak or the porch give, at all. That was the blessing. And if it wasn't for something that come from outside us all to tell

about it, I wouldn't have the faith I have that it come about.

But happening along our road — like he does every day — was a real trustworthy nigger. He's one of Mrs. Willie Stark's husband's mother's niggers, Old Plez Stark everybody calls him. Lives down beyond me. The real old kind, that knows everybody since time was. He knows more folks than I do, who they are, and all the *fine* people. If you wanted anybody in Battle Hill that wouldn't be likely to make a mistake in who a person is, you would ask for Old Plez Stark.

So he was making his way down the road, by stages. He still has to do a few people's yards that the ladies won't let him go, like Mrs. Stark, because he don't pull up things. He's no telling how old, and starts early and takes his time coming home in the evening — always stopping to speak to people to ask after their health and tell them good evening all the way. Only that day, he said he didn't see a soul *else* — besides you'll hear who in a minute — on the way, not on porches or in the yards. I can't tell you why, unless it was those little gusts of the north wind that had started blowing. Nobody likes that.

But yonder ahead of him was walking a man. Plez said it was a white man's walk and a walk he knew — but it struck him it was from away in another year, another time. It wasn't just the walk of anybody supposed to be going along the Pump House Road right at that time — and yet it was, too — and if it was, he still couldn't think what business that somebody would be up to. That was the careful way Plez was putting it to his mind.

If you saw Plez, you'd know it was him. He had some roses stuck in his hat that day, I saw him right after it happened. Some of Miss Willie's fall roses, big as a man's fist and red as blood — they were nodding side to side out of the band of his old black hat, and some other little scraps out of the garden laid around the brim, throwed away by Mrs. Stark; he'd been cleaning out her beds that day, it was fixing to rain.

He said later he wasn't in any great hurry, or he would have maybe caught up and passed the man. Up yonder ahead he went, going the same way Plez was going, and not much more interested in racing. And a real familiar stranger.

So Plez says presently the familiar stranger paused. It was in front of the Fewell gate — "now it's the MacLain gate," and so on, Plez explaining — and sunk his weight on one leg and just stood there, posey as the statue in the square, head sideways! Ha! Old Plez said. So he just leaned against him a tree where he was and — in a word — waited.

So next thing, the stranger — oh it was King! By then Plez was calling him Mr. King to his mind — went through the gate and up the path and then sideways — skirted around the porch. King went low around the house — he went from bush to bush,

low as a skunk, and under the big wistaria vine back there and under the wash (he didn't count it!), and edged around to the back. He went back of the cistern and come close to the house again, sniffy like, and Plez said he couldn't exactly see from his tree exactly what Mr. King was doing, but he knows, as good as seeing it, that he took a good peep in through the blinds in the back windows, and looked in the pantry, and he would have looked in the dining room — have mercy. We'd shut the south light out of Snowdie's eyes of course.

Pretty soon here he come a-creeping round to the front again, the snake, around the rose trellis under the front room. Then he drew himself together. Then he started up the front steps.

Plez says Mr. King had on tennis shoes and they didn't make any but the thinnest sound — and then the middle step sort of sings when it's stepped on. So King was up on the front porch and across it with one more little giving sound, and what do you think he does but fix to knock on the door?

On his own door. He makes a little shadow knock, like trying to see how it would look, and then puts his hands behind his coat, flirting like with himself, and stands with one leg out, considering. And I bet a smirk on his pretty face! Oh, don't ask me to go on.

Suppose Snowdie had glanced down the hall — the dining room is at the end of the front hall, and the folding doors were pushed back — and seen him, all "Come-kiss-me!" like that. I don't know if she could have seen that good — but *I* could. I was a fool and didn't look.

5

IT WAS the twins seen him. Through those little-bitty holes, those eagle eyes! There ain't going to be no stopping those twins.

And he didn't get to knock on the door, but he had his hand raised the second time and his knuckles sticking up, and out come the children on him, hollering "Boo!" and waving their arms up and down the way it would scare you to death, or it ought to, if you weren't ready for them.

We heard them charge out, but we thought it was just a nigger that was going by for them to scare, if we thought anything.

Plez says — allowing for all human mistakes — he seen on one side of King come rolling out Lucius Randall all dressed up, and on the other side, Eugene Hudson all dressed up. Could I have forgotten to speak of their being on skates? Oh, that was all afternoon. They're real good skaters, the little rascals, not to have a sidewalk. They sailed out the door and circled around their father, flying their arms and making their fingers go scary, and those little Buster Brown bobs going in a circle.

Lucius Randall, Plez said, had on something pink, and he did, the basted flannelette teddy-bears

we had tried on on top of his clothes and he got away. And said Eugene was the Chinaman, and that was what he was. It would be hard to tell which would come at you the more outrageous of the two, but to me it would be Lucius Randall with the girl's face and the big white cotton gloves falling off his fingers, and oh! he had on *my* hat. This one I milk in.

And they made a tremendous uproar with their skates, Plez said, and that was no mistake, because I remember what a hard time Snowdie and me had hearing what each other had to say all afternoon.

Plez said King stood it a minute — he got to turning around too. They were skating around him and saying in high birdie voices, "How do you do, Mister Booger?" You know if children *can* be monkeys, they're going to be them. (Without the masks, though, those two children would have been more polite about it — there's enough Hudson in them.) Skating around and around their papa, and just as ignorant! Poor little fellows. After all they'd had nobody to scare all day for Halloween, away out here, except one or two niggers that went by, and the train whistling through at two-fifteen, they scared that.

But monkeys — ! Skating around their papa. Plez said if those children had been black, he wouldn't hesitate to say they would remind a soul of little nigger cannibals in the jungle. When they got their papa in their ring-around-a-rosy and he couldn't get out, Plez said it was enough to make an onlooker a little uneasy, and he called once or twice on the Lord. And after they went around high, they crouched down and went around low, about his knees.

The minute come when King just couldn't get out quick enough. Only he had a hard time, and took him more than one try. He gathered himself together and King is a man of six foot height and weighs like a horse, but he was confused, I take it. But he got aloose and up and out like the devil was after him — finally. Right up over the banister and the ferns, and down the yard and over the gate and gone. He plowed into Cooper's Fields, and the willows waved behind him, and where he run then, Plez don't know and I don't and don't nobody.

Plez said King passed right by him, that time, but didn't seem to know him, and the opportunity had gone by then to speak. And where he run then, nobody knows.

He should have wrote another note, instead.

Well then, the children I reckon just held open-mouth behind him, and then something got to mounting up and scaring them, after it was all over. So they come back in the dining room, to the innocent ladies, scowling and dragging over the carpet on their skates, and tried to do a ring around *us*, following their mother and me around the table where we was cutting out Eugene Hudson's underbody, and pulling on our skirts.

"Well, speak," said their mother, and they told her a booger had come up on the front porch and when they went out to see him he said, "God help an honest man!", so they chased him down the steps and run him off. "But he looked back like this!" Lucius Randall said, lifting off his mask and showing us on his little naked face with the round blue eyes. And Eugene Hudson said the booger took an apple before he got through the gate.

And Snowdie dropped her scissors on the mahogany, and her hand just stayed in the air as still, and she looked at me, a look a minute long. And first she caught her apron to her and then started shedding it in the hall while she run to the door — so as not to be caught in it, I suppose, if anybody was still there. She run and the little glass prisms shook in the hall — I don't remember another time, from *her*. She didn't stop at the door but run on through it and out on the porch, and she looked both ways and was running down the steps. And she run out in the yard and stood there holding to the gate, looking towards the country, but I could tell by the way her head held there wasn't nobody.

When I got to the steps — I didn't like to follow right away — there was nobody at all but Old Plez, who was coming by raising his hat.

"Plez, did you see a gentleman come up on my porch just now?" I heard Snowdie call, and there was Plez, just ambling by with his hat raised, like he was just that minute passing, like we thought. And Plez, of course, he said, "No'm, mistis, I don't recollect one soul pass me, whole way from town."

The little fellows held on to me, I could feel them tugging. And my little girl slept through it all, inside, and then woke up to swallow that button.

Outdoors the leaves was rustling, different from when I'd went in. It was coming on a rain. The day had a two-way look, like a day will at change of the year — clouds dark and the gold air still in the road, and the apple trees lighter than the sky was. And the oak leaves scuttling and scattering, blowing against Old Plez and brushing on him, the old man.

"You're real positive, I guess, Plez?" asks Snowdie, and he answers comforting-like to her, "You wasn't looking for nobody to come today, was you?"

It was later on that Mrs. Willie Stark got hold of

Plez and got the truth out of him, and I heard it after a while, through her church ladies. But of course he wasn't going to let Mrs. Snowdie MacLain get hurt now, after we'd all watched her so long. So he fabricated.

After he'd gone by, Snowdie just stood there in the cool without a coat, with her face turned towards the country and her fingers pulling at little threads on her skirt and turning them loose in the wind, making little kind deeds of it, till I went and got her. She didn't cry.

"Course, could have been a ghost," Plez told Mrs. Stark, "but a ghost — I believe — if he had come to see the lady of the house, would have waited to have a word with her."

And he said he had nary doubt in his mind that it was King MacLain, starting home once more and thinking better of it. Mrs. Willie said to the church ladies, "I, for one, trust the nigger. I trust him the way you trust me. Old Plez's mind has remained clear as a bell. I trust his story implicitly," she says, "because that's just what *I know* King MacLain'd do — run." And that's one time I feel in agreement about something with Mrs. Willie Stark, though she don't know about it, I guess.

And I live and hope *he* hit a stone and fell down running, before he got far off from here, and took the skin off his handsome nose, the devil.

And so that's why Snowdie comes to get her butter now, and won't let me bring it to her any longer. I think she kind of holds it against me, because I was there that day when he come; and she don't like my baby any more.

And you know, now and then I get to thinking, maybe King did know it was Halloween. Do you think he'd go that far for a prank?

With men like him, your thoughts are bottomless. The fine, golden-haired Greek god! He was going like the wind, Plez swore to Mrs. Willie Stark, though he couldn't swear to the direction; so he said.

But I bet you my little Jersey cow King tarried long enough to get him a child somewhere.

What makes me say a thing like that? You mind you forget it.

Best Films

Whatever the critics may say, the Academy Awards by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences are Hollywood's true appraisal of itself.

JEAN HERSHOLT, President of the Academy, who is respected throughout the profession for his personal integrity and independence, tells how the awards are made, and emphasizes the fairness and secrecy of the voting. An American born in Denmark, Mr. Hersholt is a veteran of the European stage; he has acted in four hundred films and is one of the best-loved characters in radio — "Dr. Christian."

THE ACADEMY SPEAKS

by JEAN HERSHOLT

1

WITH tedious frequency thoughtful writers choose to portray the Hollywood motion picture as the booby-boy of the arts, the helpless tool of a band of clumsy Fagins. But there is really nothing wrong with the child that understanding won't cure. Hollywood bristles with militant organizations formed to help the movie industry discipline its product. But discipline without long-range ideals can be no more than a sterile mechanism.

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences came into being to give stature and constructive support to films and their makers. Among many other activities, the Academy confers a series of high awards for creative achievement. On Oscar Night the full membership of the Academy, in its nicest clothes, hands out twenty-six golden statuettes to the deserving — chosen by secret individual ballot of some two thousand professional members. You know about the Academy Awards only because they are newsworthy throughout the world, wherever people crave pictures. Thus the Academy has already firmly succeeded in establishing round the world the *idea of creative incentive*.

Along toward midnight, as the final Oscar goes to its last proud artist, the Academy withdraws into the wings. It exchanges its dress suit for a pair of boxing trunks. For now the annual uproar of healthy, loud free speech is about to commence.

The news wire services, the syndicates, the city desks, the picture services, the radio columnists and newsmen, the newsreels, the news magazines — the whole vanguard of world communication, with four hundred Hollywood special correspondents as outriders, has this evening covered the routine ceremony of the awards. A few writers, to be "different," will inevitably opine that the ceremony has been cheap and gaudy. The meeting has in fact been decorous, amiable in tone, tense, and (if the truth must be confessed) sometimes a little slow in pace — like almost any cumbersome town meeting.

Oscar Night, being a newsworthy event, can by its nature no longer be staged without concession to decent spectacle. For the presentation of the twenty-six little statues merely symbolizes the highest and widest public personal honor for creative accomplishment in all major branches of picture-making. Stars and directors are the mainsprings of all dramatic entertainment, so their personalities receive a preponderance of public recognition and of press lines. The Academy makes not a featherweight of distinction in "importance" between achievement in one branch versus another. In the eyes of the picture industry, each award symbolizes an equal honor for an equally notable achievement of the year past. If there is any weighting of any award in relative "importance," the public, through its astute spokesman, the press, does the weighting.

Those whose votes match the actual awards declare that at last the Oscars have found their proper destinations; those whose candidates have been disappointed cry "fraud," "partisanship," "intrigue."

That no foreign film has yet won the "best-picture" award here implies (to ulterior-motive seekers) that we must be anti-British, or at least anti-foreign. These critics overlook a special award made to Laurence Olivier for *Henry V* — an award made by the board before the ballot for "best picture" was known, so that if *Henry V* should fail in the general ballot (as it did by a small margin) the leading spirit of it would be certain of extraordinary recognition. They overlook an award made to Charles Laughton for his performance in *The Private Life of Henry VIII*; they ignore an award to George Bernard Shaw for the best screen play (*Pygmalion*). They overlook too the fact that six of the 1947 awards were voted to British nominees, and a special award went to an Italian film, *Shoeshine*.

I must flatly and officially deny the charge that there is discrimination against foreign films. For films (and other candidates) from abroad have repeatedly figured in the Academy's nominations.

Because the war crippled European picture-making, the 1940's showed few foreign nominations. With the resumption of production, the 1947 nominees included three British pictures, one from France, one from Italy. It is hoped and expected that this year may bring forth not only more contenders from those nations, but newcomers from Sweden, Mexico, South America, and other lands. And when a film from whatever foreign source clearly tops the rest of the world, it will be honored by as competent a jury of sincere and proven craftsmen as is to be found on earth. Let excellence stem from where it will — the Academy will welcome excellence, for that is a basic function of the Academy.

Some critics have indicated that there is a tendency for Academy members to cast their ballots arbitrarily for the nominees because they worked for favored studios, rather than for the nominees as individuals. These critics have spread the misconception that the voters (all of whom work in studios) get bedazzled by glittering advertising campaigns put on by their studios in Hollywood trade papers, and then go and vote a straight ticket for the home lot. This is a false charge for three very plain reasons: —

1. The average Academy member is an intense and almost rebellious individualist, and he is answerable to no man or meal ticket for his private professional choice.

2. The Academy has some 2000 members. Fewer than 250 of them (12.5 per cent) are permanently identified with any given studio, the rest being freelances who may be employed by several studios during a given year. Numerical partisanship, under the qualifications for membership, is impossible.

3. Political partisanship (skulduggery) is next to impossible because, as a voting member, you fill out your certified ballot in private. You mail it (unsigned) to an impartial firm of public accountants. They make their reports for the first time by opening sealed envelopes, on the stage, on Oscar Night.

A further complaint declares that great performances in so-called flop pictures never get a nod in the Academy polls. If by flop is meant a box office failure, this is not true. Performances have never been judged by the jingle of the box office till. The weight of *intrinsic merit* which can make a great picture "big" at the national box office cannot be expected to avoid the craft sense of the Academy voter; his franchise, in fact, bases on his recognition of any such intrinsic merit.

Now, without hairsplitting as to whether any picture cost more than it returned, glance at the following list of great performances, in pictures of all grades of cost and of all grades of relative return. Some of these screen plays happened to be hits; some are mourned as flops because the public didn't like their craftsmanship nearly as well as the Academy did.

James Cagney	<i>Yankee Doodle Dandy</i>
Ginger Rogers	<i>Kitty Foyle</i>
Victor McLaglen	<i>The Informer</i>
Norma Shearer	<i>The Divorcee</i>
Clark Gable	<i>It Happened One Night</i>
Janet Gaynor	<i>Seventh Heaven</i>
George Arliss	<i>Disraeli</i>
Helen Hayes	<i>The Sin of Madelon Claudet</i>
Paul Muni	<i>The Story of Louis Pasteur</i>
Spencer Tracy	<i>Captains Courageous</i>
Vivian Leigh	<i>Gone With the Wind</i>
Bing Crosby	<i>Going My Way</i>
Ingrid Bergman	<i>Gaslight</i>
Greer Garson	<i>Mrs. Miniver</i>
Bette Davis	<i>Jezebel</i>
Loretta Young	<i>The Farmer's Daughter</i>

The generous variety of that handful of examples should make the point that the Academy's door is always wide to aesthetic performance, in whatever picture from whatever source, without reference to the film's earnings. And just to countersink that point, let's set down the list of all the top pictures the Academy poll has chosen since 1927: —

Wings
Sunrise
The Broadway Melody
All Quiet on the Western Front
Cimarron
Grand Hotel
Cavalcade
It Happened One Night
Mutiny on the Bounty
The Great Ziegfeld
The Life of Émile Zola
You Can't Take It With You
Gone With the Wind
Rebecca
How Green Was My Valley
Mrs. Miniver
Casablanca
Going My Way
The Lost Weekend
The Best Years of Our Lives
Gentleman's Agreement

In the variety of offering represented by that record, there is complete indication of the catholicity of professional judgment of the Academy, and its determination to try to seek out the brightest needle in the big haystack of each year's production.

Over the years 1930-1946, the Academy conferred ninety-eight awards for scientific and technical achievement. The Academy does not forget the "forgotten man" in the lab who makes it increasingly easy for your optic nerve to telegraph from the screen to your brain.

2

AFTER Oscar Night the Academy goes back to its year-round work. This work is manifold, quiet, ambitious, and effective. The Academy is an honorary

association. The elder academies may look down their noses at it, but they may not impeach its ideals. Its avowed purposes aim high: to advance the arts and sciences of motion pictures, and to foster co-operation among the creative leadership of all branches of the industry for cultural, educational, and technological progress.

In addition to pointing with pride to the industry's good pictures, the Academy is quietly assembling and enriching a collection of tools for the next generation of aspirants. One of its earliest projects was a Film Research Library. Today this library is the most extensive of its kind, and though it has some 3500 volumes touching every phase of the art and industry, it is far from complete. It is a good cell of interest and documentary aid to every student of motion pictures, and of the music that supercharges them.

These students are not confined to the working profession in Hollywood. The Academy coöperates increasingly with universities, colleges, and schools throughout America. From NYU to USC, from Dartmouth and Smith to Catholic University and Stephens, the inquiries for help roll in to Academy headquarters, week in, week out. The University of California at Los Angeles, in its new department of motion pictures, is compiling (for the benefit of advanced education in general) a strong modern text on picture technique — and the Academy is helping to mine and to organize, from the best professional sources, its essential information.

Because excellence in still photography is the germ of excellence in motion photography, the Academy sends forth each year an exhibition of the best work of the still photographers in the industry. This show tours the Americas, Europe, and Australia.

With the optimism of youth, the Academy has bitten off the monumental task of transferring to celluloid a unique collection of paper prints unearthed in the Library of Congress. Prior to 1912 the copyright law did not cover films. The pioneer movie-makers accordingly had their screen plays printed on photographic paper — thus making them copyrightable as printed photographs — and deposited in rolls in Washington. Howard Walls, formerly of the Congressional Library, is steering this project, which will restore to mass visibility thousands of rolls comprising a priceless record of the first gropings of the art. Edwin S. Porter's "first American photoplay," *The Life of an American Fireman*, is there; so are nostalgic reels from Edison and Biograph; so are newsreels of McKinley's assassination and Dewey's return after Manila. All this old vein of pure metal is distinct from the Academy's large library of current and recent screen classics, which is growing year by year, which is shown regularly to members in a series of special programs, and which is available to students presenting appropriate qualification.

The Academy is drafting the best writers, producers, and cameramen from its own competent membership to make a series of documentary films explaining to an eager public the fascinating processes of motion picture production. The first subject is the historic place of the local theater in the community.

Major plans of the Academy are currently taking shape which aim at the root of better international, as well as national, understanding. The Academy hopes, through an international exchange of documentary films, to demonstrate, in the most graphic and persuasive medium of them all, "how the other fellow lives." And by an annual International Film Conference, it plans to assemble the foremost craftsmen from round the world to report and discuss their aims and ideas and problems and discoveries, just like the doctors and the lawyers and the astronomers and the physicists and the philosophers.

I am truly glad that the people of the country who do a lot of its soberest and most cheerfully constructive thinking are now interesting themselves in our problems as well as in our pictures. Good ridicule is wholesome — and can be very funny reading. Let them criticize freely and severely — and remember that they will find at the heart of picture-making many professional picture-makers as sympathetic and critical as they. But first let them demand information, upon which to form their balanced judgment, or they lay themselves open to ridicule.

Our industry is one which presents a face to the public that first impresses the conservative as over-painted on the cheekbones; we are justly chided by calm people for living and working at high tension. But if one truly loves the art (or business or profession) of public entertainment, which is the task of helping to make our fellow men gayer, more relieved, more diverted — yes, or even *better*, if our fellow men be so inspired — one not only tolerates but demands the high light of show business, its color, its music, and its whipped-up cheer, its unquenchable ebullience and its honest tear — for these are the age-old commodities of our human calling, supplying the age-old demands of all peoples. The true friends of the theater — whom our screen has multiplied a millionfold in so few years — are our most potent allies. All we need is: more of the same.

When Oscar Night wheels round again, let the critic blink at the lights, wince at the crashing loud-speakers, envy the winsome winners, condole the gallant losers, and debate the result with *informed* personal vehemence. After all, the Academy's Award party, like its work the other 364 days of the year, is really *his* party — the celebration of the genuinely stage-struck hundred million Americans who love the stage and screen for value received, and who propose to have a hand in their shaping.

Italy

A young American, WILLIAM CONGDON has had firsthand and sympathetic experience in the Italian Red Cross and in the reconstruction project of the Italian Abruzzo where he worked with the American Friends Service Committee in 1946 and 1947. A sculptor by profession, he closed his studio in Lakeville, Connecticut, in 1942 and for three years saw service with the British 8th Army in Egypt, North Africa, Italy, and Germany. He is at present painting in New York.

IS AID ENOUGH?

by WILLIAM G. CONGDON

I

THE last snow of 1946 blew down from the Maiella across the plain of Chieti and made white again the long straight road from the Adriatic. It settled on the white crosses of the soldiers buried in the farmyards, on the tanks that had been abandoned in a field, along the cannon of a tank hidden in battle behind a farmhouse. It covered the new grain.

In the piazza of Orsogna men huddled together on the wet pavement and talked, their blue capes, fur-collared and clasped with a brass chain, tossed over their shoulders.

"When did you last get your UNRRA rations?" I asked them.

"In November," they answered.

"Where are the others?"

The men indicated the Town Hall. "In there."

The shutters of the Town Hall office were nearly closed. The secretary of Orsogna sat at his desk, bent over, writing into registries the elaborate and bureaucratic script of Italy. He wore a suit made from American Army blankets, and glasses so thick that you could not look him in the eye.

"Let me see the receipts for monthly UNRRA rations," I said. He handed me some. "But these are November's and we are now in April," I remarked.

"There was no flour. We took nothing those months. You can't distribute rations without flour."

"Why was there no flour?"

The secretary shrugged his shoulders.

UNRRA's provincial secretary at Chieti verified deliveries through March to Lanciano, where Orsogna drew its rations. Lanciano said that Orsogna never called for its rations.

A day was set for Orsogna to draw its April rations, including flour. Those for the intervening months must be considered lost. The piazza was crowded. A truck was rented and Orsogna sent for its rations.

The truck returned empty. I went to Chieti and

told the provincial secretary that the peace of Orsogna could not be guaranteed unless he located flour at once. He located it, eighty hundredweights of it, no further away than the neighboring town.

It was nearly dark by the time I drove into the crowded piazza of Orsogna followed by two ex-British three-tonners loaded with flour.

Now that we had the rations, no one knew to whom to distribute them. Orsogna's ration strength was four hundred, but since November, five hundred Orsognesi had returned from war refuge. I persuaded the Mayor to meet with the priest, the schoolteacher, a returned prisoner, and a laborer to make an up-to-date list of Orsogna's four hundred neediest.

By dawn of the day of distribution, mothers and those expectant crowded to the Town Hall. Their baskets held towels and bits of linen, washed and ironed to hold each a ration of powdered milk, flour, dried vegetables and fruit, sugar, salted codfish.

Because I had succeeded in relieving them where no one else had even tried, the Orsognesi now looked to me for the solution of all their ills. Old women called me into their houses, offered me raw eggs to drink, and told me of their malnutrition. They asked for my signature in order to protect them from police interference when they went north for grain. They brought letters from America for me to translate into Italian. They asked me to write to their husbands in America for permission to rebuild their destroyed homes, in order to receive the 60 per cent reimbursement from the government. One man asked to be taken to Chieti. He wanted to tell the prefect how hungry he was. (He went and the prefect gave him 500 lire or \$2.) The barber wanted to cut my hair for nothing. Everyone offered to buy me wine in the café. They called me "*Dottore*" and "Don Billo." "One half his heart is ours," they cried.

But I had no illusions about the acclamation which greeted me on every side. I knew that the Orsognesi would have been as extravagant in their

blame, if I had failed, as they were now in their praise. They expected in measure of their need plus their idea of boundless America.

One day when UNRRA food was to be distributed, I went into the Town Hall cellar with the Mayor to check on supplies. Boxes were piled up in the corner. Out of one of the boxes, I pulled a pair of boy's knickerbockers; then more. Mice had eaten them to such shreds that they fell apart as I held them up. "Why haven't you distributed them?" I asked the Mayor.

He shrugged his shoulders and smiled helplessly. "You try and distribute one hundred pairs of pants to two thousand people."

I did try. I started from house to house to find the twenty neediest cases (only twenty pairs were good). Mothers poured out of every alley, bore down on me with names and needs of children written on bits of paper. I had to retreat, give out the pants surreptitiously one by one in the next weeks.

I saw now that local officials did not dare to interest themselves too much in the distribution of partial American relief. Graft had become a habit.

2

IT WAS October when we began free transportation of building materials in the Volturmo valley. Trees had turned — not with the sudden frosts of America, but worn slowly brown by a too long sun. Peet fires were spreading; flames licked up the crevasses of the Mainardo. Smoke trailed across mountains, as far as Capracotta above the Sangro valley. In another six weeks the rains would begin. The attempt to help one town rebuild itself at least partially in that short time shows what happens when one works with a town's own officials.

Cerasuolo is a section of Filignano, a mountain town of the Volturmo valley, province of Campobasso, Molise-Abruzzo, Italy. It had three hundred people once, mostly Belgians and Scotch, with some French.

As Polish troops dislodged Germans in the early spring of 1944 and closed in on Cassino, Cerasuolo was 40 per cent destroyed. When the Allies had broken through Cassino and were on the march to Rome, Indian troops of the British 8th Army returned. They ordered the evacuation of Cerasuolo and, using it for the next three months for target practice, destroyed the rest of it.

In 1947 the road still went through Cerasuolo as oblivious of it as if the town had been set on a desert. Weeds clawed at the remains of houses which had forgotten that they were ever houses. A donkey ate grass growing out of the motor of a tank. No crossing had yet been put up over the river where the bridge had been blown up. Not a house had been reconstructed. Nor the church.

As I walked into town, two men stopped bowling along the shadowed wall of the church. One of

them said, "Who is it?" The other shrugged his shoulders. From the shadow of the bombed church, a group of men watched me approach.

"Is there a mayor here?" I asked.

"In Filignano," they answered.

"An assistant mayor?"

"He is a farmer; he is working."

"Who is building this?" I pointed to the sharp white block of a housing project. It had no roof. Instead of promising recovery, it added to the town's sense of abandonment.

"The civil engineer gave up working on it months ago," they answered.

"Why?"

"Who knows?"

Some of the men were talking about me. I went over to them. "Because I am dressed as a soldier, perhaps because I am an American, you will always associate me with those who did this," I said, pointing to the destruction. "Even though I have come to help you rebuild your homes, you hate me. You say, 'No one fights a war to help others.' For whatever purpose we fought the war, you think I must be here to fulfill it."

"We don't hate you," one of the men said. "We are not grieving because we lost the war, not even because we have lost our homes. We are grieving because things have been destroyed in such a way that they will not grow again for ten years; because we have been reduced to a human rag, with nothing left but a little good will."

"We are like the beasts of the field," another added. "They cannot give milk and we men can no longer give fruit to our women."

"Whose job is the reconstruction of the bridge up at the river crossing?" I asked.

"The engineer's," they answered.

"Can cars cross the river bed in winter?"

"Not last winter."

A bridge would mean that the mail bus could come from Venafrò and join the two provinces of Frosinone and Campobasso. It would undo the Cerasuolesi's feeling of being abandoned.

I told them that in a few weeks I would be back with trucks that would bring cement for 500 lire and lime for 120 lire a two-hundredweight, because the transport would be free. They had been paying 1500 lire for cement and 500 lire for lime. I told them we'd put up a passage across the river.

Eyes narrowed as if to measure my words against the promises of the Allied radio during the war.

I told the Assistant Mayor to form a reconstruction committee. There was no priest in the town, but there was a young man who was going off that winter to look for a job teaching school. He could write and could help the Assistant Mayor draw up requests for our free transport. I had to know how many bricks to order from the factory in Campobasso, how many roof tiles and iron beams.

The farmers of Cerasuolo wouldn't sign what

they could not read. Anyone could see that every house was destroyed, that they needed solid bricks and bricks with holes for dividing walls, roof tiles, cement, plaster, and iron beams. Signing papers smacked too much of the bureaucracy of Fascism. If UNRRA wanted to help them, well and good, let them bring the materials.

They had always needed so much, these peasants of Southern Italy; to be asked to analyze their needs offended them. As far back as they could remember, men from the city, with little notebooks in their hands, had promised them this and that. And nothing ever changed — except for the worse. Look at their town, Cerasuolo; it hardly existed. Was this the promised liberation from the Germans?

They knew that if UNRRA did not buy the materials as well as bring them, but tried to get funds from the civil engineer, their town would never be rebuilt.

In 1945, the government promised to anyone rebuilding his house a return of 60 per cent of the reconstruction cost. An estimate had to be made by an engineer of the province. For partial reconstruction, the engineer could authorize an advance on the 60 per cent. A man too poor to buy materials could anticipate up to one third of his estimates.

By 1947, I had not heard of a single instance of a man's completing his house and receiving the 60 per cent return.

"How often does the engineer come from Isernia?" I asked.

"We haven't seen him for three months."

"How do you expect me to get to Cerasuolo?" said engineer Capotorti when I questioned him. "I have no transport. Why don't you get UNRRA to give me five tires for my Alfa-Romeo?"

"I will take you in my car every day until estimates are made, and the people can get started rebuilding before winter," I said.

When I took the engineer to Cerasuolo he accepted favors from the wealthy, for whom he would recommend priority payment. When the poor reminded him of how long they had waited for promised advances of funds, he answered, "You will be paid by St. Teresa's Day." But after St. Teresa's it was All Saints' Day. After All Saints' it was Christmas.

When the estimates were made, I drew up requests and contracted for materials at Campobasso. But when funds were available, the civil engineer put Cerasuolo in sixty-third place on the bank paying list. Sixty-two other individuals and units would have to be advised of credit by the bank and would collect before Cerasuolo could get its money.

When I protested, Cerasuolo was reassigned to first place on the payment list.

"Cerasuolo has always been the poorest town in the province," the engineer objected. "It has contributed nothing. The Cerasuolesi are shepherds who hike to Naples at Christmas time to play their

pipes and beg in the streets and in the churches. You will learn not to help people like that."

"Towns like Cerasuolo will always be a burden on the province until we awake them to responsibilities and opportunities of being co-members of a provincial family," I said.

"If you can afford the money and the time to awake them, go ahead," the engineer answered, "but do it yourselves. You will find that towns like Cerasuolo have been asleep for a long time. They have forgotten to want to wake up."

I went to bring the Mayor of Filignano to Campobasso to collect Cerasuolo's money. "I can't go today," he said. "Today is a *festa* in Filignano. *Festa per i morti* — for the dead."

"You take lots of chances with death it seems to me," I said.

That night I went to Cerasuolo. It was raining. The town crier went from house to house calling the men to the church, where I was waiting. One by one they came, dark shapes across the rubble.

"I have been in the Cerasuolo area for three weeks," I said to them. "I have brought no materials because you could not buy them. You could not anticipate them until estimates were made. When the estimates were made, funds were not available. Now that funds are available, Filignano refuses to collect from Campobasso. Five hundred thousand lire are yours. Go to Filignano, all of you together, and demand it."

As I was leaving, the Assistant Mayor came out to the car. It was dark and still raining. He put his hand on my arm and said, "You must not get so excited. You must remember, we are Italians."

3

ENGINEER Capotorti took another sweet from the tray offered by the Assistant Mayor's wife. The engineer from Appolonia took another glass of pre-war wine. Rain dripped in the narrow alley below the window into the grotto where the old woman D'Onofrio Rosina lived. For eight months she had lived in the grotto beneath the Assistant Mayor's house. Hunger and exposure had blinded her in one eye.

She could not rebuild her own house because the contractor in charge of building the housing project was living there with his assistants. They had rebuilt the house sufficiently to live in it, yet not to the point where the owner could claim it. (The contractor was ousted, an estimate was made for the remainder of the work, and we carried materials for D'Onofrio Rosina.)

As we stood by the window looking down into the wet alley, over the grotto of the blind woman, Capotorti said to me, "You are doing a great harm to these people. Such sudden freedom as you are giving them is like giving a man dying of thirst a whole glass of water."

"I will respect your objection," I answered, "as soon as I see evidence that you are willing to give him any water at all."

I administered the funds myself. I paid for the materials in the name of each recipient. Receipts were signed and sent to the civil engineer, who deducted the amounts from the eventual 60 per cent reimbursements. The trucks began to move, and for a few weeks materials poured into Cerasuolo.

Then all private work and work on the housing project was suspended for lack of iron beams. There were strikes in America.

"You Americans," one farmer said, "have built a colossus. Is it not enough that we have lost everything, that we bend the shoulder, salute you as a god? Do you want to destroy us?"

All the materials that we had carried lay unused around the ruined houses of Cerasuolo. No one would start to rebuild until he had the materials to finish.

Trucks from Naples toured the Volturmo valley selling old furniture. The Cerasuolesi, knowing that the prices of their materials had been deducted from eventual 60 per cent returns, thought there was little chance of getting the iron beams, for I was soon to leave the project.

And so for the Neapolitan furniture they bartered the bricks and tiles that had been secured at transport-free prices from UNRRA.

The rains had begun and, at night, first frosts. On top of the Mainardo there was snow.

I was dining with a contractor from Rome in charge of building all the housing projects in the Isernia area in the province of Campobasso. "The poor," Mosetti began, "are worse off than before. You have taught them to distrust us. In the powerful name of UNRRA, you have diverted government funds, forced priority for people who have neither the means nor the ambition to rebuild. You have tied up all the materials in the factory in Campobasso, depriving us who are charged with the official reconstruction of Italy. My housing projects in Castelnuovo, St. Angelo, and Cerasuolo are suspended. You have housed nobody and you have prevented me from doing so."

"I failed because I was everywhere blocked by your bureaucracy," I said.

"Which is our excuse for the fact that in Italy you can't get things done in a hurry," said Mosetti. "The civil engineer, whom you probably had to have replaced if you were going to get anything done, was less obliged, professionally, to allocate the limited funds at his disposal to your Cerasuolo project than to towns not so greatly devastated perhaps, but with sufficient initiative to rehabilitate their industries, hotels, fields, and schools sooner."

"We started this project," I said, "with the idea of restoring the forgotten peasant of Italy to a responsible place in Italian society. With such en-

couragement as our free transport, instead of lazily waiting for the government to build housing projects, each man might have the possibility of building his own home."

"Poverty is an ancient habit of the Southern Italian," said Mosetti. "He accepts it as he accepts the hail that ruins his crops. The enlightenment that you speak of will take longer than the few months UNRRA will be here. You can arouse the farmer to want to improve his conditions, but he knows that in the context of Italian society it will not be possible for him to do so. You can do it for him so long as you Americans are here, because you are rich and because you won the war. But he knows that when you go, things will be the same as they have always been."

After a moment, Mosetti continued, "If you would enlighten the Southern Italians, you must improve schools, build asylums for orphans, create the surroundings in which they will see the advantage of working together for a better life. But you must take the first steps yourselves, rather than through our local officials. Everyone has lost so much in this war, our life has become so precarious, that no one thinks beyond himself."

"Americans are afraid of interfering too much, of being accused of imperialism," I said.

"The rich are already blamed for being rich. That blame will be canceled only by recovery. It is a question of how important that recovery is to you. There will be none unless you provide it — not by leaving your relief on the shores or the docks of Naples, but by allocating it, every bit of it, and by following it to its intended destination."

An English-Italian writes me from Italy: "Until you in America learn to administer your relief, no matter how many billions of dollars you send, it can never be considered more than a superficial weapon against Communism. The waste of UNRRA fed the great black markets of Europe. The waste of your Marshall Plan will no less build up the Communist Party."

How can we avoid waste of that part of the Marshall Plan aid which would give, gratis, foods and fertilizers? I suggest that the present field personnel of some half a dozen be increased to permit one American to reside in each provincial capital. (The northern industrial provinces of Milan and Turin will obviously need more than one man.) He would be responsible for the arrival of full consignments destined for his province. He would be responsible also for the efficiency of distribution in each of the thirty-odd communes in his province. Under the UNRRA program these positions were held by Italians, and also under the post-UNRRA program. These men were primarily responsible for the waste of our relief. Let us see to it ourselves that it is not wasted again.

SMUGGLER'S GAP

WE did not know day's travelling
Would find us north of summer's line
In dark hills just awakening,
And grant us twice, sweet burst of spring.
So softly June retraced her track,
We neither of us marked the sign
Where summer stopped and May came back.

Here, bud against dark stand of pine
Breaks sharper into golden shine
Than heady leaf the lowlands show.
Mountain sheaf puts forth in spark
To prove what men forgot to know
From fighting too much brutal chill;
That surge of beauty back of bark
Is all the better for the dark
Imposed by winter's will.

And is it just because they're late,
That maple's scarlet floweret,
And catkin stemming delicate
Above a mountain field,
Seem jewel-work of subtler hue,
And touched by tools more accurate
Than clusters valleys yield?

Where, taut, the fiddle-necks uncoil,
Their music's defter, less expected
From this blacker, savage soil.
And scent, in this high atmosphere
Is intermittent like the cheer,
By wind and sun deflected,
That falls from finch's dipping flight,
And twice as dear to eye and ear
For keeping mostly out of sight.

SARA HOLMES



The most eminent philosopher in the English-speaking world, GEORGE SANTAYANA, now in his eighty-fifth year, is living in Rome and writing with vigor and sapience. It has been the Atlantic's privilege to publish in successive issues this spring his three new Dialogues. Each contains passages characteristic of Santayana at his best; each reflects his sense of detachment from his own time, or any particular time, and his critical and contemplative devotion to truth as he sees it, regardless of age, war, or climate.

THE VORTEX OF DIALECTIC

by GEORGE SANTAYANA

1

SOCRATES. — I wish, Alcibiades, that I might have heard your discourse with the Stranger about love. It is the most interesting of subjects, and anything new that he might have to report concerning it would be most welcome; especially as I gather that, although love has been for a thousand years the favorite and almost the only subject of poets and storytellers in the world, they have not been able to take a single step towards discovering the truth about it. True, I have the misfortune of not caring for fictions about love so much as about the reality; but I am sure that what you and the Stranger rehearsed was not a fiction, but either the truth or something aimed at the truth.

ALCIBIADES. — The greater part of what we said would not be worth repeating, even if we remembered it; yet there was one thing the Stranger asserted which without your aid I could not refute, although I suspect that it is untenable; and it is this: that it was a misfortune for me and the other Greeks to have been handsome.

SOCRATES. — Is that, Stranger, really what you believe, or is Alcibiades belying you?

THE STRANGER. — Yes, I believe it was a misfortune in some respects, though at the same time it was, I admit, a privilege and a dignity.

SOCRATES. — How many things you clever people manage to say at once, so that if any one of your observations proves false you may still pride yourselves on having been right in some one of the others, which has not yet been investigated! If you

wish, as I do, to reach the truth on this subject — and nothing is more momentous than to distinguish good from evil — perhaps you will answer me a few questions on one point at a time; then, when we put your answers together, we may perhaps discover what you meant.

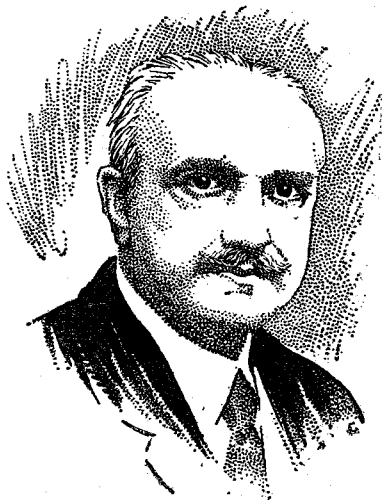
THE STRANGER. — I tremble, but I consent.

SOCRATES. — You assert that to be handsome is a misfortune in some respects. Perhaps you would say in the same way that to have a purse full of gold is a misfortune in some respects, because it might tempt robbers to waylay you and possibly to murder you?

THE STRANGER. — Yes, that is one danger involved in possessing a bag of gold; and not the only one; for you might add all the useless things you would probably buy with it, not to speak of the beggars and flatterers and volatile friends that might buzz about

your purse like wasps round a honeyed flower, and perhaps sting after having rifled you.

SOCRATES. — Let us add your wasps, then, and all the other things you might mention, which I might be too dull to remember. On the other hand, would you say that possessing a purse full of gold would be in other respects an advantage, because then you would be able to buy more food and more clothes than you would have got on with nicely if you had been poor; and you could have paid the pilot to take you to Aegina if, being a slave to change or a foolish sight-seer, you preferred to go to Aegina when you might have remained more comfortably



and economically in Athens, which is a much better place?

THE STRANGER. — Yes, and there are further advantages in having money, but I will not mention them, as I see you do not like me to shake out the picturesque miscellany of a tourist's rag bag.

SOCRATES. — You may exhibit all the wares you carry, loved by the public at a country fair. We are in no haste, and we can pause until you have emptied the purse of your memory of all its golden images.

THE STRANGER. — No. These are sacred games, and let the argument run fast and naked after the truth, as if it were a Spartan at Olympia — only I could not help thinking how very advantageous money would have been to the unhappy natives of Aegina, to enable them to quit their sorry trades and go to live and philosophize at Athens.

SOCRATES. — Granted, with all my heart. And would you say that in all such cases advantage came from possessing the gold or rather from living in Athens, eating, drinking, and philosophizing?

THE STRANGER. — From the latter.

SOCRATES. — Similarly with the disadvantages: do they lie in the gold itself, or in the nuisances and servilities incidental to business, and in the violence of robbers, the treachery of flatterers, and the pest of parasitic fools?

THE STRANGER. — Again in the latter.

SOCRATES. — Gold, then, you would agree, is not advantageous or disadvantageous in itself, but only in view of the accidents which may follow the acquisition or possession or loss of it?

THE STRANGER. — Certainly; unless we consider the weight of the gold while we carry it an evil, or the brightness of it when we look at it a beauty and a good.

SOCRATES. — Now then, when you said that for Alcibiades and all other Greeks, except me, to be handsome was in some respects a disadvantage, did you mean in like manner that personal beauty was neither good nor bad in itself, but variously convenient or inconvenient in the effects which it had in the world?

THE STRANGER. — No, Socrates. The profound ambiguity which I felt in the value of beauty, as it was possessed and exhibited in Greece, not merely in people's bodies but in all their works and actions, this ambiguity, I say, was intrinsic to the possession of such beauty and not due to any accidental effects. The vital properties and inherent destinies of things in the human world, Socrates, are no less mixed and ambiguous morally than are their social consequences. The beautiful, when it dominates the soul, or at least colors strongly all our other judgments and affections, fulfills human reason in a sort of divine madness. The Muses become too much our patron goddesses; too much, I mean, for the prudent and prosperous government of human affairs and also, I think, for a justly bal-

anced development of the mind; because the roots of things are less beautiful than the flowers, but more important; and the study of them is indispensable for the material security and health of mankind, both in body and in spirit.

It was because I felt this internal and intrinsic ambiguity in the cult of the beautiful that I expressed myself in the qualified way which you complained of as confusion of thought: since when things are hybrid and many-sided it is not easy for a judicious man to dispatch them simply and categorically.

SOCRATES. — Ah, my friend, things are many-sided indeed, if you mean these growing and moving things about us, and our own unstable fancies and passions; and if you piled up together all the qualifications and all the contradictions that language affords, you would fail, I fear, to express adequately the flux and self-contrariety of nature. What the philosophers can report of material things is like the image of a man that children daub on the wall, two circles and four straight lines; because these young artists have observed quite scientifically that man has a head, a belly, two arms, and two legs. For that reason I have abandoned pictorial philosophy and the art of sketching the truth from nature. I am content to be ignorant of her constitution, since knowledge of it would not, as far as I can foresee, conduce at all to my discernment or possession of the good. It is in this other direction, in so far as art can change matter into forms more beautiful and useful than it naturally takes, that I am concerned with matter at all. I leave the secret of its power to the gods, whose power I suspect it really is; and I strive only to keep my own mind clear of confusion and not to pursue contrary objects at once.

About the good only do I put questions to my friends, for that is the sole topic on which I think them competent to enlighten me or to correct themselves. If we are confused about that, it is through our own haste and inattention, since it is in us that good and evil confront each other and by us that the choice between them has to be made. But for the confusion of nature we are not responsible; and God knows what he has made. So that even if it were a question of the material consequences of our judgment — whether virtue, for instance, would lead by some combination of accidents to imprisonment and death — I should not be eager to decide it, but should leave the issue in the hands of the gods, knowing only that if I had clung to the good the other circumstances would matter nothing.

THE STRANGER. — I thought that sometimes you were concerned to show that justice brought many external advantages in its train, in the upper world as well as here.

SOCRATES. — You mean that justice may conduce to the good order and military strength of cities.

THE STRANGER. — Exactly.

SOCRATES. — And would you consider military strength a good in itself, or good only because it conduces to preserve a city in which justice and good order prevail?

THE STRANGER. — It often conduces also to doing injustice with impunity to other cities.

SOCRATES. — With what sort of impunity? The sort that makes vice inveterate, which is the worst of punishments?

THE STRANGER. — I meant without bringing about an immediate destruction of the aggressor. In the long run I am afraid it is impossible to trace the good and bad effects of wars on the perhaps commingled descendants of the victors, the vanquished, and the neutrals.

SOCRATES. — Would the prolonged existence of a man or of a city, if it were an evil existence, be a good, and would justice be less advantageous if it prevented or cut short such an existence?

THE STRANGER. — You would not, then, claim for justice the merit of preserving life under all conditions?

SOCRATES. — How should I, with the cup of hemlock in my hand? — Let us then leave, if you please, the complexities of nature aside, and the fact that by accident justice or beauty may, like the possession of gold, bring certain inconveniences in its train. What I would ask is in fine this: Why are these incidental consequences advantageous or disadvantageous in their turn? If you will answer that question, perhaps I may be able to discern whether you really believe that it is a misfortune to possess beauty, either in body or in soul or in the manners and arts of one's native land. For I cannot help doubting whether you really believe it; or whether, without stopping to consider whether you believe it or not, you said it in a pet, because some circumstance, by chance attached to beauty, caused you displeasure or sadness; or whether you said it simply for effect or because it happened to occur to you while you were talking and it was easier at that moment to say it than to check yourself and leave it unsaid.

THE STRANGER. — I see, Socrates, that although you proclaim openly that moral truth alone interests you, secretly you relish psychological truth also, and follow the scent in that field with equal avidity and success. And in the service of psychological truth I will admit seriously what you have suggested perhaps only in fun. What I first said to Alcibiades I did say only on the spur of the moment; and I should be glad to retract the words if you will convince me that they were foolish; but until you do so, I will try to defend my casual progeny. Natural piety leads us not to expose a newborn child to the wolves, until we are sure that to let it live would be a misfortune to it and to the community: for though the brat's aspect and even his birth may have been unexpected to the father, the bond of blood is a potent one; and who can tell that the

best part of our heritage may not be hidden in that child? So a word that comes to the lips unbidden may be the sudden expression of many silent observations and approaches to thought scattered throughout a man's life; for that, perhaps a psychologist, if his twaddle could interest you in spite of yourself, might show you to be the origin of inspiration.

SOCRATES. — Let us leave inspiration also, I beg of you, to wait outside the bounds of our argument, with her sister arts, psychology and the description of nature. If you were inspired you are safe, like a parricide or a public enemy taking refuge in a sanctuary. You may have said or done what you have no assignable reason for saying or doing; but the mantle of the god covers you, and law and philosophy must leave you in his hands. Meantime let us inquire whether your opinion is susceptible of any rational defense. When that has failed, there will still be time for you to claim inspiration, and to be divinely guided by enthusiasm in the absence of reason; while I, having a private daemon whispering in my ear, will never contradict that claim or speak of it ironically.

THE STRANGER. — I suspect you would then be better inspired than I, for what your daemon whispers, you tell us, is always *Don't!* Let us hope, then, that reason will sanction our natural impulses and opinions, since otherwise, if the voice of your daemon is divine, we should have to stop thinking or even living.

2

SOCRATES. — Let us then address ourselves all the more earnestly to reason, as to our only safeguard against shipwreck. And let us ask again for what reason, other than inspiration, do you think it a misfortune for all the Greeks (except me, again) to be beautiful. It is not, you say, because you expect more pains than pleasure to follow on their vain self-satisfaction?

THE STRANGER. — No, I do not accept that facile doctrine but agree entirely with what I believe is your serious opinion — though for argument's sake you may sometimes have appealed to what pedants in my time called the hedonistic calculus — and I should maintain that the human good is complex, and that the natural overruling principle in compounding it is the need of harmony: an eminently rational principle, since it rubs down and renders compatible the various needs and powers of the soul.

ALCIBIADES. — Is that, Socrates, really your opinion? If so, I should expect you to approve, as perfectly virtuous, certain fierce Africans that I have known, in whom all the vices under heaven were united in the most perfect harmony, without a single moment of comparison, mutual reproach, or sense of contradiction. Their city, too, was said to be harmonized on the same principle of universal

freedom. Greed, lust, guile, violence, recklessness, and cruelty were instilled into every young citizen by precept and uninterrupted example, so that only the very strongest and most insidious were able to keep their heads above water. These few champions of vice and crime, having absolute power, great riches, and unflinching wills, dominated the State, and would very soon, but for an untoward accident, have dominated the world. Is that, Socrates, a fair example of what you understand by the principle of harmony, presiding over the human good?

SOCRATES. — That untoward accident, Alcibiades, I suppose was an earthquake or flood or epidemic or the wreck of the whole fleet in a terrible storm? That would have proved that the regimen of that city, if in harmony with itself, was not in harmony with the gods ruling the earth, the sea, the sky, and the health of the human body.

ALCIBIADES. — No, the gods had nothing to do with it, and didn't seem to mind. The trouble was weakness in a part of the people, who couldn't keep up the pace. It was sedition.

SOCRATES. — Indeed? Sedition in a perfectly harmonious State?

ALCIBIADES. — It wouldn't have lasted if the government had been keen and swift enough in stamping it out before undertaking arduous and doubtful enterprises abroad. They didn't die of crime, but of miscalculation.

SOCRATES. — Ah, my friend, if you could show me your harmonious tyrants at peace with themselves, with their households, necessary guards, agents, and slaves, and at war only with the philosophy of Socrates, I should gladly allow you to go and live on intimate terms of friendship with those great men, and leave penniless Socrates and his tiresome philosophy to wither together. But where are your happy vicious and criminal tyrants? And why do you still dog the steps of your old solitary bald-headed friend?

ALCIBIADES. — You are wandering from the point. Tell me why it was a good thing for me to be good-looking, although the Stranger here is inspired to say that it was an evil omen and a piece of bad luck. In fact, that or something else brought me to ruin; and if I skulk back to beg from you a few crumbs of sophistical amusement, it is only because the great world that I ran after turned me down.

THE STRANGER. — You see, Socrates, that Alcibiades also feels that there is some suggestion of the truth in my oracle, though the exact articulation of that truth may as yet escape us both. If you will drive us into a few more corners, we may at last take the right turn and get out of the labyrinth.

ALCIBIADES. — As for me, please leave me out of the argument, especially as I can tell you beforehand how I stand on this question. I secretly agree with the Stranger; but I know by experience that you, Socrates, will refute him and that if I made common cause with him you would compel me to eat my

words and to contradict my real conviction; because although verbally confused I should remain still of the same opinion. Go on: it will entertain me to listen to you. Your conclusion will be nonsense, but you will have said some good things by the way.

SOCRATES. — Alas, how incorrigible we all are when once we are dead! I have been talking with Alcibiades these two thousand years, as time is reckoned under the planets, and he is no wiser and no more serious than he was on the first day. He has not been able to discard any one of those cheap phrases which he calls his opinions; and I too remain as unreasonably patient and devoted to him as ever, as if there were still some hope of saving his soul.

THE STRANGER. — There is no occasion for hoping, since that hope is already realized, as you yourself have said in many ways, direct and indirect. His soul knows itself, and remains an eternally necessary foil and companion to yours.

3

SOCRATES. — Well then, since he will not help us, you and I must carry on the argument alone. It seems that one of the reasons that some people give for thinking beauty a sad and really worthless thing is that beauty fades: not only from the cheek of youth but from the verses of poets and the statues of gods, when they become barbaric and old-fashioned, or too conventional, affected, feeble, and trivial. Is that, perhaps, what disenchant beauty in your eyes? Do you think death, or the passing away of anything, itself an evil?

THE STRANGER. — No indeed.

SOCRATES. — But do you not regard life, or the momentary existence of anything beautiful, as itself a good?

THE STRANGER. — A good life seems to me a good and a bad life an evil; but life and death simply are neither good nor evil in my eyes. Life is an opportunity or occasion for good and evil alike, and death is an insurance against both. Whether such an opportunity or such an insurance is the better prospect at a given juncture hangs on the circumstances of that moment: I mean on the chances that life, if it came to a specific soul then and there, would prove good or bad on the whole. As to death, it is pure and neutral, and either to choose it or to reject it for what it is in itself would be quite unreasonable and perhaps impossible to a clear and free spirit.

To love existence or be horrified at non-existence is a merely animal impulse, due to the psyche being already wound up and tending to go on moving and pushing. And the psyche has no *reason* for existing or wishing to exist: that point has been decided for it before it was there to vote. It is the physical vigor of life, impelled or repelled, that must cast it. Those whom life wearies or horrifies say they love death; and those who love life so blindly that noth-

ing can prompt them to resign it say they hate death as if it were, in its nothingness, the greatest of evils.

SOCRATES. — Wonderful Stranger, who is still alive, yet speaks of life and death as if he had been dead for ages!

ALCIBIADES. — He forgets, and you too, Socrates, that the facts utterly contradict him. He says death is nothing; yet here we are, you and I, long since dead, enjoying a kind of being — not very good I admit, nor very bad, yet far removed from nothingness.

SOCRATES. — Hush, do not speak so glibly about the marvelous mystery of our immortal state. We are only the truth of what we once enacted, an undying echo of ourselves in those fields of being which are not temporal, where we are at once more and less than was our fleeting existence: more, in that it is rounded out into a total, each part enriched by all its relations to the other parts; less, in that neither the parts nor the whole feel the stress of hope or danger or insecurity, but all hang suspended in a common clearness and peace, like conviction in the crowded silence that follows upon eloquence.

But I see that Alcibiades cannot bear to be wholly silent even in death. Let the argument, then, return to him. Is possession or cult of the beautiful an evil only when, under the appearance of good, it covers and fosters inward corruption?

THE STRANGER. — Exactly. People like the Greeks, who cultivate a living and complete beauty, lend themselves unawares to the assumption that beauty is simply the evidence of physical and moral perfection. It was added by the grace of heaven or of their imagination to their typical heroes, who were reputed to have been made perfect by music and gymnastics and by the right discipline of manners and feeling. But if we turn instead to the beauty of women in the modern world — for the male among us is not beautiful — and to the beauty of ancient or superfluous objects of art — for our useful works are no more beautiful than our men — the case is rather different. My thoughts were turned too much, perhaps, to my own times when I spoke as I did; something about the peculiar tone and expression of our friend turned them in that direction. To you, Socrates, his aspect may suggest, at least by right and in essence, a divine Phidian perfection; he himself may rather incline to exemplify the pliant grace and engaging lasciviousness dear to Praxiteles; instead of which, to my eyes he seems to show something of the surfeited quality of Scopas, cloyed and turning to too great a ripeness, a gathering sadness and a deep fatigue. Where vital and unconscious beauty is concerned, however, I cannot see how the possession of it could be a curse, since then it would be simply the sensible aspect or aroma of all latent blessings.

SOCRATES. — What do I understand you to say now? Is it that Alcibiades either had a false beauty which was a misfortune and which I should call

ugliness, or else had a true beauty that was a good?

THE STRANGER. — That seems to be what my concession implies.

SOCRATES. — Is it not your honest opinion?

THE STRANGER. — I am afraid I do not know at this moment what my honest opinion is, and perhaps I never had one on this exact subject. Genuine belief does not come to the mind in choosing between previous phrases, but requires a fresh phrase to do it justice. There is no denying in this instance that beauty is essentially beautiful and so an unmixed good; yet the natural relations of the beautiful, as it arises in particular instances, may render that instance of the beautiful a good loaded with sinister effects. It may be like Alcibiades himself at the high tide of his youth, a thing with a heroic ancestry and a sad future.

SOCRATES. — Do you mean that if in the flux of nature a good thing is by accident followed by something evil, it becomes partly evil in itself? Is life partly evil because it is followed by death; or is youth partly evil because it leads to old age; or speech, in that it opens the way to lies and curses and poetic fables and sophistical arguments, and ends after all in complete silence?

THE STRANGER. — Old age, death, and silence are not caused by the youth, life, and speech that have preceded, nor are they by any means, in my opinion, evils in themselves. A person who prizes them, at least as reliefs from the noise and strain of their contraries, would not admit that life, youth, and talk were rendered partly good because they always came at last to an end: so why should I say of good things that the fact that they have an end infects their existence with evil? Nothing can spoil them, while they exist, except failure then to fulfill their natural functions. It is limping life, corrupt youth, and misused language that infect their excellence with an internal contradiction: and it was such an internal malady that I felt, perhaps unduly, to have secretly poisoned the bloom of Greece, like an invisible canker. Beauty is the natural expression of some kinds of perfection, such as health and unison of movements, as in music; but there are kinds of perfection that do not naturally issue in beauty, and if on that account they are suspended or contorted, the craving for beauty there has become a temptation and a vice.

I think it is so, for instance, in philosophy. The language in which philosophy is couched may be as beautiful as it likes, if it does not distort the science or the logic of the system; but truth and coherence are austere; and I should think it a dreadful omen in a philosophy or religion if, not satisfied with being eloquent in its conviction and trenchant in its criticism, it strayed into moralizing in cosmology and flattering the world in morals; for then I should be sure that it was false.

ALCIBIADES. — Then you are no follower of Heraclitus and the elegiac poets who are always

bemoaning the transitoriness of things, especially of youth, love, and past ages.

THE STRANGER. — No; as you are well aware, I prefer to laugh with Democritus; or rather, as in the matter of beauty, to follow Socrates and his pupil Plato, and attach my affections to the essences of things, which are eternal, rather than to cling to them vainly in their fleeting existence, like a crying child to his mother's skirts.

ALCIBIADES. — I know; yet that hot sweating world of yours, from which you like to escape to us, is mightily proud of itself and of its passing follies. Pigs will wallow luxuriously in their sty, which stinks to our superior nostrils; and your young and beautiful women, who are daily growing older and uglier, and your plodding burghers, rounder-bellied every day, have more philosophy than you; for if the world deals them out their daily ration of fodder or of flattery, they munch that, and are vastly satisfied.

THE STRANGER. — They are or they pretend to be, because they are like children who can't stop themselves running downhill. That, to my mind, is what nullifies them entirely.

SOCRATES. — Let us not trouble about what the world thinks, since it is not here to tell us, and the accused should be heard in their own defense. You, Stranger, who are both here and alive, must speak in their stead. And would you not admit that whatever puts an end to evil is, in so far, a good?

THE STRANGER. — I should admit it.

SOCRATES. — And that whatever puts an end to good is, in so far, an evil?

THE STRANGER. — Yes, I admit that also.

SOCRATES. — Then it seems to follow that the more a man loves life, and consequently hates death, the sadder and on the whole the more evil he must think life, for leading to such a great evil. Yet if life in this way has become an evil on the whole, like a beautiful but faithless mistress, death that removes that agonizing and vain life would have turned out to be a good, and a circumspect lover of life ought, on the whole, to love death also.

THE STRANGER. — Yes, he ought to and often does. Such is the vortex of dialectic.

SOCRATES. — Would you say, then, on the same principle, that if the corruption that may follow upon beauty can make beauty an evil possession on the whole, then corruption itself, which puts an end to that possession, has become, in so far, a good?

THE STRANGER. — The vortex of dialectic seems to have swept me round to that position; but it is absurd. The corruption of any good thing cannot be good for that thing; but it may easily be a good for something else; as the corruption of a corpse may be good for the worms, or for the man's heirs. This is the way of nature. Nothing is born into this world, says the poet Lucretius, save aided by the death of some other thing.

SOCRATES. — Ah, my friend, the judgment of men

concerning their own good is not naturally crooked, but it is easily twisted with too much bewitched gazing on a crooked world. The conjunctions of earthly things have nothing to do with their excellence, which is the divine and immortal part of them. If we would rightly judge the soul of anything, especially of a man or of a divine manifestation like beauty, we should look away from its accidental setting in this surging contradictory world, as of pearls in a tyrant's crown, and consider only the pure pearls themselves, which can never cancel one another's light. Do you find even the stars, which Anaxagoras said were bodies, but if so must be divine bodies, ever stand in one another's way? When the moon passes before them she shuts off their light from us but does not extinguish it. No more do the sun and the air made visible by the sunlight, so that the true heaven being hidden from us by that blue or lowering veil, we might feel free all day to go about our earthly business.

Similarly if beauty or youth on earth are soon obscured and must yield to some sadder sequel, what fault is this of theirs, or what corruption of their intrinsic splendor? Do they do us any harm, because we suffer when we no longer live in their light? And mark me: it is not that like offended gods they turn away and wish to punish us; it is we that in our weakness and inconstancy, at so great a distance, cannot absorb the transforming virtue which they never cease to diffuse. Yet because of this insensibility in us and quick exhaustion of our vital powers, you accuse beauty, when for a moment reflected in our fragile mirror, of being an omen of evil! But perhaps I am wrong in imagining that you were floundering in the midstream of our argument, and it was some nether god, without giving his reasons, that had whispered this oracle in your ear.

THE STRANGER. — No. I perceive that I was verbally in the wrong. Beauty is no misfortune, but as you say, the instability of beauty in things is a misfortune for them.

ALCIBIADES. — I told you that Socrates would utterly confound you; yet I am as convinced as you were, and as you will be again in half an hour, that you were in the right.

4

SOCRATES. — Alas, how little faith everybody but me seems to have in reason! Nobody has enough respect for his own words to care what they happen to be. Any chance opinion will do to occupy his soul, be it the ancient opinions of his country or the latest opinion of his day. And having no respect for the truth, he never troubles to express himself with any clearness, or to question whether what he happens to believe is false or true. On the contrary, he often makes a virtue of his prejudice, laziness, and indifference and calls it faith.

However, if God set me in the midst of such a

frivolous world, it must have been because I was guilty of this same frivolity in some other life, or in order to make trial of me, and let experience convince me, for my own good, to put my house in order; thus without any hope of applause or friendly encouragement, but on the contrary at the price of mockery, slander, and death, I am condemned to strain all my thoughts and affections through the sieve of reason. Accordingly, since you will not take the trouble to reply sincerely and help me truly to answer the present question, which to me seems of great importance, I must put the questions to myself, and myself give the answers. Therefore, summoning myself against myself, for my own purification, I proceed at once to the contest.

(SOCRATES stalks away for three paces, stops, turns about, and addresses the place where he stood before, as if he still occupied it.)

Tell me, O O Socrates, do you agree with the Stranger in thinking that it was an omen of evil for Alcibiades and the Greeks, except you and me, to have been beautiful?

(He stalks back to the place where he had stood at first, turns about, and addresses the place where he had last spoken.)

No, Socrates, I dare not agree to that without serious examination and cogent proof; because beauty is admitted by the Stranger and by all sensitive persons to be a great good; and it will require a mighty argument to convince me that it is an omen of evil to possess a good.

(Même jeu)

Quite right, O Socrates; and now please reply to this other question. Do you agree with the Stranger in thinking that evils are evil only in that they derange the harmony of life in the soul?

(Même jeu)

Yes, Socrates, I agree with him in that; or rather I agree with you and with myself, since it is either you or I that the Stranger is quoting when he puts forward that opinion.

ALCIBIADES. — I protest, O Socrates and Socrates, that you two, being lifelong friends, allow yourselves to palm off hollow sophistical reasonings on each other, simply because each of you knows how perfectly limp and incapable of originality he will find the other. And yet, if you go on much longer, you will be running great danger of quarrelling; because nothing is more human than for a man to reject and despise his own opinions when another man proposes them.

SOCRATES (after again changing places). — Do not, O Socrates, allow our friend to disturb the course of our important argument, for he admits or rather boasts that he is not in earnest. Reply, if you can, to this further question: Does beauty derange the harmony of life in the soul, as might the possession of gold, by rendering the soul slavish in the continual eagerness to acquire it or fear to lose it?

(Même jeu).

No, I say: for if the soul became slavish, both it and its body would soon cease to be beautiful in reality, and at most could only seem beautiful to other slaves, or to women, or to freemen of bad taste and corrupt morals.

(Même jeu)

Excellent! said, O Socrates, I quite agree with you there. Shall we say, then, that it cannot be an evil omen to be truly beautiful, because true beauty is ocular evidence of health and strength and swiftness and purity and modesty and self-restraint and intelligence — all things of the best and holiest omen in the world. As for false beauty, which may be painted on or attributed to sickly and vicious persons by those who are vicious and sickly themselves, we will leave the appreciation of it to others; although we shall be inclined to agree with the Stranger, who has probably studied that sort of beauty more lovingly than you or I, that it is not only an evil omen but already in possession a great and ghastly misfortune.

(Même jeu)

Agreed, Socrates, I reply with enthusiasm. We will stick to that, and finish the argument by declaring that you and I are of one mind, and hold firmly that true beauty is evidence that the gods love and cherish him who possesses it and have cast something of their own glory upon him; so much so, that if any atheist saw true beauty pass by, he would unfeignedly renounce his atheism and assert henceforth that with his own eyes he had seen one of the gods.

(Même jeu)

Most true, I answer, O Socrates. Henceforth we will hold to that view. And with this prayer — for it is one — you and I will now depart, so united in soul and body that a single pair of legs will suffice to take us home.

(Makes as if to leave)

ALCIBIADES (holding him back). — Capital, you single actor with two masks. That is the first honest dialogue you ever carried on. Now at last you have openly given the answers to your own questions, while heretofore you stubbornly pretended to accept the answers of others, but in fact took care to impose your own, and by browbeating your interlocutors and snapping up their casual words and forbidding any full replies, you reduced them in despair to guessing what you required them to say and to saying it at once, so as to be rid of you as soon as possible.

SOCRATES. — Am I to blame if people have no convictions, or are not willing or able to defend them? I give them every opportunity and encouragement, and if they have nothing substantial to say, it is my loss and my sorrow, because I have to go away, as I am going now, with only my own answers to build upon, ruminating always alone, since nobody can really help me. What wonder if, reduced to my own miserable resources, I am

monotonous and sterile and sunk always deeper and deeper in my own perhaps hasty opinions? If I vexed others only, it might not matter so much, since at last I should take myself away or they would drive me off with hard words, as you do, or with sticks, or would condemn me to death as a public nuisance; but who will take me away from myself and how, singlehanded, shall I drive my own ignorance out of my soul?

(Exit)

5

ALCIBIADES. — There he goes, the brave old fellow. Never was there anyone like him, and there never will be. What a hero he is!

THE STRANGER. — And how unfortunate!

ALCIBIADES. — I know; but what can you expect when superior people must submit to be judged by mobs? After all, we must all die in the end, and Socrates lived to a ripe old age. What matters it whether a cup of hemlock carries you off, or a sluggish liver?

THE STRANGER. — I was not thinking of his death, which was magnificent, but of his philosophy. His work was perhaps the most important and the most generally praised that anyone ever accomplished in moral philosophy; and yet how profoundly disappointing!

ALCIBIADES. — Nobody can have all he wants. Socrates enjoyed many a happy hour: what banquets those were, when he outshone everybody! And he had good friends, to make up for me, faithful to the last, which is rare. His fame too is universal and very solid, as that of other philosophers is not. What is there disappointing about his lot?

THE STRANGER. — You see how intrepid he is in the pursuit of truth and how untiring; but do you think he has ever found it? On this very point which we have been discussing, has he grasped more than a thin ghost of the truth?

ALCIBIADES. — You were obliged to admit that he was right.

THE STRANGER. — Yes, verbally; for by making a distinction between true and false beauty, as if beauty were a proposition, he identifies all "true" beauty with such beauty as a bigoted moralist allows himself to relish; and all other beauties, often more beautiful, he pronounces to be false and ugly. By this trick he has begged the whole question. He has limited beauty, by a surreptitious definition, to those very simple and austere forms of it which appear together with certain Spartan utilitarian virtues, of which he is the advocate. Thereby he has proved to his own satisfaction that in no form of

true beauty can there be anything sinister or sensuous or ethereal. His philosophy is all a play of words or logic of concepts, backed in his person by a heroic ascetic discipline, yet in itself arid and verbal, and fit to defend any fanaticism or superstition. If he were interested in nature and in the miscellaneous budding and joys of life, what would be the need of arguments and reasonings, and how could he ever have thought it an excellent method to squeeze the conventional language of ignorant people in order to distill the pure essence of the beautiful?

It is a sad fate that pursues moralists and logicians who pipe their dialectic as if they lived in Arcadia, where nothing is to be heard but the twittering of birds and the growling of bears. Civilized human life is more complicated and dense, and nothing at all is discoverable about it by playing in that way the flute or the bagpipes. On the contrary, the order of nature is disguised or reversed by dialectic. Parmenides and Plato and Anaxagoras, by tracing thin rays of identity, implication, or contradiction in ideal essences, logical or moral, cast an imaginary net over the world, like the parallels and meridians that modern geographers cast over the lands and seas of the earth; good terms in which to describe positions and distances between port and port in their voyages, but irrelevant to the hills and valleys, the nights and days, the works and the wars that diversify the world for its inhabitants.

If language exhausted nature and logic could control facts, a mythologizing moralist no doubt would have good sport, and Socrates might successfully confine beauty to the expression of vital and moral perfection. But perfections are multiple, and the beauty of one thing is incompatible with that of another. So with the virtues of different men, or ages, or nations: and Socrates and you, though thinking you still worshiped the gods of Hellas, really were forerunners of very un-Greek loves and very romantic rebellions.

ALCIBIADES. — So that according to you the judges who condemned Socrates were guided by a true though hopeless allegiance to the gods and to the laws of Athens; and I also was guided by a true instinct in actually running away, and even fighting against my country. For myself, I make no objection; but Socrates, if he heard you, would roll his popeyes in a terrific passion and transfix you with six questions like six Homeric spears.

THE STRANGER. — His wrath would not be philosophical; for here, where the harvests of every season are garnered together, what matters it whether, while we lived, we worked at sowing, or reaping, or winter plowing?



*The son of an Ohio farmer, LOUIS BROMFIELD revived and extended the acres which now comprise Malabar Farm. In the process he has learned that farmers can control many things, but not the weather. A veteran of the First World War, Mr. Bromfield wrote his first four novels in France. But in 1933 his book *The Farm* showed that his thoughts were returning to his home country in Ohio, and when he and his family came back for good in 1939, it was with the thought of re-establishing their roots in one of the most fertile sections of the Middle West. This article is drawn from his forthcoming book, *Malabar Farm*, to be published by Harper.*

THE YEAR OF THE FLOOD

by LOUIS BROMFIELD

1

THE rains began, cold and dreary, early in April, and day after day they continued through April, through May, and into June. Meanwhile, the fields grew wetter and wetter, until at last the hillsides themselves began to weep, the water oozing down the slopes onto the lower ground. In the flat country to the west of us the fields became lakes of water, sometimes almost unbroken for miles across the level rich fields.

In our county, oats should be planted as early as possible, for winter oats, seeded in the autumn, rarely weather the rigors of the northern winter, and a farmer cannot afford to gamble on them. Oats planted in March have the best chance of success. In 1947, planting in March was out of the question, for the fields were still frozen and covered with snow. The usual "false spring" which allowed us to put in early oats did not come at all, and then the rains began, falling day after day, in showers some days, in drenching downpours on others. And always it was cold, so cold that even the wild flowers and the morels (those first delicious woodsy fungi that grow in the deep forests under ash trees or in old and dying orchards) grew confused. A sudden burst of sunlight brought some of them into flower and fruition only to meet disaster on cold frosty moonlit nights. The bluegrass, water-soaked and cold, languished instead of growing and kept the restless cattle (who know better than we do when spring should be at hand) prisoners in the barns and soggy barnyards. They moored and cried out in their restlessness, the sound of their mournful voices drifting far across the woods and hills.

Charley Schrack, standing in the doorway of the barn, watching the fields drenched by gray rains said, "I can't remember anything like it in fifty years." Lots of farmers talk that way when drought or

floods by persistent rain begin to spell disaster, but this time it seemed to me that Charley was right, for it rained when it looked impossible. Rain seemed to fall in cold, frosty weather out of skies that were comparatively free of clouds. It was as if the heavens were a gigantic shower bath with a small irresponsible child playing with the chain which released the water.

In modern agriculture, the weather is about the only thing which a farmer cannot somehow control. Against the next most catastrophic potential — a sharp disastrous fall in prices — the good farmer can protect himself and manage to survive, but when the rain comes in floods at planting time or refuses to come at all for one dreary week after another, there is not much that he can do. And flooding rains are worse than drought; a farmer can irrigate dry burning soil if he possesses the facilities; he cannot mop up heavy persistent floods.

At Malabar and among the hills of our neighbors we were better off than the flat-country people, for the water did not stand in lakes on our hills of glacial gravel loam. The worst we had to face was the seepage spots and "wet weather springs" which appeared here and there, sometimes at the very top of a hill. These we could plow around, leaving them waterlogged and fallow, for another and better year. Our soil was loose and open and you could work it wet without too much damage if there was enough organic material mixed with it. And we had the advantage of mechanization — that when there was a break in the weather we could get into the fields and, with tractor lights burning, work on shifts all through the night.

And that was what we did during the awful spring of 1947, and so somehow we got ninety acres of oats into the ground, some of it in land which had

been rough plowed the autumn before and was all ready for disking, fitting, and drilling. We got in our oats in one of those two-day breaks when, if the sun did not shine, the rain at least did not fall. Then the rains broke again and the cold persisted and in three or four days the oats were through the ground in a pale, misty shimmer of lettuce green across the wet brown fields. And our hearts and stomachs felt better and our pride rose, because we had in the ground probably more oats than any farmer from the Appalachians to the Great Divide.

There is in every good farmer a curious, overwhelming, almost malicious pride common to the human race but especially well developed in the cultivator. It is born of satisfaction in being "smarter" than his neighbor, in having his acres look greener, in getting in his crops earlier, in having fields where the hay or the pasture is heavier. Every good farmer takes a kind of perverse satisfaction in the discovery that his neighbors' fields look poor. The sight of a poor crop in someone else's field somehow warms the heart of the farmer whose own fields are lush and green.

The pride of a good farmer is often his worst sin, but it is also what makes a good farmer and what helped to feed this nation and the rest of the world in the difficult years when lack of machinery and labor made farming a backbreaking, long-houred job. It is that same pride which makes the good farmer resist subsidies and government payments and all the paraphernalia of a "kept" agriculture. In his heart a good farmer wants to show that he cannot be "licked," and that without help from anyone he can grow abundant crops despite every handicap.

That is why a good farmer grows short-tempered and desperate when the weather turns against him. With each day of drought or flooding rain, he becomes more frustrated and savage, because the weather alone he cannot lick altogether either by machines or muscle or long hours in the field. And so farmers everywhere that spring of 1947 grew ill-tempered and angry.

Still it did not stop raining. Time for planting oats receded into the distant unchangeable past, and time for corn plowing came along, and still it rained and stayed cold. There were no warm showers. There were only flooding downpours day after day.

2

SLOWLY countless farmers abandoned all hope of planting oats. They talked of other crops and of putting all their land into corn. Corn planting time came along and still it rained. Here and there in our hill country one could see farmers dripping wet on their tractors, turning over sod ground for corn planting. Sod ground, especially in soil like that of our county, can be plowed fairly safely when it is still too wet because the roots and vegetation help

to keep the ground open and aerated, and prevent it from packing. We too plowed sod in the rain and turned under the acres of rank sweet clover on the loose, alluvial soil of the farm we rent from the Muskingum Conservancy. We dared not even put a tractor wheel on the small acreage of waterlogged clay.

But even after the ground was plowed it was too wet to fit for planting. Day after day went by, each rain bringing us nearer to the last date at which corn could be planted and have any chance of maturing before the average frost date of October 4. Then the rain stopped for a couple of days and again we worked night and day until all but ten acres of corn were in the ground. By our own standards at Malabar, we were three weeks late, but with luck that corn, changed at the last moment to a quick-ripening, short-season hybrid, would mature if the frost held off.

We were thankful that we had all our corn in save for the ten acres of clay which we could not touch because it was as wet and sticky as glue. So we planned to put that into buckwheat, let it serve the bees, and then plow it into the soil for the benefits it would give us the following year. "At any rate," said Bob, "it will look pretty, and it's better than leaving the ground bare or to grow up in weeds."

And again, smugly and proudly, we settled back aware that we had probably more corn in the ground than any of the farmers to the west of us all the way into the corn country, where the fields were still more like the carp ponds of Austria and Czechoslovakia than the fertile fields of the Midwestern bread-basket country. But still it rained and remained cold, and we began to worry over whether the seed would rot in the ground.

Then for three days the rain suddenly stopped, and capriciously the weather changed from cold to oppressively hot with a baking sun, and a new peril developed — that even with all the organic material we had pumped into the soil for years and the fresh crop of sweet clover turned under, the soil was so wet that the hot sun might bake the surface and prevent the tender, germinating corn from piercing through. So on the third day I climbed aboard the tractor, attached the rotary hoe, and drove it full speed back and forth across the surface of the corn-field because the faster you drive it, the more efficiently it works, breaking up the surface and throwing the tiny weed seedlings and bits of crumbling earth high into the air.

Driving at full tractor speed, I felt good. The sun was shining. The alluvial gravel loam was dry enough for the rotary hoe to work efficiently. The Conservancy farm lay alongside the big artificial lake formed by one of the dams of the Muskingum Flood Prevention Project. The lake beneath the clear skies and hot sun was a brilliant blue. The distant wooded hills were tropically green and lush from all the rain. The birds, mute during the weeks of downpour, chorused from every tree, bush, and

hedgerow; and from the marshy land along the lake came the sound of splashing caused by the thrashing about of the big carp engaged in an orgy of reproduction. And in my heart was that gnawing farmer's pride that we had outwitted even the weather. It was one of those fine days which are recompense for weeks of bad weather.

At sundown I drove happily home and ran the rotary hoe briskly over the plantations of beans, peas, and sweet corn. And then at suppertime as the shadows began to fall across the valley and the lush forest, there came a sinister note of warning. Out of the symphony of birds singing and the music of the frogs in the ponds below the house, there emerged a note which fell on the ears and assaulted my senses as violently as a shrill fife playing loudly and discordantly in the midst of a great orchestra. It was the cry of the tree frogs calling for rain. It came from all sides, the same monotonous, trilled note which in time of drought can be the most lovely instrument in the whole symphony of nature.

Tree frogs do not, as legend has it, "call for rain." On the contrary, they call when the atmospheric conditions foretell rain. They are not suppliants: they are prophets. I looked out of the window, and against the brilliant sunset big, dark, unmistakably wet clouds were piling up at the end of the valley. I couldn't believe it could rain again.

When I pointed out the clouds, Bob said, "Well, we haven't got anything to worry about. Think of those poor guys in the flat country with their fields still under water. Even if it stopped raining it would take two weeks for the ground to dry out enough to get a plow into them."

Two things were certain: that we were ahead of most farmers and that no matter how hard it rained we had lost, and were losing, none of our precious soil. It stayed where it was meant to stay, held in place by that thick pasture and hay sod or the protecting sodded strip which prevented it from ever getting away from us.

Tired from the all-day jolting ride on the rotary hoe, I fell into the deep sleep that comes only after physical labor in the open air, the kind of sleep which you can *feel* yourself enjoying with an almost voluptuous pleasure.

I slept like a log until about two in the morning, when a prodigious clap of thunder which rocked the whole house awakened me. The thunder was bad enough but there was another sound even worse. It was the sound of rain on the roof, the sound of Niagaras of unwanted water streaming from gutters and spouts which could not carry it off fast enough. And above and through the sound of the rain on the roof came another sound of water even more menacing — that of the spring brook which ran through the garden below the house.

It was a sound I had not heard in seven years, since first we controlled runoff water on the hills and pastures above. Now, after all these years, the

clear little creek was roaring again. I rose and went to the door. There I heard another sound, even more ominous — the roar of Switzer's Creek a quarter of a mile away which had been clear and well-behaved, never going out of its banks since farmers upstream had begun taking proper care of their fields. Now it was roaring again. It could only mean flood.

With a feeling of helplessness I went back to bed, to lie there sleepless and worrying over the fact that all the work I had done with the rotary hoe was useless since these torrents of water would pack the earth harder than ever, worrying over the cattle, the calves, the horses in the bottom fields.

At daylight I went to the door and looked out over the valley. Part of the lower pasture was flooded but the livestock were safe on high ground, drenched and grazing peacefully in the downpour. Through the middle of the flooded field ran the swift, muddy current carrying with it whole fences, trees, rubbish, bits of hog pens, and even a brand-new milk can bobbing along on its way from some springhouse upstream to the reservoir lake below.

It rained thus until nine o'clock in the morning, when suddenly the awful downpour ceased and everyone on the farm — men, women, and children — streamed out of the houses toward the bridge over Switzer's Creek. There was the kind of excitement among us which comes perhaps as a recompense to people in the face of destruction and disaster, a kind of exhilaration which brings all people, whatever their temperaments or differences of character, together on a common level.

With all the dogs, the men crowded into the jeep to inspect the farm. The wheat fields, so green and lush even the day before, were beaten down in spots as if a giant had flung great pails of water against the wheat. In the wild swamp and woodland we call the Jungle, the water poured through the trees high above the banks. Here and there a log or a tree had become lodged and collected a bundle of flotsam and jetsam, and the diverted waters had cut out a whole new channel. We stood there on a high bank, silent, watching the flood, awed yet somehow exhilarated by the terrible, incalculable power of rushing water.

3

THAT afternoon the air cooled and the bright sun came out, and two days later the gravelly cornfield was dry enough to repeat the whole process with the rotary hoe, all the long hours of rough tractor riding at top speed, to break up the crust all over again and let the young seedlings through. While I worked back and forth across a big sixty-acre field, the air turned muggy and hot once more and the wind shifted a little to the south, which is always a bad sign.

I kept listening above the rumble of the tractor

for the sound of train whistles. In our country when one hears the whistles of the Pennsylvania locomotives it means dry weather; when one hears the B & O, it means rain. In midsummer one prays for the B & O. For once I wanted to hear a Pennsylvania whistle. Presently, as I was finishing the job with the rotary hoe, I heard a whistle. It came from a B & O freight train pulling up the long grade to Butler, and never have I heard it more clearly!

At about the same time great black clouds began to appear again at the head of the valley and the accursed tree frogs began to sing. I knew that once again I had gone over that cornfield only to have all my work undone.

At twilight I rode the tractor the two miles back to the house. The setting sun disappeared beneath clouds, and as I rode the drive up to the Big House, great solitary drops of rain began to fall. The water in the reservoir had already gone down about two feet in two days, leaving part of our oats field bare in time to save it. If we had another heavy rain it would mean, with the lake level above flood stage, that instead of the young oats plants being released before they were drowned, the whole field would be flooded again, and perhaps the cornfield that lay above it.

The rain was the same kind of flooding rain that had come down two nights earlier. Indeed it was worse, if possible. Eight o'clock came, and nine and ten, and still it poured. The little brook in the garden began to roar, and then from the valley came the louder roar of Switzer's Creek.

I took a couple of good drinks and went to bed to read, thinking I could take my mind off what could only be disaster. But it wasn't any good. I tried reading novels, agricultural editorials, magazines, but through all the print and ideas, good and bad, came the devilish sound of torrents of water pouring off the roofs and the rising roar of the little brook. And at last when my eyes grew tired and I began to feel drowsy, I heard the ring of the telephone.

Bob's voice answered me. He was calling from his house below, not far from the creek. He said, "I think we've got a job. The horses in the bottom are scared. They're running up and down crying out. One of them tried to get across the creek and is marooned on the island. We've got to look after them and the cattle."

I asked, "Is it worse down by the bridge?" And his voice came back, "Brother, you ain't seen nothing."

I dressed, gloomily, worrying about the animals and especially the horses. Cows and steers are generally phlegmatic; they either take things calmly or go completely wild. But horses, and especially saddle horses, get frightened, like people, and for me the horses, like dogs, are people. I took only one of the dogs with me. I chose Prince because he is the steadiest of them all.

Bob met me at the bridge, water streaming from his hat and jacket. He had an electric torch, and with that and the lights of the jeep I could tell quickly enough that I hadn't seen anything until now. The water was so high that it was seeping through the wooden floor of the bridge and sliding past beneath with a terrifying speed. A whole log struck the edge of the bridge and made it shudder, and then slipped under the water out of sight in a second.

While Bob got his car I opened the pasture gate and drove through. Even the high ground was running with water, and wherever there was a depression the water stood in deep pools. The lights penetrated a little distance into the mist and driving rain, enough for me to see that only a rim of bluegrass remained above the flood. The lights picked up two things, both white: the white spots on the Holstein cows that had gone to the high ground and were either grazing or lying down, and the white blaze on the forehead of Tex, my own mare, as she came toward me splashing through two feet of water.

Tex is a beautiful Kentucky mare, and the proudest and the most spirited of horses. She rules the others and it is impossible to catch any of the others in the field until you have first captured Tex. The other horses follow her with docility. But she is not too easy to catch and likes to play a game of enticing you near to her and then suddenly kicking her heels and rushing off. But in the flooded field she wasn't behaving that way, and now ran straight toward the lights of the jeep followed by another horse. As I got down she came up close and whickered. There were no antics now. She was afraid and wanted to be taken care of. Then the lights of Bob's car were turned into the field and I saw that the other horse was Tony, who is young and strong, and by nature a clown. But tonight he wasn't clowning. He too whickered when I spoke to him.

I recognized Tony with a sinking heart because I knew then that the missing horse was Old Red. Both of the others were strong and spirited and could have taken care of themselves even in the terrible current that was running, but Old Red was old and tired. He was a little deaf and nearly blind. He was the one you felt sorry for.

4

OLD RED had brought up the little children until they had learned to ride well enough to handle the younger horses. If they fell off he would stand still until they picked themselves up and climbed back on. He never got flustered or showed off and reared like Tex, and he never clowning as Tony did. We bought him, when he was twenty-one years old, because he was calm and docile. He wasn't a clever horse or a spirited horse or a beautiful one. He was always just a kind, patient old slob. And now, at

thirty years of age, with his joints stiffened and his teeth mostly gone, he was marooned on an island in the midst of a roaring flood such as the county had not seen in half a century. I wished it had been one of the others.

As I took hold of Tex's halter, for the first time without her giving an indignant toss of the head, Bob came up out of the darkness and rain and mist with the light. He was carrying a long rope.

"I thought," he said, "we might need this to get over to the island to get the horse off."

I told him the missing horse was Old Red and that I'd better take the other two to the barn before they turned completely panicky and uncatchable.

Tex led easily enough. She wanted the dry safety of the barn, and Tony followed as always at her heels. Prince, despite the fact that, like all Boxers, he hates getting wet, trudged along beside us, his ears down and his stub of a tail pressed low in an effort to get it between his legs. Bob went off through the water to check on the cattle on the high ground.

I discovered on my return to the field that the water was still rising. Far off through the rain I could see the faint glare of Bob's torch as he checked the cattle, and in the light from the two cars I could see the stream of logs, trees, and driftwood moving swiftly down on the surface of the current, but I couldn't see the island or Old Red.

I waded into the water and was joined presently by Bob, but as the water rose higher and higher above our ankles and knees, it was clear that we were never going to make the island.

Then the willows of the island emerged but there was no island. There was only swift flowing water covered with leaves, bits of sod, and branches. And then out of the mist, catching the light from the cars, appeared a ghostly Old Red. He was walking up and down, whickering loud enough to be heard above the sound of the water.

I called out to him and he stopped, looked toward me, and then started in my direction, but as soon as he reached deeper water he turned back to the island and the shallow water.

There wasn't any way to get to him. The water had risen so high that on the whole of the farm there wasn't a rope long enough to permit us to reach the island, and even with a rope tied about your waist, there wouldn't be much hope of getting through the torrent. Even if I made it, there was small chance of getting a horse in a panic to follow me.

I shouted to him again and again, and each time the old horse started toward me and each time when he got into deep water he turned back to the island.

Meanwhile both Bob and I were drenched. The water ran inside our jackets and down our bodies. Prince, miserable in the dampness, crouched beside me. At last I gave up. "There's nothing to do," I said, "but hope that he'll stay there and that the water won't get much higher."

And so we turned away with a sickening feeling through the rain and water, leaving the old horse where he was. We had hot coffee at Bob's house, and as I said good night to him, he said, "Maybe I opened my big mouth too soon — saying we hadn't anything to worry about." I laughed, but I knew what he meant — that probably sunrise would find most of our corn and oats deep under the waters of the big lake.

By the time I got back to the bridge the planks were under water, and before I drove across it I got down to make sure that the planks were still there and the bridge safe.

At home Prince and I dried ourselves off and joined Mary for hot soup and a snack. Then I went to bed after taking two sleeping pills so that I would not waken in the still early hours of the morning and hear the terrible rain and think of Old Red.

It was nearly eight when I wakened. The rain had stopped. The old orchard on the hill above my room was streaked with early morning sunlight, and the red sandstone rock looked brighter and the trees lusher and greener than I had ever seen them. But in the back of my mind there was a sore spot which could not be healed until I knew what had happened to Old Red.

I went to the windows at the other side of the house which overlooked the bottom pasture. The water had gone down and the surface of the island, littered with branches and trees and old boards, was now above the flood. But among the willows there was no sign of Old Red. I felt suddenly sick and in a last hope I thought, "Perhaps he is all right after all. Perhaps he's just around the corner below the slope." And I went back to the far end of the house and looked out, and there behind the slope, peacefully munching bluegrass with the few teeth he had left, was Old Red.

After breakfast Kenneth and I climbed into the jeep with the dogs and set out for the Conservancy farm. From the Bailey Hill we could see the lake — an enormously enlarged lake covering twice its usual area, with clumps of trees here and there, barely visible above the water. The road was under ten feet of water and the bridge structure was out of sight.

So, turning round, we took to a rutted abandoned old lane and the open, soggy fields and somehow we made it. As we came over the crest of a slope, we saw the full extent of the disaster. All the oat fields and half the corn land were covered by water, and here and there in low spots in the field were great ponds of water as big as small lakes.

This was, in reality, a disaster. We sat for a time in silence looking at the wreckage. It wasn't only the money loss, but the loss of the long hours of work and care we had all put into these fields.

For three weeks most of the Conservancy farm remained under from five to twenty feet of im-

pounded water, kept there to prevent its menace from being added to the already disastrous floods on the Mississippi. When the water went down at last, not one living thing remained, but only the desolation of logs and fence posts and driftwood scattered across the barren fields. Even the trees were killed along with the blackberries and elderberries that filled the hedgerows. We had not only lost our crops, but we had to clear the fields of their debris.

5

Good farmers are by nature optimistic; otherwise the uncontrollable vagaries of Nature — the floods, the droughts, the plagues of locusts — would long ago have discouraged them and the world would have been left starving. We were no different from other farmers — we hoped that the great flood had marked the end of the persistent intolerable rains.

We were wrong. June passed into July and still the rain continued, not just showers, but cloudbursts coming sometimes twice a day. Even the fishponds overflowed, and big trout and bass escaped into the Clar Fork and the lake below. Came time to fill the silos with grass silage and we began cutting and hauling but quickly found that every tractor had to carry a log chain so that we could pull each other out of the mud, a minor disaster which happened ten or fifteen times a day. Twice the big John Deere dug itself into the mud up to its belly and a string of four lighter tractors, chained together, could not drag it out. In the end, with four-by-fours chained to its giant wheels it succeeded in lifting itself out of the mud.

Somehow the silos got filled with the lush, heavy alfalfa, brome grass, and ladino, but even the grass was so full of moisture that it had to be wilted a long time before, it could be safely put away. Weeds grew in the corn and more wheat was beaten down in the fields of which we had been so proud. The oats which remained grew more and more lushly, and all but the tough, stiff-stemmed new Clinton variety were beaten to the ground while weeds began to grow up through them.

Then the weather turned warm but the rains continued; and at night, when the air cooled, the whole valley was blanketed in heavy white mists which appeared at sundown, rising in smokelike writhing veils above the trees. For days the valley seemed more like Sumatra or Java than midsummer Ohio country. Rust appeared for the first time in our experience on the ripening wheat, and mildew on the leaves and fruit of the fruit trees. Some of the grapevines began to die back from the tops, a sign that their waterlogged roots could no longer stand the lack of oxygen and the wetness of the earth. Three times the vegetable garden was replanted and three times drowned out, sometimes standing for days under water.

Then came a brief respite which in itself was

very nearly a disaster. There was no rain, but in its place there was a brilliant sun accompanied by hot winds which burned the moisture out of the topsoil but not out of the subsoil, where the water still soaked the roots of all vegetation. It baked a crust over open ground and burned the overlush leaves of the crops. At night the moisture still rose from the soaked ground in heavy blankets of fog. It was as if now the earth, rather than the sky, were raining.

Somehow we managed to combine the wheat, although we lost from five to fifteen bushels per acre of wheat literally beaten into the earth by the torrents of water. Except for thirty acres of good oats on the highest ground, the crop was ruined. In the heads there were no grains at all, but only chaff.

The short, vicious heat was only a delusion. As it came time to make hay and clip and bale straw, the rains began again. Ragweed grew higher and higher in the standing straw, and the hay, partly dry and then soaked, rotted in the fields. The whole farm, usually so neatly kept, acquired a disheveled, unkempt, half-tropical appearance.

And so it went, on and on, through the end of July and then August and well into September. Only the pastures and the new seedings gave us any pleasure or satisfaction, for they were lush and green, but even this was small compensation for all the lost labor and seed and fertilizer and the depression which arose from the sight of wet hay and weed-choked cornfields. The buckwheat planted later on wet ground produced a bumper crop, but few farmers take pride in lowly buckwheat, and the season was so wet that the bees could not even work the blossoms.

Then in the beginning of September the rains stopped and two weeks of hot weather day and night set in, and suddenly the corn, after dawdling along all summer, began to show signs of ripening and making a crop. The soil began to dry out for wheat plowing, and the miraculous resiliency which preserves farmers against utter and paralyzing despair began to assert itself.

Gradually the season began to recede into the past. It was becoming the "old season." It was time now to plow and fit for wheat, to clip the bluegrass pastures and the weeds for the last time in the evil year 1947. With the turning of the first furrow the pride which was humbled began to rise again. The fields were full of moisture and the plowing was easy. The earth turned over behind the plow, dark and crumbling, and we smelled already the wheat harvest of the coming season, which we knew would be the greatest harvest we had ever known. The lime trucks began moving across the remaining worn-out high pastures, raising visions of deep, thick clover. In the desolated oat fields of the Conservancy farm and on the poor strips of the Bailey Place the sweet clover stood deep and rank. The new season had begun.



An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



An Irishman who was educated by the Christian Brothers and at the Universities of Wales and Oxford (Balliol College), W. B. READY married a Canadian girl while in the Service and is now teaching in a private school in Winnipeg. This is his first short story to be published, but he tells us that he wants to write a novel on the Canadian West that will compare with The Big Sky, and one day hopes to have a whole book about Brother John and all the other people who have fashioned him.

BARRING THE WEIGHT

by W. B. READY

I THINK that the only deep sorrow that Brother John ever had was that we were a pack of small forwards. There were always God's plenty of big powerful backs, but his forwards never ran to much more than 150-pounders, which was just damned silly in a league where we were up against teams with lumbering heavy packs. We puzzled over it, but there was nothing we could do about it. Dinny Sullivan was a fine heavy man, but he was so lithe and dexterous and cunning that it was a sin not to make a three-quarter out of him, and Eddie Walsh was as wide as a door, but he was such a graceful swerving runner that to put him in the pack was to yoke a thoroughbred with a mule team.

It wasn't just one season; year after year the same thing happened. The forwards were built like the backs, and the backs were big enough to be forwards. I remember Brother John's eyes lighting up when Jack Cotter came to us from one of the North Country colleges. He was a fine figure of a man, well over six feet in height and weighing about 210 pounds. A second-row forward, he was proud and happy in that position. He nearly killed us packing down with him, but at last we were getting the ball in the tight scrums, and the backs were getting a chance to throw it around.

But it didn't last long. Cotter was a good forward, but Brother John saw him fooling around after practice one night, and he saw that the big fellow could really kick and field a ball. He made him into J. Cotter, the great ALL-IRELAND full-

back, but he still wanted his fine big bustling pack instead of the sharp little terriers he had in the likes of me. After a game, as we would limp off the field, bruised and battered by bigger men, we would wish almost savagely that we were huskier, because a burly pack was all that Brother John needed to win the ALL-IRELAND championship.

He was the greatest coach I have ever seen, and he never had to raise his voice. I can see him now, although he's been under the sod these few years, God rest him. He was tall and gray, and stooped. He could only have been a schoolmaster, and even during the holidays there was always a dusting of chalk around him. His face was so Irish that it had a Spanish look, and his thick gray hair grew back from his forehead in the same sort of pompadour as did Jim Corbett's, the fighter. He was vice-principal of the school, and his gentle air fooled nobody. There was iron in the man, and sometimes bitterness would break out of him, so that the Principal and the Provincial and even the Bishop were wary of him. He was a hidden sort of man, and there are plenty of them in Ireland. History was his subject, but Rugby football was his delight. It was far more than a game to him: the strife and the checks, the teamwork and the play, were life as it should be to Brother John.

We'd nearly choke with temper as game after game we would be pushed off the ball by big agricultural louts with no more science than one of these bulldozers they are using now. In the dressing rooms after the game, Brother John would

compliment us in his soft Kerry voice: "You played the grand game, Willie. . . . That was a grand tackle of yours, Con. . . . The big fellow never laid a finger on you, Terry. . . ." And all the time we would be glum, drying ourselves silently after the showers. Mick Yewlett, the trainer, would look up from the massage board, where he'd be rubbing one of us: "Ah, Brother, if we had the weight, these boys would beat the world; be God they'd even give Presentation College a run for it!"

But Brother John would never murmur against our flimsiness. "It's the will of God, Michael," was all he would say. But all the days of his life he'd wanted to train the ALL-IRELAND team, and we'd have been a team of champions, barring the weight. I was a member of that team, but I must see a better team before I yield to it. The way we got that ball back from a loose maul I've not seen equaled since. We had the heart, the almost functional perfection of a good machine. We had everything, barring the weight. We'd have gladly changed ourselves into big blond Saxons for the season if it would have brought Brother John the championship.

We were all in our last year in school, and had been playing together for five or six years. We were far out of the class of the average local team, and most of our opponents were University or town teams, but we had to struggle desperately to beat these lesser men, because they had the weight. After twelve games we were still the invincibles, but it was a struggle all the time. For us forwards it was our last season; we'd never make the weight for a University or town team, so that season had all the sweetness of a golden era departing.

Our football field was beside a ruined castle, and in the soft Irish evenings, when the quiet of Christ would be on everything, the thud of boot on ball and the grunts of the tackles would carry clear across to the pavilion where some of us would be sitting around Brother John as he explained some play. The plays he designed were to him not only for the football field, but contained his ideas about everything. He had been brought up on the old nineteenth-century nationalism, and he saw us as a bunch of Cuchulainns, small dark sad men, who would go down in glory before inevitable circumstance. I can see that now, though of course I didn't then.

As the games went on, a faint dim gleam of hope began to flicker. We were the only undefeated team in the county, then in the province. There were good days and bad days, but we always managed to win, sometimes more by the grace of God than by anything else, and then Abertaff asked us for a game! They had beaten the Australian touring team; they had more internationals playing for them than any other team in Wales. Indeed it was almost as much of an honor to play for them as to play for Wales. They had an Irish tour every year,

and apparently they had decided that they needed a preliminary loosener before tangling up with the tough opposition that led them such a dance every year. So they had picked a school team, and we were the team. We began to train with an intensity that worried Brother John; it was the only chance we would ever have against a first-class side and we knew it. Abertaff would surely beat us, but by God they'd play Rugby to beat us!

2

WE PLAYED them on the Castle Ground. I remember it was in late February, the second Saturday in Lent. There was a great crowd out to see the game, the biggest crowd any of us had ever played before. The Abertaff pack were big burly men, steelworkers, County Constabulary, dockers, and the like. They were led by the great Lem Jenkins, who had led the Welsh pack for the past two seasons. He was a big bull of a man, and as I left my father, God rest his soul, to run on the field, he took another look at Lem and said to me, "Good God! He'll kill you, my son. I'm glad your mother stayed home."

Lem was my opposite number; he gave me a friendly nod, which I tried to return nonchalantly, but I had to chew my gum very hard to get any moisture in my mouth, although the palms of my hands were wet with sweat. Brother John was away in a corner of the field shaking. He thought he was sending us to glory, and it before our time, and we did look a puny pack beside that solid Welsh forward line. Also their famous red and black jerseys were clean and new, their ringed stockings matched, and they were wearing swagger ballooned shorts, so that we looked tawdry as well as scrawny beside them.

I saw Brother Principal grimacing as he compared us, and I knew that Brother John was in for another rollicking there, besides the complaints from our parents, who were already ganging up on him as they saw the logical result of the clash between Abertaff and ourselves. They knew that we were out for glory, and that because we could not bring him the championship we were going to be his small dark heroes who would solace him by dour struggle in a hopeless cause.

The whistle blew, and Eddie Walsh kicked off. Before the Abertaff man could gather it to find touch we were on him, the whole forward line. We swarmed all over him, and went on with the ball in a forward rush, only to be recalled for being off side. That was the game throughout. Abertaff was out for the exercise, and we were out for Brother John. They held us off good-humoredly at first, but gradually our panting silent tenseness communicated itself to them, and they began to play football with all their national genius.

At half time there was nothing in it, no score in

the hardest game either team had ever played. It wasn't the finest game, only the hardest, because in a fine game there is often a sort of careless rapture, when one time or another the unusual or bizarre play is tried. But nobody was taking any chances in this game. The orthodox passing movements would start cautiously and be smothered by furious tackling. Abertaff got the ball from every set scrum, and we got it from most of the loose mauls. The crowd was so excited that there seemed to be a blurred roar all the time, but I never had time to look at them.

At half time Mick Yewlett ran on the field with his inevitable sponge and bucket of water, and rubbed our faces clear of mud and spittle. Brother John was among us, murmuring, "Boys. . . . Oh, Boys." I remember that we just grinned at him, and didn't say anything. Somehow all of us felt more grown-up than we had ever felt before. It was evident to all of us that his coaching was paying off. Our lightness and speed were useless in the set scrums, so we were giving them to the Welshmen, and we were running them off their feet all over the field.

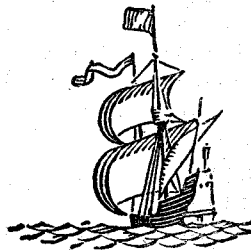
But in the second half the inevitable began to run us down. Our legs began to weaken. We couldn't push all that Welsh weight around without beginning to feel it. And we were as bruised as we could be without breaking off, yet somehow we still managed to get there in time, until at last their Dai Evans got off on a clear run. Nobody ever caught Dai once he was away; he scored a try, and Gruffydd converted it for them. So they got five points, but no more, and Lem Jenkins was out of the game for weeks with a twisted knee. The final whistle went on two exhausted teams. The crowd was delighted with us, and friends crowded around us. But we pushed our limping way through

them and gathered around Brother John. We didn't say a word, and neither did he, but he knew, and we knew, that in our defeat we had won something greater than a championship.

We never were any good for the rest of the season; we played almost as dreamily as Brother John now coached us. The championship receded from our minds; we never really woke up on the field after that second Saturday in Lent. Abertaff never played us again; they explained that we were not quite what they were looking for. Mind you, we never expected to play them again. That once was enough to give us our experience, and to give Brother John the great occasion. We were on our way out, it was our last year in school.

There's a photograph of the team hanging up over there behind the davenport, contagious to that aquatint of Galway Bay. The wee fellow holding the ball was the pack leader, and that's Brother John sitting beside him. There's myself, I'm heavier now, and alongside me is Tim Coghlan; he was killed, God rest him, at Anzio. All the small fellows are sitting down, and they are all the forwards. The man adjacent to Tim is Con Daly. Do you notice the grin on him? He was always bemoaning his bad luck, and he always ended with " . . . and to cap it all I'll probably marry a fruitful wife!" Our hooker used to ask Con, savagely and blasphemously, to push harder, and back would come Coneen, "Tom, Tom, me navel's scarring the ground." And so it went.

Brother John was retired the next year to the Brothers' House at Waterford, and he died there early in 1940. The team was the right age for the war. Nine of them were killed, including poor Con. God rest them all. My memories of happier days are all tied up with them, and the great team we were, barring the weight.





"A great part of our national wealth," says LAIRD BELL of Chicago, "is locked up in corporate form. Some few of the advanced corporations recognize that it is good business to promote higher education in its research aspects. The logical next step is to recognize an obligation to promote both theoretical research at the university level and the production of good citizens at the college level." Mr. Bell, an attorney and a director of many corporations, is closely associated with Harvard, his alma mater; he is Vice-chairman of the Board of Trustees, University of Chicago, and Chairman of the Board of Trustees, Carleton College.

IF CORPORATIONS WILL GIVE

by LAIRD BELL

I

THE first corporations were supposed to be soulless affairs incapable of charitable impulses. It is still perhaps good textbook law that corporations have no right to give away the stockholders' money. Yet the Revenue Act of 1938 permitted corporations to deduct, as an expense of doing business, 5 per cent of their taxable income for charitable contributions. Thus corporations may now to some extent indulge in generosity.

The underlying forces that have brought about this change are worth examining. Fifty or seventy-five years ago business was, except for railroads, a matter of relatively small units. The units had proprietors that were sole owners, or at most a comparatively few owners. When fortune smiled on them — or it might be more agreeable to say, when thrift and industry were rewarded by the success prophesied in the copybooks — the owners were free to do with the profits what they liked.

They were not only free to do a little something for the community: they were expected to. The owner himself was looked to for a contribution to the hospital, and his wife was duty bound to play Lady Bountiful and visit the poor. The owner, too, was a true member of the community. When a businessman in the fine free old days turned a pretty deal, he built a library or gave a nice park to the town. Particularly if the deal left his conscience a little troubled, he was apt to do something rather handsome and conspicuous.

But the wealth which carried those obligations in earlier days has an altered form now. The iron furnace that one man used to own has become one of a battery of furnaces operated by a billion-dollar corporation. The prosperous dry-goods merchant who used to stand by the front door to welcome his old friends has sold out to a

chain. The good brick mill that dominated the town has been closed down as a marginal operation, and a streamlined affair of steel and glass in a strategic location employs its thousands elsewhere. The destinies of the businesses are controlled from something known as an executive office in a skyscraper in New York or Chicago. And the former owners have stock certificates in a safe-deposit box.

Clearly the great corporations have taken the place of the individual as custodians of that wealth which ever since Old Testament times has been deemed to carry with it some degree of charitable obligation. The stockholders of these corporations are said to be the owners of the business. But what they own, realistically, is a piece of paper which indicates that they are entitled to a minute fraction — of what? Not of the property itself, not even of its profits, but of so much of the profits as a board of directors thinks it prudent to let the stockholders have. And it is not considered financially respectable to let them have anything like all the profits. The remainder is "plowed back" into the business. The wealth that thus accumulates remains in the corporation.

Taxes have been the whipping boy — and alibi — for so many things, that one hesitates to drag them into this discussion. Yet they do have a particular bearing here. For under our revenue system Uncle Sam takes his cut twice before sweet charity gets a chance at the generosity of the individual stockholder. If a business is owned by a corporation, Uncle Sam dips first into the corporate profit and then again into the dividend received by the stockholder.

At the same time the very size of income taxes and death duties is effectively eliminating the individual donors who can express themselves in large

figures. A new crop of millionaires may be in the making, but if so, they haven't yet learned the art of graceful giving. Even the citizen who can deduct his charities from an income in the 90 per cent brackets must now reflect that he needs that other 10 per cent, and the satisfaction of making the Treasury lose a tax on 15 per cent of his income is diluted by that realization.

When it comes to gifts out of capital, too many men who used to be considered wealthy have to hang on to their liquid assets to be ready for estate taxes. Charities must look elsewhere for their major support in the future.

2

THAT some degree of charitable obligation goes with the wealth held by corporations has been increasingly recognized. In the early stages, boards of directors felt the need of justifying contributions on some theory of benefiting the corporation. They were relieved when they were able to figure out suitable objects of giving — the community center would help peaceful relations with labor, for example, or the local welfare services would look after disabled employees. It was not a long step from this to considerations of a prosperous community, or that nebulous thing called public relations. Then came the community chests with their comprehensive appeal, and we had a successfully developed psychology that every enterprise in the community ought to go along. No longer did such contributions constitute "giving away" the stockholders' money.

There followed nation-wide appeals like the Red Cross. Happily the peak of these appeals coincided with the excess-profits tax, and the fun of getting an enormous tax deduction relieved the doubts of executives and directors about the propriety of giving in to charitable impulses. The repeal of the excess-profits tax has reduced the fun, but Uncle Sam can still be nicked for 38 per cent of the gift and there is a trace of pleasure left in doing that. At any rate the barriers against being charitable with the stockholders' money have now been pretty well broken down and perhaps the time is ripe to consider on their merits what principles may fairly govern corporate giving.

The plea of this article is that the duty should be recognized as one inherent in the control of wealth, and that it not only should include community giving but should go much further, particularly in the field of education.

Some reasons for corporate interest in education, not too obvious at first glance, lie in certain trends in education which should give corporations increasing concern. Two of these are outstanding, both involving the heightening of governmental control of education.

The first is the very bulk of the institutions directly supported by the state. Whole cities of stu-

dents have moved in upon the state universities. California, Minnesota, Illinois, Wisconsin, to name only a few, have populations in the neighborhood of 25,000 each. Annual budgets of more than 25 million dollars are accepted as a matter of course by the legislatures. To date, the legislatures have usually kept their hands off what the educators do with the money, and the freedom of the state universities in their educational endeavors has, on the whole, been respected. One wonders, however, how long legislators will restrain themselves as they pour out these colossal sums.

Frontal attack upon such freedom is probably not so threatening as that from the flank. The happy sport of legislative investigating committees and the witch hunts for "reds" in faculties contain hints of control that don't have to be spelled out for teachers. And we might as well face the fact that to the average man, and particularly the businessman, academic freedom is not an appealing concept. The businessman is accustomed to giving orders and to firing people whose actions don't meet with his approval. He doesn't like to have his own economic and political views questioned by persons who never met a payroll, or to have "impressionable young people" subjected to acquaintance with "wild theories"; he would get rid of those disturbing professors. And legislators think in these respects much as businessmen do. It is a fair assumption that the prospect is for more governmental control rather than less.

Well as the state institutions have defended their academic integrity so far, there can be little doubt that the privately endowed institutions are more secure in their freedom from political pressure. It is charged, mostly from the left, that capitalists exert a subtle pressure by their past munificence and the hope of more. But this is small stuff compared with the fear of endangering appropriations that must be received every year. At least relatively, the endowed institutions may be regarded as citadels of freedom from political domination.

There is no need to expand on the plight of the endowed institutions. Teachers must eat, like the rest of us, and their salaries will have to follow the cost-of-living curves. State pride can be counted on to enlarge university appropriations to meet growing costs. But endowment funds are not so elastic; rather, their yield has been drastically cut down. Tuitions cannot be raised indefinitely in competition with the state-supported schools, even if the colleges were prepared to disregard the bad social effect of excluding students of slender means. At best, mounting costs and falling income may well snuff out the endowed lamps of learning in the fairly near future unless substantial help is forthcoming from sources which can afford such help.

That such an outcome would be a disaster to the freedom which we cherish, and in which corporate enterprise has flourished, can hardly be ques-

tioned. Where the tradition of independence of learning has not been established, government has easily subjugated the universities to its purposes; witness Germany and Russia. Where the tradition is strong, government has respected it; witness Sweden.

There are also subtler results to be feared. Our own state institutions are not so free as the endowed to experiment and to pioneer in untried lines, or in lines which may in the first instance be looked at askance by the voters. Or it may be necessary, in order to get funds for serious projects, to submit to logrolling and set up courses demanded by pressure groups, such as the ology of beauticians in California, thereby at one stroke debasing higher education and dissipating the energies of administration over trivialities. A brilliant project like the Nieman Fellowships at Harvard would be almost unthinkable but for private generosity; a state university would probably have had to set up one more school of journalism to grind out mediocre reporters for whom there are no jobs.

The possibility of dry rot and mediocrity settling down upon state-supported schools without the stimulus of competition from the freer schools must also be recognized. The effect of all these factors can be tested by imagining what it would be like if we had forty-eight state universities and no Harvard or Chicago or similar institution to set the pace; or by contemplating the extinction of the liberal arts colleges.

3

A MORE immediate concern of corporate business is research. Evidently business considers research worth while. No business feels itself up to date unless it spends some money on research, and reports to stockholders are full of pictures of handsome young men in white coats, looking at test tubes. The idea of research has, it is true, been debased somewhat as it has functioned in commerce. There is a tendency to feel that you put a nickel into the machine and take out a bottle of research. It covers everything from cooking up a new plastic to counting the people that go past the corner drugstore. There is, however, enough serious research going on in business to make it clear that managements believe the genuine article to be worth paying for.

Much excellent scientific work has been done in corporate laboratories, but it is necessarily somewhat cramped, because it must be pointed directly at developing a product or a process that will create profits in the near future. Yet nature doesn't have her secrets departmentalized; a botanist may develop an anesthetic, as has in fact been done. Yet few corporations can justify staffs in all branches of learning, while the investigator in a university can call upon specialists in nearly every field. Forward-looking managements are therefore turning more and more to the widespread facilities of universities

for light on their problems, and the field has been but scratched.

Another and more fundamental feature of university research, as against what the individual enterprise can hope for, lies in the difference between applied science and pure science. The extent of the difference, indeed the existence of the difference, may be debated, but for our present purposes it is quite clear. The example of nuclear science is a fair illustration of the point.

The development of atomic power would not have been possible but for pure and "useless" research. The dread bomb is the outcome of a high order of engineering skill in the utilization of the forces released by nuclear fission, but the "secret" of such fission was the product of pure science. It followed upon years of measuring, speculating, testing, by scientists working inconspicuously in universities all over the world. It probably didn't seem a practical achievement when Thomson succeeded in weighing an electron. But that was one step in producing the bomb. The scientists who worked on the bomb have been the first to say that they were working on a glorified engineering problem the solution of which would not have been possible if the theoretical work had not already been done by pure researchers. And they themselves long to get back to their laboratories and "useless" projects.

The story of nuclear fission is illustrative only. The same situation has been duplicated many times in the incredible developments of medicine and in other sciences. The present far-flung attack on cancer may depend on the success of some scientist who seems now to be merely playing with enzymes.

Production, and yet more production, comes close to being our national religion. No one can tell in what field the discoveries of some lonely laboratory worker may revolutionize production. Forward-looking industries like the oil industry and those concerned with food and drugs recognize the value to themselves of "useless" research. Where they have blazed a way, other industries should not fear to follow.

Sustaining research may be regarded as buying something for the stockholder, or at least taking a fair business gamble that an investment in research will in the long run prove profitable. But only two or three great corporations have undertaken pure research. For research has become a very expensive game. It has to be played more and more with blue chips. Cyclotrons and betatrons are costly paraphernalia, and last year's cyclotron can easily become a discarded toy when somebody thinks up a better gadget. It isn't a game that many individuals can sit in on any more. Indeed, few corporations can afford to play a lone hand. It calls for the combined resources of many of the well-to-do concerns. In fields like nuclear science, in fact, it is a fair question whether any agency short of government can hold the pace. Only Uncle Sam could have afforded

to bet two billion dollars on the atom bomb; perhaps no one else can afford to make the bets necessary to turn atomic power to peaceful use.

But this is no reason to sit back and leave it all to Uncle Sam; if anything, the situation only emphasizes the obligation of private enterprise to have a part in the development. If corporations can be said to have an over-all faith, it is clearly in private enterprise. And it is the negation of private enterprise to leave the limitless possibilities of research to government to develop.

Private enterprise doesn't like government in business; but if government is the sole agency of unlocking the secrets of nature that make possible better processes and products, government will be in business in earnest, and private enterprise will not be consulted much. Even though private enterprise cannot manage the whole thing, it can at least be a junior partner. It need not give government the right to say, "You left me alone to develop this thing. I propose to exploit it, and don't come around, after I have succeeded, to ask to get in on the benefits." Unless business makes some contribution, it can hardly hope to keep its foot in the door of progress.

Up to now governmental grants for research have been commendably free of restrictions. Thanks largely to the wise policies of the Office of Scientific Research and Development during the war, research institutions have been given problems and left free to solve them in their own way. It takes no prophetic vision, however, to see that it is unlikely that government in the long run will keep its hands off. The man that pays the piper notoriously has views about the tune. The temptation for legislators to impose conditions on grants will be very great. What the conditions may be — conceivably that the investigators should have only correct social and political views — does not matter. The institutions will be helpless unless they themselves can contribute some part at least of the resources. Private enterprise cannot expect scientific research to be kept free unless private enterprise itself makes an effort to keep it so.

4

MANY difficulties can be foreseen. How is the small manufacturer, or the big one for that matter, to know where his money is likely to do the most good? In the case of the national corporation, will it be in trouble if it contributes to a California institution and neglects one in New England? How is it going to follow up the effectiveness of the use of its funds? If atomic energy, for example, is made practicable by the use of government funds even in part, it must be expected that the results will be made available to all. What benefit can the contributing company get that its non-contributing competitor doesn't get?

These questions may perhaps be answering themselves to some extent. For increasingly some institutions specialize in certain fields and it may be fairly clear where effort should be concentrated. True, the issue may become pretty technical for the ordinary corporation management. But this might be met by organizing groups of contributors in different fields who could employ sufficiently expert advisers to ensure that the money is well directed. Such groups, moreover, would be more effective than individual corporations in asserting the claims of private enterprise as against bureaucratic control. Contributors, without violating the general principle that results obtained by government aid should be open to all, might fairly be rewarded by having their own research men kept currently abreast of developments and stimulated by continuous contact with scientists of the highest caliber.

Even harder questions may arise when we get out of the field of research, which can be expected to yield relatively tangible results, and consider the role of the colleges — including liberal arts colleges and technical schools.

Yet it must be clear to any thoughtful executive that the colleges are the schools that prepare the experts of tomorrow and its executives. True, students may find out what socialism is, or even communism, but it is a poor defender of free enterprise that doesn't know what resources his opponents have. Some young people are "spoiled" by education, but by and large the product of the colleges cannot be considered other than good. Many enlightened concerns recognize this and actually proselytize among the best of the graduating classes. If the colleges produce a product that is worth getting onto a corporation's staff, it must be a reasonably simple deduction that it is worth while for a corporation to promote good schools. This is as true of the liberal arts schools, which attempt to create well-rounded citizens, as of the technological schools, which aim to turn out good technicians.

Even though this be accepted in principle, obvious problems persist. The qualifications of the several colleges are not so easily differentiated or measured as those of research institutions. Here, too, we run into Old Grad trouble. Loyalty to dear old Siwash must be tempered by more detached considerations. A certain machinery for inducing impartiality may have to be invented.

The problem may be answered in part geographically. Local corporations may fairly be asked to help the institutions which serve primarily students from their own localities. For corporations which are spread over wide areas, special agencies for allocation could be developed. Also there might be joint appeals by particular classes of institutions; the appeal of the United Negro College Fund is a case in point, and corporations have not hesitated to contribute to that. Area groups can be imagined; there are, for example, several liberal arts colleges

of the first grade in the Middle West that deserve the support of the industries of the region which recruit from their graduates. Technical schools could make a combined appeal. And the women's colleges, which have struggled along doing a magnificent job on pitifully small resources, should be able to make their peculiar claims effective.

Scholarships and fellowships in particular are a medium through which corporate gifts could be channeled, scholarships for undergraduates and fellowships for the research workers and graduate students. Such contributions could be endowed or not; in either case they would lift the current load of the institution. Such awards would also reduce some of the other problems suggested. Scholarships could in the first instance be confined to sons and daughters of employees, and the problem of which college is to be attended could be solved by leaving it to the student's choice or by restricting it as the corporation might determine. Holders of graduate fellowships obviously would be directed to institu-

tions the work of which might particularly interest the corporation.

It is safe to say that if corporations could be inspired with generous impulses, machinery to utilize the proceeds would quickly develop.

In sum, we should face the implications of the fact that a great part of our national wealth is locked up in corporate form. If we may assume that the haves are under some obligation to help the have-nots, the corporations are clearly indicated as in the top flight of haves. They have come generally to recognize the obligation when community needs are involved. They recognize it when it is a question of meeting disaster on a national scale, as in the case of the Red Cross and the war services like USO. Some few of the advanced corporations recognize that it is good business to promote higher education in its research aspects. The logical next step is to recognize an obligation to promote both theoretical research at the university level and the production of good citizens at the college level.

BIRTH DAY

by ROBERT CECIL

LOOSEN the shutter, let the light
Flow in and wash against the white
Cliffs of the window ledge. The sky
At dawn is clear. Today my daughter
First wakes beside the sheltered water
Where childhood's holiday floats by.

You'll look at life tomorrow, dawdle
Among the sand dunes, count the pebbles,
In the shallows nimbly paddle,
Wallowing in warm pools until
You try your stroke against the incoming swell.
A lifetime's to be lived before
The sun dips down behind the hill
And lights are strung along the shore.

There will be time, Roxanne, to be
Baptized by fire before the walls
Of Arras; time, Penelope,
To weave your great web in the halls
Of Ithaca while suitors rage.
But this is not the time to unfold
The fabled world which will engage
The imagining of six years old;
Too early even to test the eye
With shadows of reality.
Suck now and learn to smile, a woman's arm
Still bars the door against the world's alarm.



A British artist and writer, OSBERT LANCASTER lived for eighteen months in Greece in a semiofficial capacity at the close of the war. Sketching and taking notes as he traveled, he has brought to his forthcoming book, Classical Landscape with Figures, of which this is a portion, a love of Greece and its inhabitants infectious to the beholder. His line drawings are as lively as his prose, as readers will know who have followed his cartoons in the English daily press, his contributions to many periodicals, and his books, Home Sweet Homes and Pillar to Post.

I LIKE THE GREEKS

by OSBERT LANCASTER

1

IT is hardly surprising that, in view of the many strains and stocks from which the modern Greeks derive, one of the first of the differences which separate them from other nations of which the foreign visitor becomes aware is their striking nonconformity to type. Elsewhere, particularly in Anglo-Saxon countries, a fearful and increasing uniformity is the rule, which is discernible not only in the great mass of the population, where one might perhaps look for it, but also in those walks of life where one would be justified in expecting to find some outstanding signs of character and individuality. In England, the Labor Government has held power for three years, yet few save the experts can tell the Under Secretaries apart, while in the United States none save those who have devoted a lifetime to the subject can possibly memorize the features of any individual politician for more than five minutes.

How different are things in Greece! Here, where politicians are in proportion to the population so much more numerous, no possibility of mistaken identity exists; their faces, figures, and deportment are as individual and readily distinguishable to the naked eye of the man in the street as their thumb-prints would be under the microscope of Monsieur Bertillon. Consider his Beatitude the Archbishop, six feet six in height, weighing 238 pounds, with cheekbones as rugged and prominent as the Pindus; M. Mavromichaelis, rosy and monocled, as fine a specimen of the brachycephalic White's Club type as you could find in Pall Mall; Comrade Siantos, a cross between King Zog and Emllyn Williams in a Welsh character part; General Plastiras, thin as string, fiercely mustachioed, with eyes like Kalamata olives; M. Papandreou, so nobly Thespian in the old Lyceum manner that one automatically expects to be addressed as "laddie." These and half a hundred others lend infinite color and vari-

ety to the Greek political scene and render enviably easy the lot of the Athenian caricaturists.

It is not without design that the above examples have all been chosen from the political world, although the rule holds good in all strata of Greek society, for nothing is likely to strike the foreigner so forcibly as the magnitude of the role which politics plays in the life of every Greek.

In Greece, as with us, hard though it may be for some Western democrats to credit it, governments are dependent on popular support; and the principal difference lies in the manner in which that support is expressed or withdrawn. There, when a government has exhausted the patience of the country, it is as often as not removed from office not by the ballot box but the *coup d'état*, and for many years the technique has remained unchanged. One morning a band of colonels and major generals, judging the state of public opinion to warrant such an enterprise, marches across Constitution Square, firing a ritual volley down University Street en route, takes possession of the Ministries of War and the Interior, and arrests the Cabinet. Next morning a new government is installed; the leaders of the old one have been condemned to death, and the colonels and major generals are gazetted lieutenant generals and full generals. A few days later the sentences on the defeated politicians are commuted to life imprisonment, subsequently to be reduced to banishment to the islands where most of them have already provided themselves with comfortable villas against just such an emergency. A few months pass, an amnesty is proclaimed, and life goes on as before.

In these circumstances the *coup d'état* becomes an accepted constitutional device and is usually attended with far less bloodshed than a general election, but its success depends on the strict observance of the rules by both sides. On the two occasions in recent years when the rules were infringed, wounds

were inflicted to which the present state of the country can in no small measure be attributed.

After the Asia Minor disaster in 1922, Colonels Plastiras and Gonatas went so far as to carry out the death sentence on six of the Royalist leaders, a gross infringement of the accepted code, which, whether or not there existed legal justification, left a legacy of bitterness which even Venizelos himself was never effectually able to surmount and which was active for harm up to the outbreak of the last war. In 1935 General Metaxas, having seized power in the accepted fashion, so far forgot himself as to keep his political opponents in the exile to which they had been traditionally banished for an indefinite period, and by so doing prevented the normal functioning of the *politikos kosmos* from then onwards. It was for this, far more than for those totalitarian gestures which so excited the wrath of foreign anti-fascists, that he earned the cordial dislike of his countrymen; while supplying an unaccustomed quantity of bread in the form of improved social services, he was forced, in order to maintain himself in power, to close down the principal circus.

More typical is the story of General Pangalos, a resourceful and highly praxicopomatic¹ general who first came into political prominence when, in the early twenties, he delivered his country by the usual methods from whatever form of tyranny it was groaning under at the time. Having sworn to establish the rule of justice and democracy with no thought of private advantage, he soon found himself in the unenviable position, owing to the obstructive activities of various suspicious and far from disinterested rival saviors, of being forced to assume the supreme power. In due course he was elected to the Presidency by the voice of the people expressed in a vote the size and unanimity of which more than compensated for any disadvantage his cause might have suffered in the popular esteem from the grave necessity to which he had been put of having to arrest all rival candidates before the polling day.

Once in power, it must be admitted that those stern republican ideals which had hitherto always influenced his policy suffered some slight modification; his installation of his wife in the Queen's apartments in the Royal Palace caused unfavorable comment among Republicans and Royalists alike, while his appearance in the royal box at an Opera ball clothed in a silk toga with his brow wreathed in roses shook the confidence of the more solid section of the electorate. Before rather abruptly leaving office, however, he initiated several sound and praiseworthy pieces of legislation, one of which, a sumptuary law establishing the exact number of inches from the ground the women of Greece would be permitted to wear their skirts — an edict that was rigidly enforced by a corps of inspectors

equipped with tape measures — at the time attracted considerable attention in the world press.

After his enemies had brought about his removal from power the general retired into an exile, enlivened by occasional abortive attempts at *coups d'état* (the competition in this line of business was, in the twenties and thirties, unfortunately considerable), from which he once more emerged into the light of history on being discovered among the collaborationists in the Averoff jail shortly after the liberation. This unfortunate predicament was due, so he informed a correspondent (Richard Capell, to whose admirable volume *Simiomata* I am indebted for this brief account of the later phase of the General's career), to the fact that some days previously, certain Communists had lost their lives in a savage attack on his flat in Aristotle Street — an attack which would certainly have succeeded had he not, as one well versed in the uncertainties of Greek political life, kept beneath the upholstery of his sofa thirty hand grenades, two pistols, a rifle, and a tommy gun. When some weeks later the Averoff was stormed by ELAS it was thought that the old campaigner had lost his life in the ensuing massacre, but I am glad to say that he was able, under cover of the disturbance, to make good his escape and is now once more living in a retirement which I have not the least doubt he is still prepared instantly to abandon at the first call of duty.

While the actual maneuvering and strategy are confined to a comparatively small team, it should not be supposed that the spectators are doomed to a passive role or that their opportunities for political self-expression are few or unsatisfying. Quite apart from the organized rallies and demonstrations which provide the regular Sunday amusement of every self-respecting citizen, political enthusiasm manifests itself in every department of everyday life in a manner which to us is apt to appear almost excessive. Thus, seldom has a man been more distressed than a young English musician invited to conduct a concert of modern Greek music when, at the first rehearsal, the composer of the work in progress having informed the orchestra that the next twenty-five bars of his tone poem represented the triumph of democracy over fascism, all the strings got up and cheered and the brass and percussion walked out in a rage.

Similarly, few of the English present are likely to forget a memorable first night of *The Merchant of Venice* when his political opponents in the stalls opened up on Shylock with a tommy gun, inflicting a nasty flesh wound on Bassanio and killing Lancelot Gobbo.

2

OVERWHELMING as is the prevailing enthusiasm for politics, it is likely that the visitor to Athens will be struck more immediately by the Greek passion for noise. There are some who hold that this extraordi-

¹From the adjectival form of the modern Greek word for *coup d'état*, meaning liable to *coups d'état* and used exclusively of generals and admirals.

nary trait in the national character springs rather from insensitiveness or indifference than from any positive liking; but this is a theory which has been rendered untenable by my chance discovery, in a car park in the Piraeus, of a motor bicycle fitted with two exhausts, each provided not with a silencer but with an amplifier.

The means whereby this passion is given expression are manifold and ingenious and there is no department of life in which it is not fully satisfied. Political demonstrations, in addition to the high-powered stream of oratory and the rhythmical chanting of slogans, are invariably enlivened by the presence of a brass band, if not two, while sessions of Parliament, thanks to the high pitch of development to which the slamming of desk lids and banging of dispatch boxes have here attained, frequently astound even French observers brought up in the hard school of the *Chambre des Députés*.

In everyday life the polite commonplaces of social intercourse are normally exchanged in the ringing tones of Demosthenes sharing his candid opinion of Philip of Macedon with a crowd of several thousands in the open air, and in summer the traveler approaching the coast of Attica across the waters of the Saronic Gulf is frequently puzzled by the continuous buzzing that first becomes audible soon after he passes the point of Aegina, and increases in intensity as he draws nearer the shore. It proceeds, he is startled finally to discover, from the casual conversation being sustained on the bathing beaches of Phaleron.

Nor is it only the human figures in the landscape who are subject to this weakness, for in Athens — and nowhere else so far as I know — the cocks are accustomed to greet the dawn at all hours of the day and night; and as almost all Athenians, even flat-dwellers, are enthusiastic keepers of poultry, this contribution to the general din is not to be despised. Needless to say, while there is every reason for supposing that this passion is deep-seated and of long standing, the modern Greeks with their great powers of rapid assimilation have availed themselves of all the discoveries of modern science to such good purpose that they have far surpassed the best which their great ancestors could achieve. The radio, the gramophone, and the internal-combustion engine are all employed to the fullest advantage, but it is noticeable that in so far as modern research has tended towards the elimination of sound its results have been firmly rejected; thus the majority of the Athenian streetcars are of the oldest and noisiest vintage, and such few comparatively new models as appear on the streets have all, by skillful handling and a few minor adjustments, been rendered in this respect almost as good as old.

Nowhere is this carefully cultivated talent for noise more vigorously or, to the Anglican ear, more surprisingly employed than in the service of religion. Here the very church bells call with an insistent,

imperative clang which to those accustomed to the gentle summons from the steeple of St. Fridiswede's sounding softly across the sunset fields of Birckett Forster, would seem more suited to the tocsin than to evensong. (Owing to the rugged nature of Greek political life it must be admitted that they are, in fact, almost as frequently employed for the former task as for the latter.) In many of the monasteries, however, the monks still cling to the older fashion, traditional in the Orthodox Church, of beating on a suspended wooden beam with a hammer, holding that this instrument, while possibly inferior to the bell in carrying power, is even more insistent at close quarters. In some cases a long iron bar has been substituted for the beam, and the results thus attained are said to be even more satisfactory. But these are merely the everyday routine practices and it is only on the great festivals that one is able to appreciate the real pre-eminence of the Church in this field.

3

EASTER, in the Orthodox Church, far surpasses in importance all other feasts, and in Greece it is celebrated by the whole nation — including even those who for the rest of the year are notoriously indifferent in such matters — with a fervor and intensity considerably greater than that which we are accustomed to display at Christmas. The fast of Lent has been observed in progressive stages, culminating, in Holy Week, for the devout in almost total abstinence, and in an absence of meat even on the mundane dinner tables of Kolonaki. All Good Friday the bells have tolled ceaselessly from every belfry in Athens, and after dark the Bier has been carried in procession round the confines of every parish.

Holy Saturday is a *dies non*; for the only time in the whole year the cafés are empty, and even the terrace at Yennaki's is deserted except for a handful of foreigners, while in the church all is dark save for one solitary candle on the altar. Towards midnight the space opposite the great west doors of the Metropolis, and of every church throughout the land, is gradually filled by an immense crowd in whom the fasting of the previous week and the unaccustomed gloom of the day, so foreign to the nature of a people not markedly austere, have induced a nervous condition bordering on hysteria. The wooden platform erected on a line with the high altar is occupied by members of the government and representatives of the diplomatic corps, the latter holding their candles in the slightly embarrassed manner of grownups participating in a nursery game, while from the open doors the sound of the chanting which has been going on within the darkened cathedral for many hours takes on a more urgent note. A few minutes before midnight the Archbishop emerges attended by two deacons, one

carrying a lighted candle from the altar, and mounting the platform begins the reading of the Gospel.

By now a deathly hush, or what passes in Greece for a deathly hush — that is to say, an absence of sound that compares not unfavorably with the noise of the small mammal house on a quiet afternoon — has fallen on the vast crowd, which is maintained unbroken until, on the stroke of midnight, the Bishop pronounces the words "*Xristos anesth* — Christ is risen." At this the night is rent by a wave of sound in comparison with which all the noises to which one has grown accustomed on other days of the year are as tinkling cymbals. A massed choir and two brass bands burst into powerful, though different, songs of praise; the guard of honor presents arms with a crash unrivaled even in the Wellington Barracks; every bell in the city, ably assisted by air-raid sirens and factory whistles, clangs out the good news, while the cheering crowds greet their Risen Lord with a barrage of rockets, squibs, Roman candles, Chinese crackers, and volley after volley of small-arms fire discharged by such of the devout — a not inconsiderable proportion — as have come to the ceremony armed.

4

ONE reason for the vast crowds which throng the churches at Easter has little enough to do with religion. The Greeks are, of all nations, the most gregarious, and any occasion which provides an opportunity for them to congregate in masses, be it religious, political, or sporting, is sincerely welcomed.

To the quality of the entertainment offered they appear quite indifferent, holding the pleasure of standing for two or three hours wedged among some thirty thousand or so of their fellow human beings in itself sufficient recompense. Nor are they dependent for the satisfaction of this particular whim on fixed celebrations previously announced, but will spontaneously gather in droves on the most trivial pretexts; a squabble between two cigarette boys, a broken-down motorbus, a performing bear, will in any Greek town draw crowds which in England only popular film stars arriving at a Command Performance can attract. This powerful instinct, of course, renders them unrivaled blockers-up-of-gangways, and when it is allied to an unfailing ability to select at a glance the narrowest strip of pavement, the sharpest corner of the stairs, slows up the tempo of everyday life to a pace which those not similarly gifted occasionally find distressingly slow.

This passion for crowds is accompanied, logically enough, by a dislike of solitude correspondingly intense. Thus in the height of the summer one never finds a beach, no matter how convenient or delightful, in the possession of half a dozen bathers; it is either completely empty or occupied by upwards of fifteen hundred people. Similarly a wealthy Greek, building himself a country villa, will reject any se-

cluded spot, even if not inconveniently remote, in favor of a site in a suburb already overcrowded by his friends and relations. Nor, even if he is as rich as Croesus, will he buy sufficient land or plant trees in order to ensure what we should regard as a minimum degree of privacy, arguing that it is practically impossible to escape being overlooked by the neighbors without at the same time depriving oneself of the pleasure of overlooking them.

Allied to this formidable passion for company is a trait which in me, as a small boy, was invariably dubbed vulgar curiosity but which a maiden aunt used convincingly to justify in herself as "taking a healthy interest in one's fellow beings." Needless to say, in this matter the Greeks are entirely of the aunt's way of thinking. One's health, one's income, one's children, one's sex life, are all matters in which they are prepared to take a burning and perfectly genuine interest and on which deliberately to withhold information would be considered churlish. Fortunately any suggestion of offensiveness in this string of personal questions — posed, as often as not, within a few moments of first meeting — is banished by that most endearing of all their national virtues — their unfailing and exquisite courtesy.

This virtue is all the more delightful for being unexpected; for the Greeks are a formidably intelligent people and among us, in the days when we could still as a nation lay some claim to it, politeness was seldom found allied to intellectual eminence and today can hardly be described as conspicuous among the logical and quick-witted French. In Greece, where both stupidity and rudeness are exceptional, they are usually discovered in firm alliance, and when a Greek is stupid he is very, very stupid indeed. In this connection it should perhaps be pointed out that the majority of rude Greeks seem always to gravitate towards the service of foreigners, a phenomenon which, while it undoubtedly testifies to the judgment and shrewdness of the average employer, has an unfortunate effect on the national prestige.

In order to avoid subsequent disappointment it would be as well perhaps, at this point, to attempt some analysis of the nature of Greek intelligence and to define its limitations. Its principal characteristic is the speed with which it works, which renders the Greek peculiarly formidable in all matters requiring rapid decision while leaving him more vulnerable when long-term issues are at stake. Thus time and again an apparently insoluble political crisis which seemed destined to plunge the whole country into chaos has by some brilliant feat of legerdemain been solved at the eleventh hour; but the deep underlying causes, political or economic, which have really occasioned the deadlock invariably remain unheeded and unresolved.

In a humbler sphere it renders the Greek the best mechanic in the world when it comes to doing roadside repairs, and the worst when it involves main-

taining a car in good running order over a period of time. This being so, it is not surprising that he should have most profitably exploited this remarkable gift in the field of international commerce operating under the principles of laissez-faire economics.

The ability to amass wealth is of course no more equitably diffused among the Greeks themselves than among other nations; on the contrary, to him that hath shall be given in Greece even more abundantly than elsewhere. Nevertheless, despite a fantastic disparity in incomes there is little or no resentment of great riches on the part of the have-nots, and all the desperate efforts of the Communists to wage the class war have as yet met with little or no success. This is to be explained both on psychological and economic grounds; the money-making gift is generally held in such high esteem among the Greeks that its successful exploitation on the grandest scale is a matter for respect and emulation but not for envy.

Economically, the fact that the majority of rich Greeks have from time immemorial amassed their fortunes by grinding the faces of other people's poor, exploiting the workers of Alexandria, Bombay, Manchester, or Cardiff, but seldom their own, has successfully prevented the formation within Greece of an industrial proletariat. Thus the poorest peasant in the land, unless he happens to be in the employ of one of the big tobacco magnates, is unable in his extremely logical mind to trace any connection between his own miserable condition and the usually far from discreet display of riches in the millionaires' quarter of Kolonaki.

Furthermore, this state of affairs is rendered difficult to upset by the almost total absence of class distinctions. Save for the existence of a few old Phanariot families, Greece is a country almost completely without an hereditary aristocracy; few of the most prominent citizens are more than a couple of generations from the soil, and many of the richest started life in the gutters of Smyrna or Constantinople. Moreover, where education is free and compulsory, it is no simple matter to establish the social rule of privilege.

Fortunately for the national character the Greek's ability to make money is equaled only by his genius for spending it, and on inquiry it will usually be discovered that the millionaire whose name is a household word for opulence is halfway through his third fortune. This lighthearted expenditure particularly excites the contempt of the Jews, who tend to despise the Greeks as being far too talkative and woefully irresponsible. The Greeks for their part entertain no envy or hard feelings for the Jews (in no country did the Germans have less success with their anti-Semitic campaign, which aroused the openly expressed horror of the whole nation), knowing full well that they have in Greece to work a twenty-four-hour day simply in order to keep their heads above water.

Indeed, the Greeks are singularly free from that distressing and today almost universal complaint, xenophobia. It is of course true that few can be found who are willing freely to admit that Bulgarians are human beings, a large proportion holding the view that they cannot, strictly speaking, even be classed as mammals; but in general they regard foreigners with an amused and kindly tolerance, and in certain cases with a degree of admiration as considerable as they could reasonably be expected to manifest for any beings laboring under the appalling disadvantage of not being Greek.

5

THE position which England occupies in the affections of the Greeks is exalted but rather less secure than we are apt lightheartedly to imagine. On the credit side there remains Byron and "all that," for so historically-minded are even the most ignorant Greeks that today the English traveler can still cash checks on the good will accumulated by our countrymen in the War of Independence. Against this must be set the fact that for a large and influential section of the population, the Asia Minor refugees, our national genius is typified not by the figure of the Pilgrim of Eternity dying for liberty in 1824, but by that of Lloyd George selling Greece up the river in 1922.

Similarly in recent times our record in the late conflict enormously increased our prestige, which was further strengthened in the eyes of the vast majority by our intervention in 1944. But on the other hand, a small but excessively vocal minority will not soon forgive us the latter action, while our popularity with all parties has undoubtedly decreased as a result of our failure to support sufficiently vehemently Greek national claims at the Paris Peace Conference.

Nevertheless, it seems probable, unless we are more than usually maladroit in our foreign policy, that we shall continue to enjoy the benefits of an emotional most-favored-nation clause for some time to come. This optimistic assertion is based not so much on the memory of past sufferings shared as on the undoubted existence of certain traits in the Greek national character which find their parallels in our own and which are not markedly conspicuous among the other nations of Europe. For instance, the average Greek is naturally lazy, without any belief in all that nonsense about the dignity of labor or work for work's sake, and in Greece the English traveler is seldom afflicted by those vague feelings of guilt to which in France and Italy the depressing spectacle of the toiling peasantry too frequently gives rise.

Then both nations are afflicted by an extraordinary inability to comprehend the ways of other peoples, which in our case finds expression in a pained incredulity that foreigners can be so stupid

as to doubt the purity of British motives and in the Greeks in a righteous and clamorous indignation at the base ingratitude of those who refuse to honor the enormous debts which all nations, at some time or other, either individually or collectively, are held to have contracted to the founders of Western civilization. Both of us in fact like to be liked and neither has yet lost, despite innumerable bitter disappointments, the ability to register pain and surprise when it is unmistakably demonstrated that we are not.

More important perhaps than all else, we both cling pathetically to the old world idea that the integrity of the individual is something to be respected.

The Englishman should, however, always be on his guard against pushing these comforting analogies too far; even qualities which both nations can with some assurance be said to have in common find, beyond a certain point, different modes of expression. Thus both English and Greeks can justly be considered kindhearted, but with the latter kindness does not inevitably, any more than with the Austrians or the Irish, neutralize a strain of ferocious cruelty.

For the Greeks can on occasion be cruel, and one has only to read the history of either the Peloponnesian or Independence Wars to realize that this deplorable failing is deep-rooted and not, as many sincere and patriotic Greeks, appalled by the atrocities which rendered the Athens rising of 1944 one of the bloodiest and most ghastly chapters in the whole depressing history of civil strife, so desperately maintain, just a bad habit acquired in the subhuman conditions of the German occupation. In mitigation it should, however, be emphasized that it is almost always a hot-blooded, unpremeditated cruelty fulfilling itself in sudden massacres and passionate reprisals, not in Belsen or Buchenwalds. It is, therefore, very different in degree and kind from the savage insensibility of the Slav or the calculated sadism of the Teuton, and while no Greek would think twice about dropping an atomic bomb on Sofia, one would search in vain, I think, even among the most ferocious and vocal Bulgarophiles, for those capable of initiating or carrying out a scientific and remorseless extermination of the whole race.

In the final analysis it is a trait which history and ethnology teach us almost invariably goes hand in hand with exceptional physical courage in a certain stage in a people's development, and in this case is closely connected with the prevailing attitude to death. In Greece human life is held as cheap as human personality is held dear, a fact for which abundant evidence is provided not only by the high homicide rate but also by the everyday performance of chauffeurs and pilots. The spectacle of death arouses no feelings of pious horror, and sensitive foreigners are frequently distressed

by the sight of the dear departed being conveyed to his last resting place insecurely strapped to the luggage grid of the family car, or, if he has been the victim of political enthusiasm, and it is thought that capital can be made of his martyrdom, hoisted aloft on a pole at the head of an indignant procession. Curiously enough, once the corpse is below ground this realistic attitude immediately gives way to one of irrational horror. No Greek will live near a graveyard or even go through one if he can possibly avoid it, and a highly intelligent acquaintance once confessed that the first months of his time at Oxford had been rendered miserable by the Great Western Railway's practice of halting all trains for a probationary period alongside the local cemetery before allowing them into the station.

However, if among the Greeks kindness of heart does not invariably prove an altogether effective antidote to an indifference to death and suffering, it never, as is so often the case with us, degenerates into a vague ineffective benevolence, nor is its expression characterized by any trace of sentimentality. Of this unamiable and depressing failing which mars so much of our art and literature, wrecks our foreign policy, renders ridiculous our religion, and is responsible in our social life for as much unhappiness as downright cruelty, the Greeks are entirely free.

Of all the qualities which the Greeks possess in a marked degree this almost terrifying realism which successfully renders impossible the harboring of any illusions, sentimental or otherwise, and which characterizes their personal relationships, their art, and their conduct of business, is perhaps their most distinctive attribute — and one which, in a punch-drunk world muzzy with ideologies and doped with false ideals, may well prove of the greatest value both to themselves and the rest of us.

How far the successful cultivation of this virtue is due to the climate must be determined by those who have made a study of the effect of environment on character, but certainly it is difficult even for those born and bred in the damp Celtic twilight of the West or the green Wagnerian gloom of the North to retain their romantic illusions in the fabulous clarity of this extraordinary atmosphere. Here supernatural sanction for political ambitions is not easily assumed, and unaided good will no longer appears as an adequate remedy for the world's ills; prosperity is not just around these angular and all too well defined corners, and the doctrine of original sin gains a new validity. One soon discovers that the injunction inscribed on the Temple of Apollo at Delphi is less easily disregarded in the land of Apollo's birth, and that personal motives cannot so casually be concealed beneath a top dressing of disinterest. Fear does not convincingly masquerade as prudence, nor can pride get by beneath the trappings of justifiable self-respect.



The Atlantic Serial



ARABESQUE

by GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD

In 1941 Armande Herne, the attractive wife of a British petty officer in the Atlantic service, finds herself the object of considerable suspicion in Syria. Half French and bilingual, she had come to Beirut as the secretary to an aircraft manufacturer. But when his mission collapsed and the British and Free French took over, she was without visible means of support. Her British passport was only a partial defense against the suspicion of British Field Security, represented here by the persistent Sergeant Prayle.

Wishing to reidentify herself with the war, Armande accepts a commission from David Nachmias of the Jewish Agency, who tells her that with her charm she can persuade Sheikh Wadiah to sell to the British the machine guns which he has been deviously collecting. Armande visits the Sheikh's mountain village, Beit Chabab, in the Lebanon, where, after some weeks of giving and receiving hospitality, she charms the chieftain out of his arsenal.

With the sale definitely arranged, she leaves for Jerusalem.

What Armande does not realize is that her coup comes as a complete surprise to both Captain Fairfather of British Field Security and Major Montagne of the Free French, who had captured the receipt for the guns but not the weapons.

Sergeant Prayle is sent to Palestine to interrogate Armande. He discovers her working as a secretary in the British headquarters in Jerusalem; he also discovers that she is harboring in her little flat an Arab fugitive, Fouad, the Sheikh's majordomo. Prayle, who believes in her innocence, helps Fouad escape. But Armande knows that the higher-ups are suspicious of her. She appeals to David Nachmias to clear her reputation with the British but he refuses.

Armande's colonel sacks her without explanation, and when she protests indignantly to headquarters, Captain Fairfather tells her that she has been black-listed because the machine guns for which she had negotiated were actually delivered to the Jewish National Home. He says that her only chance for security — and a new job — lies in Cairo.

20

AT ONE Cairo hotel after another Armande was bowed from her taxi by a gorgeously dressed luggage porter, and bowed back again. None had a room. She was weary of the polite and natty hotel clerks, weary of well-bathed officers leisurely departing from their rooms to GHQ, weary of the whole air of spurious smartness. She decided, as a last resort, to telephone the Major Honeymill recommended by Captain Fairfather.

The major's voice was soothing. "Stay right where you are," he said, "and I'll come and fetch you before lunch. Let me talk to the manager."

The manager engaged in smiling Arabic conversation over the telephone, in which there seemed to be a good deal of exclamatory backchat and, probably, of conventional masculine indecencies.

Major Honeymill evidently knew his Cairo. There was clapping of hands at the desk. A brown man in red robes and two black men in white robes made obsequious appearance. Madame would have a bath. Madame would have breakfast. It was deeply regretted that Madame could not yet be given a room, but meanwhile the hotel was at

Madame's disposal. The chambermaid was ready with an iron.

When she came down to the lounge at midday, Armande was conscious of being fit to partner the gorgeousness of Major Honeymill.

Gorgeous he was. He wore a tall lambskin cap on his head, a green sash around the waist of his khaki sweater, desert boots, gray gabardine trousers, and bits of chain mail and shiny whistles in unexpected places. He was browned and slim as an Arab youth, though in his late thirties, and had a suggestion of Arab femininity in his sensitive face; of this he seemed to be aware, for he had grown a black mustache of remarkable ferocity.

Major Honeymill led her to an enormous staff car with an Arab driver almost as exquisitely uniformed as himself. They drove out to the Pyramids for lunch. Armande, knowing by this time how strongly the generals objected to the use for joy rides of army petrol and transport, was alarmed when the car was stopped by the Military Police. Major Honeymill gave his name and unit without the least sign of embarrassment.

"What on earth will you say?" she asked.

"I shall say nothing," he answered with a grin. "I shall just whisper. After all, it's the Emir's staff car. And I am merely his A.D.C. Is it not possible that I should sometimes escort to His Highness those women whom he delights to honor?"

"And you can get away with that?" she laughed.

"How nice that you have a sense of humor! My dear, the simple soldiery will believe anything. But one must whisper. That is essential."

The major was an enchanting host. His military duties were of the vaguest — mothering an aged and important Emir and training the Emir's considerable body of retainers — and left him free, he said, for the far more important duty of preserving, in spite of all this military austerity, a reasonable standard of living in Cairo.

"I can put you up," he said, "as long as you like, if you can stand the crush. Carry will fit you in somewhere."

Armande protested politely but unconvincingly.

"Carry will love to have you there," he said. "I'll telephone and let her know you are coming."

The great car swept them back to Cairo, its driver, mindful of his master's prestige, hooting even at the tramcars. Honeymill was dropped at his office, and Armande with her baggage taken on to his flat.

The driver let her into the flat and deposited her bags in the hall. Out of the hall opened a tiny kitchen and a very large living room, bare and masculine, but with a number of feminine garments strewn over the divans and thrown into corners. On the far side of the living room were only two doors. Armande recognized, regretfully, that there would indeed be a crush. She was going to be a nuisance to the Honeymills.

At the noise of her movements, a woman's voice behind one of the closed doors shouted gaily, "Come in, Toots! I'm only having a bath."

"It's me, Armande Herne," she said.

"Who?"

"Are you — er — Mrs. Honeymill?" asked Armande, feeling utterly foolish, for she was suddenly certain that there wasn't any Mrs. Honeymill.

"I'm Carry Laxeter. Who are you?"

"Didn't Major Honeymill telephone?"

"Oh, God! Toots is impossible," came a despairing wail from the bathroom. "Wait a minute!"

The door opened, and a cloud of steam swept across the living room and out through the muslin mosquito curtains. With the mist about her strode a tall, angular woman attired in a man's silk dressing gown. Her face had a cheerful grin, and her plucked eyebrows were humorously lifted.

"Have you come to stay with us?" she asked.

"Well — yes," said Armande, "if —"

"That's lovely. You'll be such a help with Xenia."

"Xenia?"

"She's a distressed Yugoslav. She lives here too. Yugoslavs do get so distressed. But I expect you need a drink — we can't be bothered to make tea. There's the gin in the cupboard. Are you any good at a Martini?"

"Yes," said Armande humbly. "I think I am."

"Be a darling and make me one too, then."

Though it was only half past four, Armande mixed a couple of stiff drinks. The situation at Major Honeymill's flat was, in the cold light of normal reason, incomprehensible; it might, she considered, fall into some sort of recognizable pattern if the outlines were softened by a cocktail.

"Cheers!" said Carry Laxeter. "That's really good. Toots will make you mix the drinks."

"Toots is Major Honeymill?" she asked.

"Yes. Didn't you know?"

"I — well, I only met him this morning."

"Oh, God!" exclaimed Carry with a ripple of laughter. "Isn't Toots delicious?"

"He has been very kind," Armande replied primly. "But perhaps I didn't appreciate —"

"It's just that Toots is so hospitable. Arabs, darling," Carry added vaguely. "You know."

"But —"

"No, not a harem. You see, he put me up when I'd run away from my husband. And that was a bit awkward. So when Xenia came along, what was easier than to put her up too? And now there's you."

Armande involuntarily looked round the flat. There could not possibly be more than one bedroom.

Carry smiled at her bewilderment.

"Toots sleeps there," she said, pointing to the second door, "and Xenia and I doss down in here. And if you'll join us there's a third divan for you."

It seemed to Armande that the last words had been spoken with unnecessary firmness.

"I'd love to," she answered, "for a day or two. Where is Xenia?"

"She was crying on Toots's bed. But I think she has gone to sleep now. She's fallen in love with Toots," Carry explained.

"It wouldn't be difficult."

"But don't. It's useless."

Armande smiled sympathetically. A slight bitterness on the ironical face of her temporary hostess showed that she too had fallen or, more probably, wanted to fall in love.

"Don't misunderstand me. He's an angel," Carry Laxeter went on. "But you never know how far it is just pity. And then there's no privacy. An impossible man. Darling, if ever there were only one woman here, you can bet two of his pals from the desert would drop in and camp in the hall."

21

WHEN Major Honeymill returned from the private staff work of his private war, he brought with him

an Arab officer. Lieutenant Rashid Abd-er-Rahman ibn Ajjueyn looked more like a soldier than any man Armande had ever seen. Not for him were the puzzled, the deliberately firm-lipped, the heartily virile expressions of European officers. He was an Arab d'Artagnan, doubtless full of religious and social conventions of his own, but obviously capable of whipping off an enemy's head without a change in his merry, velvet eyes or his straight carnivorous smile. Armande considered that if Major Honeymill had foreseen, as he probably had, some restraint in his domestic relations, he could not have chosen a better diversion.

"But this is delightful!" exclaimed Toots.

With a wave of his hand he implied his pride at seeing two such women in his room, and his satisfaction that Armande should be confidently mixing drinks.

"How is Xenia?"

"Xenia is here," answered a thrilling voice from the doorway of his bedroom.

Xenia was very much there, one hand on each portal of the door, her head sunk upon her left shoulder. She was wearing an astonishing negligee of lace and white satin which clung to the more voluptuous curves of her young body, and cascaded everywhere else.

"Xenia, my sweet!" cried Toots. "Come and join the party!"

"I vas weeping," announced Xenia solemnly, as if it had been an employment which needed serious concentration.

"Did you have a nice sleep, darling?" Carry asked.

"Xenia and I have not met yet," Armande reminded Carry.

"Xenia, this is Armande Herne. She has come to this asylum to stay. I use the word in its proper sense, Toots — a refuge from the world."

"It is rather like a bughouse, isn't it?" said Toots proudly.

Xenia stared at Armande for an embarrassing moment; then, as if encouraged by the quiet smile, she slipped a plump arm under the tense, slim muscles of Armande's, and entered the room under her protection.

"You vill be my friend, yes?"

"I do hope so."

"You are kind. Ve vill both love him, yes?"

Toots and Carry went off into ripples of laughter.

Lieutenant Rashid observed the scene with a genial smile. He seemed perfectly at ease.

"What's in the larder, Carry?" Toots asked.

"I expect Mahmoud didn't leave anything. Shall we go out?"

"I wondered whether Armande mightn't be too tired to go out after her journey," said Toots diffidently. "So Rashid and I brought a porcupine."

Rashid sprang joyously into the entrance hall,

and returned waving the porcupine by its hind legs. It was naked of spines. Its nose was very long. Its throat gaped horribly from the Mohammedan knife.

"Sucking swine!" exclaimed Xenia enthusiastically. "With fingers! Yes, please?"

"With fingers and on the floor in the Beduw manner," Toots agreed.

"Then I change my dress. You come!" she ordered Armande, compelling her gently towards the bedroom.

Xenia flung off her imperial negligee, and looked in the mirror. "Am I beautiful?" she asked.

"You are young," Armande replied.

"And nobody loves me! Nobody!"

"Oh, I'm sure they do," said Armande weakly, embarrassed by so much flesh and emotion.

"Nobody! He say, come and live with Carry and me! I think first I be servant. Then I think I be loved. I do not know, I do not care. He is so kind. I come. My mother dead, my father prisoner. What shall I do? I come. Then I find — nothing to do. I am just nice friend. I hate this Carry. I say, I go. He tell me not to be silly. I stay."

"I shall speak to Toots about it," said Armande severely.

She returned to the living room with Xenia, now all bouncing in a pinafore. Carry was draped gracefully against the entrance to the kitchen. The two men had removed their tunics and were happily at work: Rashid squatting on his heels by the open back door and blowing at a charcoal brazier, Toots struggling to disjoint the porcupine.

"Let me do it," said Armande.

"You? I thought you were so . . ."

"Helpless?"

"Never! Ethereal!"

"But not for dinner. This is a rotten knife. Rashid Bey, lend me yours."

Rashid grinned and stood up. Armande was sure that so boyish a character would have a good blade in his pocket; she expected him to go to his tunic and fetch it. Instead, he undid collar and tie, and lifted over his head a string of camel hair on the end of which was an eight-inch knife in a soft leather sheath. He laid the knife on the dresser for Armande to pick up.

"Good God!" exclaimed Toots. "I never knew you carried that thing under your shirt!"

Rashid, still grinning, watched Armande. She was absurdly proud to notice that he showed no sign of anxiety as she felt for the unfamiliar joints with the thin and precious leaf of damascened steel.

Carry said admiringly, "Darling, you are a dangerous woman!"

And from her own sex this time. Dangerous? Incompetent! What was the cause of this false impression she gave?

Rashid carried in the joints of porcupine, aromatic of herbs and charcoal, resting on a mound of rice. They put the dish in the middle of the floor

and gathered round it on a ring of sofa cushions. Xenia, excited by alcohol and great gobbets of the supposed sucking pig, burst into Yugoslav song until, with startling suddenness, she fell asleep. Carry became more lavish with her terms of endearment, the more pungent her wit. Rashid flashed his merry, watchful smile, but said little. Either his habit of downing a cocktail in a single draught, or the pious Arabic exclamation which followed, seemed to act as an antidote.

At midnight Rashid carried on a courteous and conventional argument with Toots — Toots protesting that he must stay the night, Rashid swearing that it was the desire of his heart but impossible.

Toots was more decisive when Rashid had gone. He came back yawning, and produced for Armande a pair of the finest linen sheets and a heap of rough army blankets. Then he said good night and vanished into the bedroom.

"What are the arrangements for the morning?" Armande asked Carry.

"We all pretend to be asleep, darling, while Mahmoud brings Toots his breakfast in bed."

Armande unpacked her suitcase, and went to bed. Carry turned out the light.

"Good night," she said. "And I'm sorry."

"What for?"

"Whatever I said that reminded you. I think that in these days every woman in Cairo has a word — you know, a sort of talisman — which will spoil her mood."

22

"I MUST earn my living," Armande announced to Toots one afternoon when the others were out.

Toots leaned forward to flick the ash off his cigarette. "Don't hurry. It seems only yesterday you came here."

"It's three weeks," she insisted.

"What's three weeks in a lifetime? Do take a bit more time to look round."

"I have looked round."

It was true; and the looking round, even with good introductions, had been depressing. For an Englishwoman without any technical qualifications, there was no possible paymaster but the army. Neither to Toots nor to any prospective employer could she bring herself to explain why the army would not do.

"I want you to stay on in the flat when I go," he said.

"No, I won't, Toots, my dear."

"Who'll look after Carry and Xenia?"

"What on earth makes you think that they can't look after themselves?"

"Perhaps I haven't thought of that enough," he said courteously, but evidently considering her unkind.

"You haven't thought of it at all, Toots. You're just holding them as prisoners."

"But they are so lost."

"How long will you be away?" she asked.

"I don't know. Depends on Rommel. We might fetch up anywhere."

"Then let Carry stop here alone, and find herself. But Xenia is no more lost than a bird. She sorrows and flutters and mates and dances, and goes through joy and agony every day of her life. Get her a job in one of the Yugoslav camps, Toots. So long as she has a lover and can be useful, she is fulfilled. . . . Where are you going?"

"Into the desert," he replied. "And soon. That's why I've had to talk to you seriously."

"Do what I ask about Carry and Xenia."

"I will."

For a week Armande was all brittle courage, which led her only into exploration of Cairo and a few improbable interviews. One morning as she let herself flow through the streets upon the tide of busy human beings, hoping for inspiration from their very variety, she found Floarea Pitescu, the Rumanian cabaret girl she had met in Beit Chabab, decorating the Rue Soleiman Pasha. Armande carried her off for cakes and coffee, noticing with amused interest the appraisal that they received, and the little silences as they passed between the crowded tables of the garden café.

While they strolled through the streets, Floarea's enthusiastic chatter, illuminated by an occasional fact tersely expressed, had made it clear that she was in Egypt to get an engagement, that the Romanova, her so-called mother, was still with her and well, and that times were hard.

"How do you like Egypt?" Armande asked. "Have you got no work at all?"

"Just odd jobs as a photographer's model. This sort of thing!" Floarea hunted in an oversmart bag of white patent leather, and produced a photograph in which she was lying dazzlingly and completely naked on a Victorian sofa.

"Good?" she asked, with the tolerant pride of an artist in a minor but efficient production.

"Well . . ." began Armande, too startled to criticize.

Floarea's face in the photograph was so serious and composed that it gave to the portrait a grave beauty. The pose was not languishing enough to advertise clothes — which indeed it hardly could — or any object of feminine vanity or masculine desire.

"What on earth is it for?"

"Constipation. Pills."

"Have you got to do that kind of thing?" Armande asked.

"Why not? I am waiting to dance at a smart locale. I will not take an engagement at the second-rate."

"But you're heaps better than all these old turns in Cairo that everybody is tired of. Haven't they given you a trial?"

"Oh, yes. But the conditions, my dear! The proprietor! Even the doorman! In Bucharest one is allowed some choice. But Cairo is a great brothel."

"Floarea," Armande suggested, "what would happen if you and I asked for a job together?"

"You?"

"I can dance — or at least I could."

"That doesn't matter. But . . . are you all right? I mean, we shouldn't have any trouble with the police?"

"Why should I have?" asked Armande indignantly. "And what about you? An enemy subject!"

"I am a Jewess," said Floarea smugly.

"Are you? I didn't know."

"No, Armande. I am Orthodox," Floarea replied, drawing out from her bosom a small gold cross and kissing it. "I wear my cross, though I hide it — and may God forgive me for the lie! But Mama found out that artistes were allowed to work and travel if they were Jews. So we learned a prayer in Hebrew, and said that we were. They say it's dangerous in Palestine, that there is a secret Jewish police who ask too many questions. But here we were believed. Is it wrong, do you think?"

"Not for you," Armande answered. "It's a policeman's world, this — and each of us must do what she can. Is there anywhere with a piano where we can practice? Then you can see how much I've forgotten, and make up your mind."

"Yes. At our rooms. Mama will be there."

The Romanova greeted Armande with reserve. Her eyebrows, painted in two appealing semicircles high on the aging forehead, were raised more in interrogation than welcome. Sitting with her was the landlady, whom she called Ecaterina. Floarea explained, in a rush of emphatic and musical Rumanian, the reason for Armande's visit.

"Let us see," said Romanova neutrally.

She led the way to a room which was empty except for a piano and a stool.

"Can you lend me some clothes?" Armande asked Floarea.

"I got 'im!" said the landlady, bursting importantly into English. "Nice, clean! I know what you like."

She had been staring at Armande with embarrassing approval. She now waddled out of the room, and returned with a neatly ironed play suit, thoroughly practical except for a quantity of fish-fin frills.

"I like English," she said.

Romanova looked critically at Armande's legs.

"Tap?" she asked.

"Classical."

"Not without more muscles in your calf than that, my girl! But you'll certainly give the clients something to look at."

Romanova seated herself at the piano. She began

to play, watching Armande's interpretation of the music.

"Oh, my God!" exclaimed Floarea regretfully.

"Little fool! After all, you don't know a thing!" snapped the Romanova. "She can manage her arms — which is more than you ever will till you stop thinking how pretty they are. — You're hopelessly out of training," she added to Armande.

"I know. How long would it take to get back?"

"Months."

"Well, that's that," said Armande.

"But I thought you wanted to dance with this child, not ballet. You'd be good enough to partner her in a fortnight — if you really worked."

Floarea stood still, her shocked eyes filling with tears. Then she suddenly swooped across the room, lifted Romanova off the piano stool and kissed her.

"Mama! Will you stop trying to take the conceit out of me!"

Romanova, for the first time, smiled at Armande, as if she too must admire the relationship between this impetuous girl and her so-called mother. Armande did admire it. She also began to think more kindly of the Romanova than at Beit Chabab. There was, after all, no real reason why a woman should ever remove powder from her face if she didn't want to.

"Can I train here?" she asked.

"Yes. Two hours in the morning alone with me. Two hours in the afternoon with Floarea. If you do less, I won't take you. Are you eating well? You look like it."

"Very well," said Armande guiltily. "And — and you?"

"On tick. Ecaterina is an old friend" — Romanova lifted her eyebrows in the direction of the door through which the landlady had gone — "but getting restive. Pay for the lessons if you can."

Armande, now committed to a future that appalled her, forced herself to ask whether Mme. Ecaterina had a room that she could occupy. Ecaterina had. It was clean, Armande discovered, and could have been cheerful if scissors had lopped off the fringes of bedcover, curtains, lamp shades, and mantelpiece.

"What's your name when you dance?" Armande asked Floarea.

"Mavis. It's romantic."

"It's suburban — but if you like it! Then I will be Marthe. Mavis and Marthe. Will that do? I will come tomorrow, Mama, for a lesson. And I will take the room, Mme. Ecaterina, at the end of next week."

23

MAVIS and Marthe, new, exciting, and of pre-war loveliness, had no difficulty in obtaining a profitable engagement where they chose. Armande decided on the Casino. It was out of bounds to British

troops, and therefore less embarrassing to her first shyness; and it was about to move out of winter quarters into its attractive summer garden by the Nile. At their interview the proprietor, though a good business Greek, was unable to hide his enthusiasm at his unexpected gift from heaven.

Their engagement opened at the end of April. Romanova had arranged two numbers designed to show the grace and ease of her pupils, but demanding no more than a beginner's skill upon the points. The artistes at the summer Casino were not confined between tables; there was a good stage upon which to exploit the romance of flowing skirts and swirling draperies.

The first number was a waltz of the crinoline period, with Armande in white organdie, Floarea in sea green, and an atmosphere of innocent girlhood at the court of Vienna or St. Petersburg — Armande was never sure which. In the second number they were two butterflies, and dressed in little else than wings attached to jeweled brassière and thigh, wrist, and shoulder. Romanova made no secret of her intentions: to show the beauty of Armande's arms to the lover of ballet, and as much of Floarea as the police permitted to the connoisseur of women. Armande agreed only after violent argument.

"But why, Armande?" Floarea asked at last. "You wouldn't mind swimming in just as little as you will wear as butterfly."

"That's different."

"But why?"

"I suppose," replied Armande, flushing, "because I am not being stared at by men."

"But you are," said the Romanova. "There are always a lot of cretins on any beach with nothing else to do."

"I'm not being paid for them to look at anyway."

"That's just the point," Romanova snapped. "At the Casino you are being paid."

"All right, all right," said Armande, wearily surrendering. "Give me my wings. Measure me for my — what do you call it, Mama?"

"*Cache-sexe*," answered Romanova modestly.

"Well, for heaven's sake see that it does."

Toots and Rashid had vanished from Cairo. Armande received a number of visits and telephone calls from their friends, but was deliberately evasive. She writhed under an intolerable sensation that everyone was staring at her, that women despised her, and that men would congratulate each other, with guffaws and warnings to be careful, on the entertainment of that pretty piece from the Casino.

Carry Laxeter refused to be dropped. She treated the Casino as if it were a smart London restaurant with a floor show. Carry's humor was a refuge. Armande clung to her as a companion, and loved her as the last existing bond between herself and her past life.

Seen through Carry's eyes, two at least of her

fellow performers were engaging; but Carry, she knew, would only laugh if Miss Fatima ended in jail and Mlle. Joliette were pulled in for compulsory medical examination. They were objects for pity and sympathy, not for laughter. Yet, if one were thrown into their society, were, in fact, to the outer world their equal and colleague, an understanding laughter was the only possible working attitude.

Miss Fatima was a pure Egyptian with the morals of the Old Testament. Her ambition was to become the concubine of the highest in the land, in order to gain power for herself and security for her relatives. Yet she — with the possible exception of Floarea — was the only sincere artist of the Casino. Fatima spent hours every day in a practice of muscle control that would have done credit to a Yogi disciple. Her object was to move breasts, stomach, and abdomen in ever increasing circles, sometimes clockwise below and anticlockwise above, while reducing the movement of her feet to a mere suggestion of action as delicate as a Chinese poem. Armande realized that it was art of the highest standard, but to European eyes it did not seem sufficiently integrated. It was so hard to watch the exquisite nuances of emotion expressed by Miss Fatima's ankles and toes while appalled by the gyrations of her torso.

Mlle. Joliette's technique, on the stage or at a table, was the Christian appeal of innocence to chivalry. She was a blond little angel, largely French, who had lived the first fifteen years of her life in Tunis and the last five in artistes' hotels. Joliette was utterly indifferent to men and to sentiment; she did not care whether a client had known her an hour or whether he had been buying her champagne for a week, whether he was moderately white or definitely brown; her price was 3000 pre-war francs, neither more nor less, and before yielding, with a delicious simulation of shyness and terror, to romance in any currency she would work out the exchange to ensure that she had really been offered the magic sum. Had Joliette delivered her will-o'-the-wisp beauty for 2800 francs, she would have considered herself both dishonored and a bad mathematician.

In the middle of June the Casino was packed as ever, but the character of the audience had changed. Armande found the place more tolerable. The regular habitués, young moneyed and idle sons of Christian and Moslem business, were disappearing. The rich Greeks and Jews had gone. Joliette complained of hard times. Talk on the floor was of nothing but Rommel's advance and the fall of Tobruk.

The civilians comforted themselves by rumors. Then came the day when the chimneys of GHQ poured upwards a volcano of black smoke, and the ash of burned paper settled on the roofs and streets and gardens of Cairo's diplomatic quarter.

That soldiers should burn the paper they so industriously produced seemed to the Egyptians as clear evidence of impending defeat as if they had thrown away their arms. There was little comfort in rumors. This was it — the dreaded end. The Germans and Italians were coming, and the café politicians realized in sudden panic that they had no notion what the victorious armies would do, and what they would not — it was pretty generally admitted that there was nothing they would not.

The following morning Carry called on Armande at Mme. Ecaterina's flat. She said that all British women, except essential workers, were to be immediately evacuated to Kenya, that she had been ordered by the Consulate to round up any who could not readily be reached through husbands or employers, and that she and Armande would leave together and stay together.

"But what about Floarea and Mama?" asked Armande.

"Darling, they'll be all right. Even Hitler doesn't know whose side the Rumanians are on."

"Yes," said Armande doubtfully. "I suppose they will be all right."

She had kept the secret that they were officially Jews. That was their business. She wondered whether there were any Egyptian police records from which the SS, scavenging in the wake of the Afrika Korps, could justifiably decide that Jews they were. "Carry, I'm not going to run away," she said. "What on earth would I do?"

"I suppose they'll put us in camps. You know — stew for breakfast and the things they call latrines."

"Distressed Englishwomen!" Armande exclaimed bitterly. "Like Xenia. What a kick the army will get out of being gallant and chivalrous!"

"Oh, darling, don't be so morbid! We have to be sent away while there is still time."

"Where to?"

"Kenya, darling," answered Carry impatiently.

"Kenya? That's internment too. Oh, my dear, it would be like committing suicide. If the war is lost, what does it matter where I am or what happens to me? I will take it here if I must."

"Shall I stay with you then?"

"No, dearest. They would make any amount of trouble for you. As you say, it's an order. Good-bye, my darling."

24

SERGEANT PRAYLE dismounted from a dusty truck and entered the Field Security Depot in a quiet Cairo square. Gathered up immediately by his acquaintances — who made it clear in the first five minutes that the Cairo underworld demanded a lot more brains than any open spaces — Sergeant Prayle felt a country cousin. Asked what the devil he was doing in Cairo anyway, he explained that

he had been sent for to give his personal advice to the Commander-in-Chief, and thereby, even among his discreet colleagues, gained credit for discretion. The fact was that he had not the least idea who wanted him; nor had his section officer, Captain Wyne, known. His instructions were simply to report to such and such an office on such and such a floor in GHQ. He could not remember which it was without referring to his Movement Order.

In the morning Prayle approached, circumspectly, the two huge blocks of former flats that were GHQ. They were surrounded by formidable barriers of barbed wire, guarded by Egyptian ghaffirs. GHQ were certainly in a flap, he decided, but they did look purposeful. Good old army — good old country if it came to that — which always had to hit bottom before it did any work!

The office to which he reported was very small, and bore evidence of being hastily furnished for a new department of the staff. It had been a luxury bathroom. The fixtures were boxed in with plywood and heaped with files. A staff sergeant was busily typing on the bathtub.

Prayle passed through the bathroom into a larger office where the heat was more bearable. Major Furney had grown a little fatter, and looked a more integral part of the army than in Beirut. He rose from his desk and greeted Prayle affectionately.

"Good old Field Security! Always around when wanted!"

"What do you do, sir?"

"We are organizing what will be left behind if Egypt goes."

"Is it going?"

"I don't think so for a moment. But it would be sad if Jerry were left alone in Cairo without any of us to help him."

"Have you got some good chaps?"

"Yes. And I have a useful couple in mind. You remember the mysterious Armande Herne?"

Prayle felt his face flush with resentment.

"Why didn't you do anything?"

"I couldn't, my dear man," Furney replied. "And apart from Mrs. Herne, do you suppose I wouldn't have given my right hand to save Montagne? I got the whole affair reviewed by the DMI. But those damned palace eunuchs had a convincing case on paper. Always paper! And they just said: 'Oh yes, dear Guy, so impetuous!' And, blast them, in a way they were right! I hadn't a single proof beyond my own certainty and yours. And so they went and black-listed Mrs. Herne, and the French put Montagne under close arrest."

"He escaped, you know."

"I do know. He's in Cairo."

"Good man!" Prayle exclaimed enthusiastically. "We've been looking for him all over Syria and the Lebanon — not too hard. Do we know officially that he's here?"

"No, unofficially. I've been told I can have him,

provided the French don't find out. His cover is perfect, you see. Interned by the French as a fifth columnist — what more natural than that he should escape to the enemy? Mrs. Herne's cover is good, too."

"Poor Little Doings! Can't you leave her out?"

"She's dancing in a cabaret, you know."

"Butterflies," Prayle mumbled irritably.

He had kept himself informed of Armande's movements, and had filled up the gaps in his knowledge at the depot bar.

"Cabaret is not good enough for her," Furney added.

"And what the hell else could she do, sir?"

"I didn't mean it as a criticism. You suggested that I shouldn't bother her, but a girl who could pull off that deal with Wadiah is simply wasted where she is."

"She's browned off with the lot of us."

"Probably. But she's patriotic. You and I know that. And she is known to the Egyptian police to be black-listed. She stayed behind when she might have been evacuated. She could pass as a Frenchwoman, and I could fix her up with a French passport and all the papers to prove her movements for the last three years. It's a gift! That's what I wanted you for — to swear to my bona fides. Otherwise I doubt if she'd listen."

"I'll try to sell it, but no guarantee."

"Then suppose you go down to the Casino to-night, and feel out the situation. And you might take Montagne with you so that they can recognize each other. He's grown a beard and he is dark as an Egyptian and his name is Makrisi. There's a little café in Boulak. I'll get him to meet you there at eight."

By the evening Sergeant Prayle had borrowed a white civilian suit — the Cairo City section was as well supplied with clothes as a theatrical touring company — and stuck a carnation in his buttonhole. Raffish, he decided, but genial.

The directions that Furney had given him were delightfully systematic — a little map after his own heart, marked with blue arrows and red crosses. The last blue arrow led him into a lane between crumbling walls of sun-dried mud; there he came upon a native café, patched with flattened petrol tins and roofed with straw, but well supplied with bottles. The last red cross represented a small yard in which were a kitchen and a few tables under a single tree. There were no troops, no Europeans. The only customers were a pair of Coptic clerks who were drinking coffee. Sergeant Prayle ordered a bottle of the thick Delta wine, stretched his legs, and looked up through the foliage at the moonlit sky.

"*Bon soir*, my policeman!"

Montagne's low voice was the first indication of his presence. He was the perfect small Christian employee, in broken shoes, dirty alpaca suit, and

frayed linen. They certainly learned a thing or two in the French service, Prayle thought. If there was anything wrong with his disguise, it was that he looked too well-fed. Only his deep, fanatical eyes were recognizable.

"Congratulations!" Prayle said. "I should never have known you."

25

PRAYLE and Montagne arrived at the Casino just before the show began. On the whole, Prayle gave the place his blessing; it was not one of those dives which would wreck Armande's health and complexion, and it was not primarily arranged for talking to the artistes in quiet corners. The Casino, he observed, was more a garden theater than a cabaret, and, if there had been no Armande and no duty, he would have dragged Montagne off to some other joint more likely to reward his long abstinence upon the desert hills.

The audience he could not love. Yet why in the world he should consider the lazy gentle Egyptians and Egyptian Europeans to be less desirable contacts for Armande than boiled shirts and brigadiers he could not tell. The trouble was, he decided, that whenever he thought of Armande he was slightly corrupted himself by her conventional background.

He thought of her often and vividly, as if she were in the next tent or a village down the road, likely to turn up at any moment. He could not deny that she had become an essential part of his life, though he preferred to ascribe her intrusion simply to their partnership in the disposal of Fouad. He treasured her last message as evidence, at least, of friendship: a message which Fairfather, delivering it quite casually one day when they met over a crazy hunt for parachutists on the slopes of Hermon, swore that she had uttered with decent repentance and in all sincerity — *Give him my love*.

"*Indigne*," murmured Montagne with bitter emphasis. He referred to the acrobats. This new Montagne — and the old one, too, to some extent — was as bad as an earnest reformer for taking the pleasure out of anything one might be doing. Thank God that he appeared to approve of the next turn! Miss Fatima's rolypoly nakedness roused him to remark: "She works, that animal!"

But Mlle. Joliette failed to enchant. Montagne poured a whiskey into the untidy gap between his beard and mustache and called her a *putain*.

Armande and Floarea floated onto the stage in their first number.

"And that — that is responsible," said Montagne, as if marveling that anyone so unimportant as a cabaret dancer, or, perhaps, anyone so unsubstantial as Armande, could have caused him disaster.

"She suffered too," Prayle reminded him.

"Yes, Furney explained to me. But, all the same,

what folly! Well, she must love those Zionists as much as I do. I did not remember that she was so pretty."

The dancers sank in a curtsey at the end of their waltz, and Prayle caught Armande's eye. She looked at him almost with resentment, her expression changing instantly to delighted surprise. She waved a hand to assure him she would come over after the show.

Prayle was contented. His Little Doings hadn't changed a bit. That moment of doubt, followed immediately by generosity, was like her. Of course the silly little piece would be ashamed to be kicking up her legs in front of a friend she used to patronize, and of course, one second afterwards, she would be happy that he was a friend and there.

Sergeant Prayle took a deep draught of his whiskey and soda and relaxed.

After the show Armande swept through the tables towards him, her movements followed by the turning of scores of deep brown, melancholy eyes. Prayle had never seen her so lovely, so spiritually unapproachable. She looked, he thought, like a priestess or like a willing sacrifice, a Jephthah's daughter. Her only ornament was a gold belt. The pleats of her soft white frock opened and closed, as she walked, over the smooth outlines of knee and thigh.

"Well, Sergeant Prayle?" she asked, as he rose to meet her.

It was a general humorous question, inviting comment on everything from her surroundings to his military career. Her face had changed; it had preserved its delicacy, but was less mannered.

"Too good for this place," he answered, and then added, feeling obscurely that what he had said was a needless platitude: "Your dance, I mean."

Armande smiled. Sergeant Prayle in his white suit and carnation was delicious. He looked like some tall, spare colonial statesman out on a spree, his crooked face so full of intelligence, embarrassment, and good will.

"This is Mr. Makrisi," he said.

Montagne put his hand on his heart, bowed and gabbed a compliment.

"Where did you learn such beautiful French?" Armande asked.

"In Paris, Madame. — Well, my sergeant, I am off. Tomorrow at eleven. Same place."

As soon as he had gone, Armande remarked, "I've seen him before somewhere, and he hadn't a beard. Should I or shouldn't I try to remember?"

"Just bring to boiling point and let it simmer," Prayle replied. "What will we drink? Does the management give you colored water in this place?"

"It does if we want it. But tonight," she said, acknowledging his loyalty with soft and merry eyes, "I would like a very long, very strong whiskey and soda with lots of ice in it. Tell me about Fouad."

"Nothing to tell. We got away with it. He's a full corporal, I hear, and bursting with pride. Fun to be an Arab when there's a war on!"

Floarea and the Romanova came down the steps, and sat at a beflowered table. Armande made no signal. After a while they joined Miss Fatima and a party of South Africans in civilian dress.

"I like Auntie," said Prayle approvingly. "Circus horse retired. Does she take a commission?"

"Auntie does not," Armande replied. "But she shares whatever is going, and she deserves it."

Prayle grinned approvingly at her firmness.

"Doghouse for me," he said. "But a year ago Auntie — well, she wouldn't have been your type, I'd have said."

"She trained me."

They sipped their drinks and exchanged the bare facts of the recent past.

"Don't you dance?" Armande asked.

"No."

"Then what do you usually do in a place like this?"

"Play the fool on the floor if I get drunk enough."

"Did you never dance at home?"

"Not my style of beauty."

Sergeant Prayle, then, had never been in love; or, if he had, had never made any determined effort to win his beloved. Armande warmed to him. He was so certain that he was not attractive to women; yet attractive he was, if one looked, as it were, at the vitality of the drawing and not the caricature itself. He had already changed the subject. She was suddenly certain that Sergeant Prayle was profoundly interested in her, and doubtful about admitting it even to himself.

"Now don't get alarmed," he was saying. "It has nothing to do with security this time."

"What hasn't?"

"Weren't you listening?"

"I was thinking of something else. But tell me."

"Mr. Makrisi and I came to see you about a job. Cloak and dagger."

"I don't want to be involved in any more of it."

"King and Country."

"But they don't need me."

"They do. It's all on the square. That's why I was sent for to Cairo — to give you my word that it's the real goods this time."

"And do *you* think it is?" she asked.

"So real that I hope you'll say no."

"I'm glad you think I'll say yes. So glad."

To Prayle the emotion in her voice was astounding. He had never dreamed that she cared what he thought of her. In fact he was sure that up to now, or up to, perhaps, some indefinable point in her private life, she never had cared. The whole essence of his relationship with her, since their first antagonistic interview, was that neither his appearance nor his opinions could be of the slightest importance to her.

"I know you so well, Mrs. Herne," he said, his deep, tender voice expressing the melancholy of such useless knowledge.

"Why not Armande?"

"Always were, really."

"Well?" she asked merrily. "And am I to go on calling you Sergeant Prayle? What about your Christian name?"

"Damn awful."

"I might like it. What is it?"

"Percy."

"Yes, I wouldn't choose it any more than you," said Armande frankly. "Got any more?"

"Worse and worse. Dionysius."

"Percy Dionysius Prayle," she repeated with smiling respect. "It ought to have D.D. after it. An obscure but eminent scholar."

"Probably what Pa intended."

"What was he?"

"Under porter in an Oxford college."

"Ah!" Armande exclaimed, suddenly seeing in proper perspective her sergeant's classless intelligence, his social nihilism. "Well, I shall call you Dion. And what did you do when you grew up, Dion Prayle?"

"Nothing long."

"But what?"

"This and that. Mining. Knocking about. Company secretary. Good little companies — not enough capital. Bad little companies — got out before they bust. Abroad a lot. Going my own way, and taking anything that looked like fun."

"What sort of fun?"

"Talking to people."

"To men, you mean?" she asked.

"Of course."

"Don't women count at all?"

"Not much. I just read what's in their little pans, and sheer off."

"Dion, you do talk such nonsense," she said. "Look at Floarea — can you read her little pan, as you call it?"

"Yes. What does she want?"

"I won't tell you. What's her character?"

"Just that. All that matters to her and the Boss is — what does she want?"

Armande considered the oracle. The answer was true. Floarea's value to herself, humanity, and the Boss — yes, the dear idiot couldn't mean an earthly boss — depended entirely upon what she wanted. She wanted success in her profession, and did not wholly measure success in terms of money. If she had wanted luxury, she would be dishonest; if love, she might be a jealous horror.

"What is it you and Mr. Makrisi wish me to do?" she asked.

"Not us. A GHQ racket."

"Tell me."

Prayle from habit lowered his voice, though there was no chance of being overheard against the

baaing of the dance band and the conversation.

"They want you to stay behind if we lose Egypt."

"Yes," she said thoughtfully, "that is the real thing, isn't it? Then am I clear?"

"No, Armande. The black-listing is just what makes you useful — so long as it's widely known."

She shivered at the implication that everyone must know her secret; yet it was obvious that there her value and safety lay.

"But someone important must trust me?"

"Yes. He used to be in our game before he took to this. He knows you are clear, but can't prove it. You must think we are all off our rockers. But it's not so easy. You did a spot of gunrunning, and you say you thought it was a nice, clean sport, all aboveboard and hunky-dory. That's the truth, but it's wildly improbable. Especially as you were just one big question mark in Beirut. And in Jerusalem — well, it was my opinion against a big, thick file. Montagne was in the same boat."

"What happened to Major Montagne?" she asked.

"Mr. Makrisi."

"Of course!" Armande exclaimed. "But he's not really so down-and-out, is he? I mean, David Nachmias's inventions couldn't affect a security officer?"

"Couldn't they just!"

Prayle sketched for her Montagne's past, his escape, and his probable position as her immediate chief in the Cairo underground.

"And this man you spoke of couldn't clear him either?" she asked incredulously.

"He could have done more, I think. But what's one man against army politicians? If the French had only court-martialed Montagne, our evidence would have been convincing. But they didn't. Montagne was a nuisance. It was a great chance to drop him in the pail and put the lid back quickly. And our people said they couldn't interfere with internal discipline in the French Army, and went home to tea. I hope it choked them."

"Poor, poor Montagne!" she said softly. "I'm to be French too, I suppose?"

"Vichy sympathies. All your papers in order."

"Too many people know I'm British."

"Only in this joint. And you must leave it. All they can say afterwards is that you pretended to be British. We'll see that all your records disappear from the Egyptian police."

"Could I do it, Dion? Tell me the truth — should I have a chance?"

"You would. Think of my opposite number. Kraut security sergeant. Just occupied a town of a million, with nationalities all mixed up. You'd go weeks and weeks before being questioned at all. And then: Papers in order? *Jawohl!* Can account for her time? *Bestimmt!* Bit hazy here and there? *Natürlich!* Feeling your way in a mist, Armande — that's security. If a cove has every bloody

thing in order and an answer to every question, well, he's either a government official or there's something wrong.

"You won't be pulled in for serious interrogation unless you slip up. If you are, play Kensington. Look at the Gestapo sergeant as if he were a piece of mud. Then he'll think you're Churchill's French cousin, or something. Terrific sense of class the Krauts have. You'll get interrogated by a major with a monocle. Keep him interested, and he'll be so busy making excuses for Hitler that he'll forget half the questions he meant to ask. Security is only efficient in dealing with the crook and the little man. You're much too high-class and complicated. If they get really suspicious, they'll just intern you and not bother any more. Let's have another before the pub shuts."

"I think I deserve one."

"Very long and very strong again?"

"Yes. Oh, this heat! I can't think."

"You aren't supposed to. The thinking season opens in November."

The waiter brought their drinks and presented the bill, for Cairo night life stopped at one. Prayle gave him a lordly tip, and having marked up the amount in blue pencil, folded the slip and put it in his wallet. "That's on the house," he explained. "Item: To contacting agents. Now I take over from the Bank of England. Where shall we go?"

"Home to bed."

"Not yet. It won't be cool enough to sleep till dawn. And we may not see each other again for a long time."

"Well — " she hesitated; "anyway, wait for me while I change."

"Don't run out of the back door like the Hungarians."

"What Hungarians?"

"Used to staff places like this. All little Hungarian beauties. Told boy-friend to wait in a taxi at the front door, and then hopped out at the back and made a beeline for nearest limitless plain."

"Dion, you're sordid! Just for that, you shall wait in your taxi and I'll be as long as possible. And what's more, the porter will tell you it's no use waiting."

"Is it?"

"Work it out from my little pan, Sergeant."

26

PRAYLE left the Casino and endeavored to find a taxi with a full petrol tank. When he was satisfied, he gave the driver fifty piasters and delivered a speech on the admirable qualities of Egyptians and, above all, their capacity for unquestioning obedience. Then he took possession of his taxi and awaited Armande, chuckling for the first five minutes and extremely anxious for the next ten. At last she came to him, hatless, comradely, and

free as the night in a black silk frock printed with what he took to be chrysanthemums.

"Where shall we go?" he asked, when the taxi had been running some minutes.

Armande gave him her address.

"Yes, of course. But I thought it would do you good to go to Helwan first."

"Helwan is miles out of town," she protested.

"Don't like the Pyramids. Never did."

"But I will not go to Helwan."

"Jump out then."

"Dion, you are not to do this. Just because I —"

"Don't say it!"

"What was I going to say?"

"I don't know, but a suggestion that Armande Herne shouldn't be where she wants to be."

"She wants to be in bed."

"Wonk!"

"And stop making bloody silly exclamations!"

"Straight off the bat!" he said admiringly.

"And sounded like an understatement. You're growing up."

"And now take me home, Dion dear, and don't quarrel with me."

The taxi was rumbling smoothly under an avenue of trees along the Nile. On the landward side of the road, army lorries in twos and threes, headlights blacked out, bonnet to tailboard, streamed from the Helwan camps to Cairo.

"He says he hasn't room to turn," explained Prayle after conversation with the driver. "Wait till we get to the roundabout."

"All right."

The driver, hooting furiously, swung his taxi round to the left, and cut into the Cairo-bound traffic. The screech of brakes immediately behind them was taken up by the next lorry and the next, as the sound went diminishing up the road.

"Holding up the war," said Prayle disapprovingly, "just because you won't see the moon at Helwan."

"I can see it in the water," she laughed, glancing casually out of the window — and then exclaimed at the unexpected beauty.

The Nile was smooth and calm and moonlit as any other water, but it was hurrying. The river looked like an infinite length of silver silk pouring between the rollers of some vast machine where it had received a sheen more absolute than any brilliancy of nature.

"The worst of driving in convoy," Prayle remarked, "is that one can't stop."

"Yes. I wish we could."

They approached another traffic island. At the last moment Prayle snapped an order to the driver. The taxi came about like a yacht, rounded the island, and started back in the direction of Helwan, accompanied by the curses of the lorry drivers on the other side of the road.

"Dion!" Armande protested.

"But you said you wanted to look at the moon again."

"I didn't!"

"Ah! Well, there's a place a little further up where we can stop."

Beyond the trees and striped by their moon shadows, a tongue of grass ran down to the water. Prayle opened the door of the taxi and offered his hand. His tall, white figure was compelling.

This dancing, stubborn mischievousness was all in the character of the sergeant she knew, yet, directed for the first time to herself instead of her circumstances, Armande found it unfamiliar. The odd rhythm of his speech was, she thought, more truly expressive of him than she had ever believed.

"You belong to the night," he said. "You aren't seen. And then the black and white of your head, the eagerness of you — they suddenly appear. Whenever you're excited or interested. You live in flashes. Why? What are you?"

"A soul in twilight," she answered. "But sometimes it looks across the river."

With a gesture she could neither foresee nor resist he smoothed her hair back from her temples, and as she turned to him, tender and surprised, he kissed her. She neither responded nor refused, fighting her excitement at this devastating, accumulated passion, exploded in an instant.

"Now we must go," she said.

She meant it to be a cold voice from a cold thought, but the voice trembled and she dared not think any thought at all.

Armande had only a moment to be angry with her body. Then, while she rested from his second kiss, there was left neither anger nor regret. She was reminding herself desperately that she was not in love and could not be in love.

"Armande," he said, "my darling, I wonder why I was ever frightened of you."

"Or I of you."

She took his head between her hands, and kissed his eyes, forehead, and mouth.

His face was transfigured by joy and amazed surrender, but in the corners of the odd eyes and thin mouth she still perceived the ghost of irony. It hurt her, for she longed to wipe out that internal suffering which he pretended to enjoy.

"Was that coarse, Dion? Or bitter?"

"Was it true?"

"Yes, for us two. All the possible truth." She linked her arm in his and led him back to the car.

"We must turn at the next roundabout," she said when the taxi had started.

"We're halfway to Helwan."

"Dion, no!"

"I love you so. I have always loved you."

"I know, and I'm so glad. But I'm not a person to be loved. Remember what you used to think of me. It was nearly right."

"I want it to be nearly right. You I love. Armande, no might-be Armandes."

"Dion, we turn here."

"We'll go round and round all night, if you like."

Imperturbable as the driver, he passed on her order, and the taxi headed back to Cairo.

She relaxed on his shoulder, safe in the knowledge that in another quarter of an hour she would be home. Her lips answered his without thought of past or of so short a future.

"But I want you," he cried. "I will not let you go tonight."

"No!"

"Your breasts say yes."

She sat back in her corner with a sudden sense of shame — a cabaret girl taken out by a sergeant after the show.

"I'm not responsible," she answered angrily. "It's the heat, the moon, the whiskey. Dion, for three years I have been faithful to my husband."

"Would he like you to be?" he asked.

"Of course. Well . . . why did you ask that?"

"I wondered. One watches. Of course some of us have been out here longer than the Crusaders. Still, is it only absence that nips off the marriages? New values at home. New values here."

"I don't want any new values."

"Don't you? In your own twilight, little lamp, don't you? I know. I've watched you being bored with the lot of them. Of course you were. So desperately wanting to be needed that you gave yourself to all that nonsense in Beit Chabab. And all the while I needed you. Do now. Always shall."

"I can't help it."

"You can. I need you because you are the only human being I love, really love. Because I am dead without you. Isn't that a new value? Have you ever refused such a need of you?"

"Dion, that's not fair!"

"It is. You're not cruel. You just don't see. When you're needed, you aren't there."

"Dion, will you stop it?" she cried.

"No, I won't. I need you."

"It's impossible — some beastly, sordid hotel."

"No. A white room on the edge of the desert. And flowers. And when I ring the bell, a simple, sleepy, friendly black man to receive us."

"I will not. You've been there before."

"Of course. But alone."

"Promise me."

"All my life I have been alone. Don't you know it?"

Prayle held her across his heart as he leaned forward to order the driver: "Back to Helwan, *habibi!*"

"No!"

"Shut up, Armande my beloved, shut up!"

"Dion, I shall never forgive myself."

"Tell me that tomorrow. At dawn. If you believe it."

(To be concluded)

Acent on Silver

THIS MONTH

While American industry is trying for more regular year-round employment, marriages continue to bunch up in June. This puts an unnatural strain on the national economy, leading to hard feelings and even bad language in otherwise amiable households. The private citizen has just paid up his cold-weather obligations and convinced himself that there will never be another winter with quite so much unforeseen expense, when the cascade of engraved phraseology rolls over him.

"What are we going to do about Mary?" his wife asks him.

"Mary who?"

"Mary Jones, of course. I told you about her last week."

"What's the matter with her?"

"Nothing is the matter with her. She is getting married."

The householder tries to toss this aside with a quip: he doesn't intend to obstruct Mary's wedding plans or to "do anything" about the marriage. He babbles on, rather taken with his witticisms, but his wife hews to the line.

"Don't act like that," she says wearily. "You know we have to send them something."

The stereotype is familiar. Who is Mary's man? Never heard of him. Where is he from? Spokane? Mary is going to live in Spokane? Well, why on earth . . .

This conversation recurs for each of the horde of other imminent brides and grooms. The result never varies. Mary must have a suitable gift, because the invitation was not only to the wedding but also — to the Reception! The householder has been tapped, elected. He is an Old Friend — that is, a donor. Not to respond, he is made to feel, would throw the bride into hysterics, delay the rites, blight the romance, and even lend a tinge of scandal to the whole project.

The rules demand that wedding gifts must have a permanent quality — no canned goods, potables, pots of cheese-in-wine, or sweet-grass baskets. Di-

voice statistics are showy, but the assumption holds that the wedding present is necessarily for the ages.

The donor-to-be never does learn who invented the rules, but his gift must be silver — sterling silver. Just as the Amsterdam diamond buyer can spot the imitation at forty paces, so can the wedding party identify plated ware even before the wrappings are off the package.

The smallest piece of silver which can qualify is a marmalade spoon. (A pickle fork is just a little too scrawny.) A seasoned donor could very well

buy a gross or two of marmalade spoons and dispose of shopping risks once and for all. The less experienced Old Friends will flounder among candle snuffers and sugar tongs and even become trapped in bulky items like bowls (although you can sometimes find an extremely small bowl), candlesticks, and such.

Silversmiths realized long ago where all this was head-

ing. Rather than lose their position to the tooled-leather crowd or Bohemian glass, they developed sterling silver objects of a truly remarkable thinness. An ounce of gold, flattened to a 150,000th part of an inch in thickness, can be made to cover hundreds of square feet, but the goldbeaters have nothing to compare, in thinness, with the "solid silver" used in wedding gifts. A careless flick from a polishing cloth will dent a wedding gift bowl. Wedding candlesticks, at those points not reinforced internally by concrete, sag and buckle under nothing more than the impact of tallow drippings. Another kind of "hollow ware" is found in the decoy carving knives and forks — very handsome, only don't ever squeeze the handles too firmly.

Some revision in the rules is plainly overdue. The theory of permanence is backfiring. A year later, the bride's friends can't tell whether that is a onetime picture frame or a coffeepot on her buffet. The donor, instead of being fondly recalled as the Old Friend who rallied round in the



clutch, is denounced as a skinflint. He may even figure in the divorce proceedings. The more one analyzes the matter, the more inescapable becomes the case for the marmalade spoon. (About \$3.75.)

While he is still learning the ropes, the donor will try to balance his books by means of the wedding reception. After all, he reasons, some champagne and sandwiches could be laid off against the marmalade spoon; with any luck, he might nearly break even. But wiser heads than his have schemed the reception. Champagne and sandwiches there will be, in seeming abundance; but no one, donors included, will deplete them by so much as a crust or cup.

The protective technique consists merely of inviting six times as many guests as there is room for. They are immobilized hub to hub in rooms that are too small and too hot. At short intervals, a waiter squirms his way through the crowd, holding

aloft — well out of reach — a tray of delicacies, glasses, and a display bottle or two of French champagne. His air is purposive, he manages to keep right on moving, and the guests can only conclude that one of the bridal party has been taken faint, and yonder go her restoratives. From time to time, usually behind a screen, corks are popped and the donor's hopes revive, but he comes to realize that these are intended only as sound-effects. More waiters, taller men and holding the trays even higher, pass to and fro. More guests arrive, more sound-effects.

The donor struggles to an exit and goes home. The reception was ill-planned, he complains: how could they expect guests to get anything to eat or drink in such a paralyzing crush? It takes several receptions before the donor finally understands that the bride's mother always knows a thing or two about marmalade spoons and balancing books, herself.

C. W. M.

RADIO

RENÉ MACCOLL, Washington correspondent of the *London Daily Express*, here dons the pseudonym of "R. J. Hicks" under which he has written other pieces on radio for these pages.

EARDRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK

by RENÉ MACCOLL

THE Columbia Broadcasting System has been spanning centuries as well as continents to bring its listeners History the Hard Way with a program entitled "CBS Is There." Whatever the incident and whenever the date, CBS — so goes the genial make-believe — was present and on the job. That devoted selection of Drecht-dipped larynxes which brings you the contemporary world news roundup at breakfast time every morning now reaches into the past to destroy what few illusions you may have shepherded into later life from your schooldays. The last night of Mary Queen of Scots before she paced to the scaffold? John Daly, you may be sure, was right there at Fotheringay Castle. Columbus discovering America? Daly again is on the bridge with the Admiral. ("Si, señor — eet ees land!") "Thank you, Admiral!")

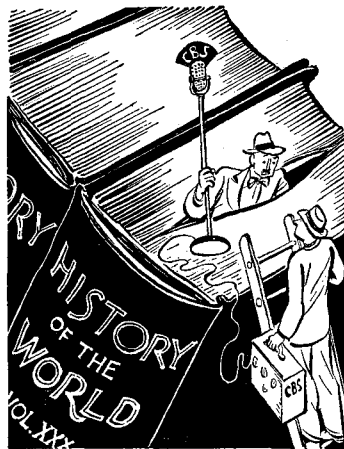
The adventures of Daly are better

than anything imagined by H. G. Wells in his *Time Machine*. Wells rather drearily sent his hero forward into the future only. Flimsy stuff. Daly ranges the legends and events known to all.

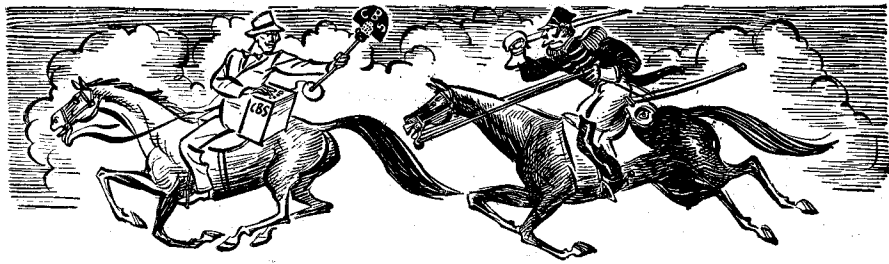
Gettysburg? Only the middle of the line facing Pickett is good enough for Daly. But Daly is discreet, back there in 1863. As the cannonade rises to a crescendo and the rebel yells grow shriller, a gruff Federal voice shouts, "Get out of here, Daly!" "Yes, sir," replies Daly with obvious relief, and the broadcast is nimbly returned to rear headquarters.

It's not only Daly who adds to his prestige. The Gettysburg report produced what must be the all-time high in professional dream fulfillment. At one point, while HQ was waiting to contact Ken Roberts on Cemetery Hill, the HQ man said, "While we are waiting, I will ask the CBS special military expert to give you a rapid analysis of the battle as he sees it, and a forecast of the probable Confederate plan of action. Take it away — Major George Fielding Eliot!" Pretty nice. For once, a military expert could really state without fear of later contradiction.

But what I'm hankering for is CBS coverage of the battle of the Little Big Horn. How does Daly get away with that? And what sort of analysis does Major Eliot provide — and where from? Only way out, as I see it, is for CBS to have Daly or Eliot — or both — attached to Sitting Bull's staff. ("But here comes General Bull now. Will you say a word into our microphone, General?"



"Hunh! Paleface Custer he plenty sunk!" "That was General Bull, commanding the Original American forces. He sounded very confident.") The trouble with the brave pioneers-in-reverse at CBS is that they lack the courage of their hindsight. As it is, they merely dabble in anachronism. Once grant that you may have Daly and his mike at Cannae, Monroë's inauguration, or the death of Socrates, and it seems to me that you can have pretty well everything else in radio 1948 there as well. Like this: —



Good morning, everyone. This is Douglas Edwards. It is cold — very cold — out here in the Crimea, this frosty morning of October 25, 1854, and those British troops who have not had a delicious bowl of steaming Campbell's Soup along with their iron rations must be feeling the climate — the Russian climate, that is — keenly. But now we have several of our correspondents waiting to be heard from, so we switch you to John Daly, at Lord Raglan's headquarters. Come in, John Daly.

DALY: Here at Lord Raglan's headquarters there is an air of muted, disciplined bustle. (*Sound of bugle and neighing in the background.*) The British Heavy Brigade, under Brigadier General Scarlett, has just completed a most successful charge. Now attention is focusing on the Light Brigade, commanded by dashing Lord Cardigan. Lord Cardigan — and how we could use more cardigans and raglans in the sub-zero temperature, ha, ha, ha — disposes of some six hundred cavalrymen. Trained to a hair, they are actively preparing for action. But here beside me is the British supreme commander, Lord Raglan. — Your Lordship, those Russian guns up there in that valley are rather troublesome, are they not?

RAGLAN: Yes, Daly. Dashed troublesome, if you ask me. But I must rush now, for here comes Flo Nightingale!

DALY (*in a touchdown gabble*): The troops are springing to their feet and saluting all around me. Even the toughest old survivors of the Napoleonic campaigns are stilling their customary rough oaths as Miss Nightingale advances through the lines.

VOICES: God bless you! Here comes Flo! She's my pin-up girl. She discovered germs.

MISS NIGHTINGALE: Thank yeou. Thank yeou. Thank yeou, one and all.

DALY: Miss Nightingale, how does it feel to be the first woman in history to go on active service as a nurse?

MISS N.: Ai can't tell yeou heow inspairing Ai faind it, frenkleh. But Ai'm sure as sure could be that many others of mai selfsame sex will follow in mai footsteps.

DALY: You see this thing catching on?

MISS N.: But definiteleh. Ai think there will one day be a perfectleh splendid Ameddican Red Cross. But parm me, heah comes — Lord Lister! (*Loud applause from the troops.*)

DALY: Lord Lister is Miss Nightingale's guest star at Balaclava today.

LORD LISTER: Morning all. That'll be twenty guineas.

(*A gun booms loudly.*)

DALY: There seems to be — I can't quite see — yes, there's something happening over there. I return you now to Douglas Edwards at Base HQ.

EDWARDS: And now, over at the French HQ of General Bosquet, Ken Roberts is waiting to tell us how the situation looks to the Gallic contingent.

ROBERTS: Waiting at the microphone beside me is General Bosquet, French Commander in the Crimea. General, what is your prediction?

BOSQUET (*gloomily*): *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*

ROBERTS: Which means, of course, "It is magnificent, but it is not the war." Let me find out to what the General is referring. General, what is not the war?

BOSQUET: Ze — ow you say — wine ration, she 'ave not reached us for three weeks. *Zut alors!*

ROBERTS: The troops are restive, General?

BOSQUET: Ze troops? *Je m'en fiche!* I, Bosquet, am restive.

ROBERTS: That was General Bosquet, telling us of the privations endured by the men of his command. And now, back to Douglas Edwards.

EDWARDS: Somewhere out on the left, where the English Light Brigade is wheeling into position, Jackson Beck is waiting to tell us how things look from the forward zone. For that story, we switch you now to Jackson Beck.

BECK: The Tommies look debonair and gay. They seem not to recognize the ordeal ahead of them. Their horses are sleekly groomed. They might be on a parade ground in faraway Aldershot. But here comes a familiar figure. — Why, Lord Tennyson, I didn't expect to see you so far up near the Russian guns!

TENNYSON (*heartily*): Got to get the close-up picture, young man. But it's just plain Mister Tennyson, you know.

BECK: Don't worry, Mister Tennyson. You'll be a Lord before you're many years older. Well,

MUSIC

LOWELL KINDSCHI gave up teaching to serve in the Army Air Force and now lives in Platteville, Wisconsin. This is his first appearance in the *Atlantic*.

TWILIGHT FURIOSO

by LOWELL KINDSCHI

IT SEEMS time that an insider told the story of some ten thousand professionals who involuntarily disbanded forever at the end of the twenties. They spent their working hours in a soft twilight making noises — sometimes music, sometimes strange sounds punctuated with gongs, whistles, and animal imitations more ambitious than anything Mendelssohn was able to make Bottom do. These nearly forgotten men and women were, of course, the movie organists and pianists of America. While they have been briefly memorialized in occasional paragraphs by outsiders looking in, I tell of them from the inside looking up — at the screen, with a crick in my neck. Others watched them slink tardily and furtively down to the pit for their dark rendezvous with *vox humana* and Billie Dove, but I speak as one who was himself a little slinker.

When I entered the employ of the 300-seat Gem Theater as a newcomer to that harried profession, I did so because the hours complemented those of a student and because I could work sitting down. Quite unaware of the possibilities in providing an unobtrusive welding of sight and sound, I doggedly plowed my way through *Our Gang*, *Emil Jannings*, and *Laura La Plante* with scarcely a change of pace. I was being paid to fill a silence, and I filled it as briskly and continuously as I knew how.

One evening my boss, undoubtedly disturbed at the frequent variance of mood between what was happening on the screen and what was coming out of the pit, brought me a bundle of cue sheets for coming pictures. The cue sheet was the organist's Baedeker, his guidebook in the strange territory of a new movie. This was of considerable help, for although the *Wild West* film was an uncomplicated product for which "Pony Boy" and "Light Cavalry," with a bit of syrup thrown in for the love interest, were bone and sinew, most other films presented more of a problem. Here was a document of fifty to one hundred "cues" or suggested selections, with time indications and brief musical excerpts, to keep the organist from drifting along in "Clair de Lune" unaware that in fifteen seconds the Bastille would be stormed. (The hazard came the first time a picture was shown.)

The two underlying principles were simple. First, many scenes could be cued with familiar music obviously associated with the action. A shot of gay Vienna demanded Strauss (as it is likely to do

today); skaters meant *Waldteufel*; Russia called for *Tschaikowsky*. But not all scenes could be managed in this way, because of a shortage of what we might call associational music. Here the cue sheet was potentially invaluable. For example, the scene in *Chang*, a jungle picture, showing a leopard in a sprung trap might stump the unguided organist, but the cue sheet had an immediate prescription: three fourths of a minute of "Descriptive Agitato" by Boehnlein, with a disquieting directive to begin *piano*, "then accelerate and crescendo until shot." There it was: what to play, when, and for how long.

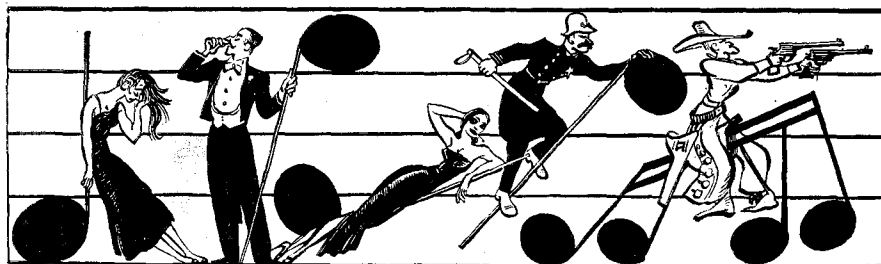
There was nothing inevitable, of course, in the choice of "Descriptive Agitato." It was recommended as a number that would do, and the thematic excerpt gave an idea of what sort of fiddling around the organist could engage in if he didn't have it. (Sometimes the compiler's machinery of association operated more obscurely. I cannot now imagine why a close-up of an Army tank in *Wings* called for the Scherzo from "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; and the choice of "Love's Tragedy" when Garbo began to wash her hair in *Wild Orchids* is open to interesting conjecture.)

Many of the selections called for in the cue sheets were composed expressly for the trade. One could get a whole batch of custom-built agitatatos or misteriosos (*sic*) for the price of a good dinner. Much of the music was thoroughly banal, but that, in a way, was all the better. Then what the organist was doing didn't distract from what Aileen Pringle was doing, which was usually plenty.

I used the excerpts as springboards for improvisation far oftener, I suspect, than the compiler intended. If no one bought any more trade music than I did, there would have been no industry within an industry. But I could see no convincing reason for not using my own musical maunderings free instead of somebody else's at a price. "Dramatic Tension No. 2" by Zamecnik, whose muse subjected him to a whole series of such pressures, was not in my repertoire, but the five bars in the cue sheet were enough to launch me into two minutes of my own variety of *Sturm und Drang*, which, while being no better than Mr. Zamecnik's, was similarly no worse. And of course every organist developed a facility in calling up a great number of selections from memory.

Generally speaking, how-





But back to the pit. Since the Gem employed no supplementary artist at the traps, the responsibility for sound-effects rested on me. However, after a faulty sense of direction in the dark had betrayed me into such fiascoes as landing on the Oriental gong after aiming at the steamboat whistle, I gave up. The management preferred it that way. Anyway, the cue sheets sometimes went to extremes. Such directions as (for *Chang*) "Note: Produce effect of snarling leopard in cage" and "Important effects of . . . weird hammering, wild screaming of monkeys, etc.," if conscientiously carried out, would have reduced both the audience and me to gibbers.

Clarence's love of action,

Nowadays, when I hear the lushly orchestrated background swell and fade in the films, I think back on those nights when in thousands of theaters Kempinski's "Incidental Symphony No. 36" (not to be confused with Marquardt's "Symphonic Incidentals No. 14") was being played on thin reeds and trembling flutes. It is some time since I have heard the thirty-sixth. I sort of miss it.

by PADRAIC COLUM

CHILDE ROLAND to the Dark Tower came,
And saw beside the grated vaults
The Tiger Lilies
On long, much-leaved and weedy stalks,
And wondered then what crookback knaves
Had these, their favors, on their graves,
What mocking jades!
He saw them in a gleam that edged
Down from the grinning waterspout,
And knew their gage:
Perversers of the lily's name,
With curled lips and tongues stuck out,
The sooty spotted flowers of flame!

JOHN W. CAMPBELL, JR., decided to study nuclear physics back in 1928 when he first read of "atomic power" in the science-fiction magazine of that day, *Amazing Stories*. He attended M.I.T. and Duke University and is now editor of *Astounding Science-Fiction*.

THE SCIENCE OF SCIENCE-FICTION

by JOHN W. CAMPBELL, JR.

SCIENCE-FICTION is a form of prophecy. Normally, there is a lag of five to as much as one hundred years between the discovery of a fact in the laboratory and the application of that fact in engineering practice. Science-fiction lives in that gap. Drawing its background material from the laboratory knowledge, it projects it to a time when the engineering application will be effected.

The science-fictioneer, you can readily imagine, has a much easier time of it than the engineer. He doesn't have to sweat out the laborious details of the engineering apparatus for a job; he merely says that the job will be done. He knows that when men want something badly enough, sooner or later someone will figure out how to get it.

Television — long predicted in science-fiction — is a perfect case in point. Actually, back in 1920, almost none of the science necessary to practicable television was known. The science-fictioners' prediction of the coming of television at that time was based largely on the proposition that people certainly wanted the gadget — and wanted it badly. If someone could just make the darned thing work, the American public would probably be willing to pay 500 million to a billion dollars for it. With that incentive, RCA, General Electric, the Bell Laboratories, dozens of big companies, put real money — millions — into research. They bought the knowledge that had to be gained; they supported the scientists that invented first the iconoscope, then the orthicon, then finally the image orthicon that makes television transmission possible. They invented vacuum tubes with properties no one imagined in 1920; they had to. They invented circuits that any radio engineer of 1920 would have instantly stamped impossible. But men can accomplish miracles when the jackpot prize is a billion or two.

A science-fictioneer, however, can't be an infallible prophet. The lag between laboratory discovery and engineering application can double-cross him. He may predict that such and such a known effect will be applied in a certain general

way to produce a desired end. Ten, twenty, perhaps thirty years later the desired end is achieved — but by an entirely different method!

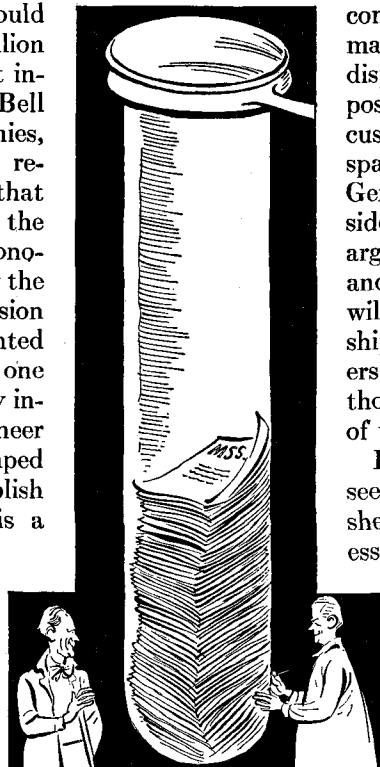
A perfect illustration is a story, written about 1929, describing how a single U.S. battleship, with three or four destroyers and a limping cruiser or two, defeated the entire Japanese fleet. The destroyers laid a smoke screen; the U.S. battlegroup was equipped with a device that projected ultra-short waves from two projectors, one on each of her fighting tops. The waves reflected from the enemy battleships revealed their direction. And the difference in time between the wave from projector Number 1 and the wave from projector Number 2 allowed an electronic device to calculate the distance to the target. Automatic devices, said the author, aimed the guns. Thus equipped, the single battleship destroyed the enemy fleet.

That system would work. But the time lag crossed up the author. Radar uses instead a single projector, because of additional discoveries made between the time the story was written and the time the U.S. Navy started equipping its battlewagons.

Science-fiction has the interesting characteristic of causing its own predictions to come true. Since the stories are frequently written as a spare-time hobby by professional engineers — and thoroughly competent ones — they frequently contain sound engineering suggestions as to how a certain end can be achieved. The Manhattan Project scientists read science-fiction; so did the Nazi scientists working on V-2 at Peenemunde.

The idea of the rocket spaceship is so completely accepted today that the normally conservative Armed Forces are displaying spaceships on their recruiting posters. Science-fiction authors have discussed spaceships — specifically, rocket spaceships — for twenty years or more. Genuine engineering minds have considered the problems, mulled them over, argued them back and forth in stories, and worked out the basic principles that will most certainly appear in the first ships built — partly because their builders will have read the magazines, seen those stories, and recognized the validity of the science-fiction engineering!

In early science-fiction spaceships — see Jules Verne's story of a man-carrying shell shot around the moon — the necessary air for the passengers was supplied chemically. There was soda lime to absorb carbon dioxide exhaled, and bottled oxygen or chemically produced oxygen for breathing. As science-fiction advanced, argued, and puzzled over the question, the right answer was worked



out. Nothing could possibly do a better, simpler, more dependable, more maintenance-free job of absorbing carbon dioxide and giving off oxygen in just the right amounts than ordinary green plants. A small compact hydroponic garden aboard the spaceship will yield unlimited oxygen so long as carbon dioxide and light — either sunlight or artificial — are supplied. No delicate, fallible machinery or valves required. No danger of running out of stored oxygen. And plants deodorize the air, too.

Again, in early science-fiction, rocket ships were equipped with a main jet, a set of braking jets forward, and an indefinite number of steering jets, so that the ship could turn and maneuver in frictionless space. Science-fiction engineers worked that out; the modern science-fiction ship is a far simpler design. Major de Seversky, who has not been reading science-fiction, wrote an article describing his concept of an atomic-powered rocket ship which involved some two dozen separate rocket motors for control and steering.

The V-2 rocket was engineered by science-fiction readers and, like the science-fiction descriptions of the last ten years, has only one rocket motor — a vast saving in weight, complexity, and cost. Instead of multiple steering jets, the engineers of science-fiction said, use two simple systems. For small course corrections, put vanes in the main rocket jet and deflect the main jet stream. That will steer well enough for small angles. For braking, for slowing down for a landing, you don't need separate landing jets; in fact you wouldn't want them anyway. Instead, turn the whole ship end for end, and land as you take off — tail, and thus main jet, down.

Turning the ship end for end, or through a desired angle in any direction, doesn't require extra steering jets, either. Just mount three flywheels somewhere inside the ship, with their axles at right angles to each other. If you start wheel Number 1 rotating to the left, then by the law of action and reaction, the ship will rotate — though much more slowly — to the right. If you rotate a wheel with a cross-ship axis, the ship will rotate oppositely, and tumble end for end. Stopping the rotation of the flywheel brings action-reaction back into the scene, and the ship will stop turning, too.

Now you don't need steering jets; if you want to steer left, rotate the ship till the main jet — the tail — points right, and pour on the power. Your main jet under these conditions acts conveniently as a steering jet.

Even minor but important devices for use in space have been engineered by the science-fiction writers. A spaceship in flight is "weightless" — that is, you can neither perceive motion nor feel any effect of gravity. Things won't fall. A book released from the hand won't lie on the table, but will



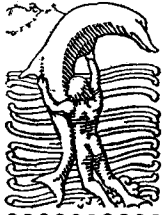
drift gently about the room in chance air currents. How would you keep books where you want them in a spaceship — reference tables, handbooks, and so forth? A bookcase of the ordinary type and ordinary books are impractical; instead, the title of the book is printed along the edge of the pages, and the backstrap of the binding is put against the steel wall of the ship. It has a permanent magnet built in to hold it there.

The problem of minor repairs requiring soldering of electrical circuits has also been considered. (Stray dollops of solder are hunted down with a vacuum cleaner hose.) Incidentally, you can swallow successfully without the aid of gravity — even against gravity. It has been experimentally proved; the easy way to prove it involves standing on your head, with your back supported in the corner of a room for stability, and consuming a glass of water with the aid of a tube. It can be done.

Of course, aboard a weightless spaceship, you don't ask for a cup of coffee; since water wets china-ware, and there is no weight to restrain it, the coffee would immediately flow up the inside of the cup, over the rim, down the outside, and completely over the saucer. If you held on, it would spread itself in a fairly even layer all over your body. If you use a waxed cup, which the coffee won't wet, the reverse trouble would appear; the coffee would draw itself into a globe and float in the air. If you tried to catch it the way you do the string-suspended apple on Halloween, the first contact would cause it to run all over your face, eyes, nose, ears, and hair, as well as your mouth.

The experienced space-traveler will order a flask of coffee — a small plastic flask of rubbery material with a tube neck on which to suck.

These things will be so partly because science-fiction has said so. The engineers actually entrusted with the job will almost certainly have read these answers to the problems of the spaceship in science-fiction, and will accept them gratefully. They will have too many more important and more difficult problems to work out to turn down such workable ready-made answers. To this extent science-fiction causes its own predictions to come true.



Books and Men



When W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM was asked to select and edit the ten best novels in world literature, he chose three novels from France, two from Russia, one from America, and four from England, and for each book he wrote an introduction. In successive issues of the Atlantic he has appraised Flaubert's Madame Bovary, Fielding's Tom Jones, Balzac's Le Père Goriot, Emily Brontë's Wuthering Heights, The Brothers Karamazov by Dostoevsky, and Stendhal's The Red and the Black. The set of the Ten Best Novels, edited and cut by Mr. Maugham, will be published by the John C. Winston Company this year.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

I

THE events of Jane Austen's life can be told very briefly. The Austens were an old family whose fortunes, like those of many of the greatest families in England, had been founded on the wool trade, which was at one time the country's staple industry; having made money, again like others of more importance, they bought land and so in time joined the ranks of the county gentry.

Jane was born in 1775 at Steventon, a village in Hampshire, of which her father, the Reverend George Austen, was rector. She was the youngest of seven children. When she was sixteen her father resigned his living and with his wife and his two girls, Cassandra and Jane, for his sons were already out in the world, moved to Bath. He died in 1805 and his widow and daughters settled at Southampton. Not long afterwards her son Edward inherited estates in Kent and in Hampshire and offered his mother a cottage on either of them. She chose to go to Chawton in Hampshire — this was in 1809 — and there, with occasional visits to friends and relatives, Jane remained till illness obliged her to go to Winchester in order to put herself in the hands of better doctors than could be found in a village. She died at Winchester in 1817 and was buried in the cathedral.

She is said to have been in person very attractive; "her figure was rather tall and slender, her step light and firm, and her whole appearance expressive of health and animation." In complexion

she was a clear brunette with a rich colour; she had full round cheeks with mouth and nose small and well-formed, bright hazel eyes, and brown hair forming natural curls close round her face." The only portrait of her I have seen shows a fat-faced young woman with undistinguished features, large round eyes, and an obtrusive bust; but it may be that the artist did her less than justice. She had a rare and racy sense of humor and since she says that her conversation was exactly like her letters and her letters are full of witty, ironical, and malicious remarks, it is impossible to doubt that her conversation was brilliant.

Most of the letters that have remained were written to her sister Cassandra. She was greatly attached to her. As girls and women they were constantly together and indeed shared the same bedroom till Jane's death. When Cassandra was sent to school Jane went with her because, though too young to profit by such instruction as the seminary for young ladies provided, she would have been wretched without her. "If Cassandra were going to have her head cut off," said her mother, "Jane would insist on sharing her fate." Cassandra was handsomer than Jane, of a colder and calmer disposition, less demonstrative and of a less sunny nature; she had "the merit of always having her temper under command, but Jane had the happiness of a temper that never required to be commanded."

Many of Jane Austen's warmest admirers have

found her letters disappointing and have thought they showed that she was cold and unfeeling and that her interests were trivial. I am surprised. They are very natural. Jane Austen never imagined that anyone but Cassandra would read them and she told her exactly the sort of things she knew would interest her. She told her what people were wearing and how much she had paid for the flowered muslin she had bought, what acquaintances she had made, what old friends she had met and the gossip she had heard.

Of late years several collections of letters by eminent authors have been published and for my part, when I read them, I am too often disposed to suspect that the writers had at the back of their minds the notion that one day they might find their way into print. They give me not seldom the impression that they might have been used just as they were in the columns of a literary journal.

In order not to annoy the devotees of the recently deceased I will not mention their names, but Dickens has been dead a long time and it is possible to say what one likes of him without offense. Whenever he went on a journey he wrote long letters to his friends in which he described eloquently the sights he had seen and which, as his biographer justly observes, might well have been printed without the alteration of a single word. People were more patient in those days: still, one would have thought it a disappointment to receive a letter from a friend who gave you word pictures of mountains and monuments when you wanted to know whether he had come across anyone interesting, what parties he had been to, and whether he had been able to get you the books or ties or handkerchiefs you had asked him to bring back.

2

JANE AUSTEN hardly ever wrote a letter that had not a smile or a laugh in it and for the delectation of the reader I will give a few examples of her manner. I can only regret that I have not space for more.

"Single women have a dreadful propensity for being poor, which is one very strong argument in favour of matrimony."

"Only think of Mrs Holder being dead! Poor woman, she has done the only thing in the world she could possibly do to make one cease to abuse her."

"Mrs Hall, of Sherborne, was brought to bed yesterday of a dead child, some weeks before she expected, owing to a fright. I suppose she happened unawares to look at her husband."

"The death of Mrs W. K. we had seen. I had no idea that anybody liked her, and therefore felt nothing for any survivor, but I am now feeling away on her husband's account, and think he had better marry Miss Sharpe."

"I respect Mrs Chamberlayne for doing her hair

well, but cannot feel a more tender sentiment. Miss Langley is like any other short girl with a broad nose and wide mouth, fashionable dress and exposed bosom. Admiral Stanhope is a gentleman-like man, but then his legs are too short and his tail too long."

Jane Austen was fond of dancing. Here are a few comments connected with balls she went to:—

"There were only twelve dances, of which I danced nine, and was merely prevented from dancing the rest by want of a partner."

"There was one gentleman, an officer of the Cheshire, a very good-looking young man, who, I was told, wanted very much to be introduced to me; but as he did not want it quite enough to take much trouble in effecting it, we never could bring it about."

"There were few beauties, and such as there were, were not very handsome. Miss Iremonger did not look well and Mrs Blunt was the only one much admired. She appeared exactly as she did in September, with the same broad face, diamond bandeau, white shoes, pink husband and fat neck."

"Charles Powlett gave a dance on Thursday to the great disturbance of all his neighbors, of course, who you know take a most lively interest in the state of his finances, and live in hopes of his being soon ruined. His wife is discovered to be everything that the neighbourhood would wish her to be, silly and cross as well as extravagant."

"Mrs Richard Harvey is going to be married, but as it is a great secret, and only known to half the neighbourhood, you must not mention it."

"Dr Hall is in such very deep mourning that either his mother, his wife or himself must be dead."

When Miss Austen was living with her mother at Southampton they paid a call and this is what she wrote to Cassandra:—

"We found only Mrs Lance at home, and whether she boasts any offspring besides a grand pianoforte did not appear. . . . They live in a handsome style and are rich, and she seems to like to be rich; we gave her to understand that we were far from being so; she will soon feel therefore that we are not worth her acquaintance."

A relation of Jane's seems to have given occasion to gossip owing to the behavior of a certain Dr. Mant, behavior such that his wife retired to her mother's, whereupon Jane wrote: "But as Dr M. is a clergyman their attachment, however immoral, has a decorous air."

She had a sharp tongue and a prodigious sense of humor. She liked to laugh and she liked to make others laugh. It is asking too much of the humorist to expect him—or her—to keep a good thing to himself when he thinks of it. And, heaven knows, it is hard to be funny without being sometimes a trifle malicious. There is not much kick in the milk of human kindness. Jane had a keen appreciation of the absurdity of others, their pretentiousness,

their affectations, and their insincerities, and it is to her credit that they amused rather than annoyed her. She was too well-bred to say things to people that would pain them, but she certainly saw no harm in amusing herself at their expense with Cassandra. I find no ill nature in even the most biting and witty of her remarks; her humor was based, as humor should be, on accurate observation and frankness.

It has been remarked that though she lived through some of the most stirring events of history, the French Revolution, the Terror, the rise and fall of Napoleon, she made no reference to them in her novels. She has on this account been blamed for an undue detachment.

It should be remembered that in her day it was not polite for women to occupy themselves with politics — that was a matter for men to deal with; they did not even read the newspapers; but there is no reason to suppose that because she did not write about these events she was not affected by them. She was fond of her family, two of her brothers were in the navy, often enough in danger, and her letters show that they were much on her mind.

But did she not show her good sense in not writing about such matters? She was too modest ever to suppose that her novels would be read long after her death, but if that had been her aim she could not have acted more wisely than she did in avoiding to deal with affairs which from the literary standpoint were of passing interest. Already the novels concerned with the Second World War that have been written in the last few years are as dead as mutton. They were as ephemeral as the newspapers that day by day told us what was happening.

There is a passage in Austen Leigh's *Life* from which, by the exercise of a little imagination, one can get an idea of the sort of existence Miss Austen must have led during those long quiet years in the country. "It may be asserted as a general truth, that less was left to the charge and discretion of servants, and more was done, or superintended by the masters and mistresses. With regard to the mistresses, it is, I believe, generally understood that . . . they took a personal part in the higher branches of cookery, as well as in the concoction of home-made wines, and distilling of herbs for domestic medicines. . . . Ladies did not disdain to spin the thread out of which the household linen was woven. Some ladies liked to wash with their own hands their choice china after breakfast or tea."

Miss Austen took a healthy interest in gowns, bonnets, and scarves; and she was a fine needlewoman, both plain and ornamental. She very properly liked young men to be good-looking and had no objection to flirting with them. She loved not only dancing, but theatricals, card games, and other more simple amusements. She was "success-

ful in everything that she attempted with her fingers. None of us could throw spillikens in so perfect a circle, or take them off with so steady a hand. Her performances with cup and ball were marvellous. The one used at Chawton was an easy one, and she has been known to catch it on the point an hundred times in succession, till her hand was weary." It is not surprising to learn that she was a favorite with children; they liked her playful ways with them and her long circumstantial stories.

No one would describe Jane Austen as a blue-stocking (a type with which she had no sympathy), but it is plain that she was a cultivated woman. R. W. Chapman, the great authority on her novels, made a list of the books she is known to have read and it is an imposing one. Of course she read novels, Fanny Burney's, Maria Edgeworth's, and Mrs. Radcliffe's (*The Mysteries of Udolpho*); and she read novels translated from the French and German (among others Goethe's *Sorrows of Werther*); and whatever others she could get from the circulating library at Bath and Southampton. She knew her Shakespeare well, and among the moderns she read Scott and Byron, but her favorite poet seems to have been Cowper. It is not hard to see why his cool, elegant, and sensible verse appealed to her. She read Dr. Johnson and Boswell, a good deal of history, and not a few sermons.

3

THIS brings me to what is obviously the most important thing about her, the books she wrote. She began writing at a very early age. When she was dying at Winchester she sent a niece, who had taken to writing, a message to the effect that if she would take her advice she would cease doing so till she was sixteen and that she had herself often wished that she had read more and written less in the corresponding years (twelve to sixteen) of her life. At that time it was thought far from ladylike for a woman to write books. Monk Lewis wrote: "I have an aversion, a pity and contempt for all female scribblers. The needle, not the pen, is the instrument they should handle, and the only one they ever use dexterously."

The novel was a form held in low esteem and Jane Austen was herself not a little shocked that Sir Walter Scott, a poet, should write fiction. She was "careful that her occupation should not be suspected by servants, or visitors, or any person beyond her family party. She wrote upon small sheets of paper which could easily be put away, or covered with a piece of blotting paper. There was between the front door and the offices, a swing door which creaked when it was opened; but she objected to having this little inconvenience remedied, because it gave her notice when anyone was coming."

Her eldest brother, James, never even told his

son, then a boy at school, that the books he read with delight were by his Aunt Jane; and her brother Henry in his memoir states: "No accumulation of fame would have induced her, had she lived, to affix her name to any productions of her pen." So her first book to be published, *Sense and Sensibility*, was described on the title page as "by a Lady."

It was not the first book she wrote. That was a novel called *First Impressions*. Her brother, George Austen, wrote to a publisher offering for publication, at the author's expense or otherwise, a "manuscript novel, comprising three volumes; about the length of Miss Burney's *Evelina*." The offer was refused by return of post.

First Impressions was begun during the winter of 1796 and finished in August, 1797; it is generally supposed to have been substantially the same book that sixteen years later was issued as *Pride and Prejudice*. Then, in quick succession, she wrote *Sense and Sensibility* and *Northanger Abbey*, but had no better luck with them, though after five years a Mr. Richard Crosbie bought the latter, then called *Susan*, for £10. He never published it and eventually sold it back for what he had paid. Since Miss Austen's novels had been published anonymously he had no notion that the book he parted with for so small a sum was by the successful and popular author of *Pride and Prejudice*.

She seems to have written nothing but a fragment called *The Watsons* between 1798, when she finished *Northanger Abbey*, and 1809. It is a long interval for a writer of such gifts to wait and it has been suggested that her silence was due to a love affair that occupied her to the exclusion of other interests. But this is mere surmise. She was young in 1798 — twenty-three — and it is likely enough that she fell in love more than once, but she was hard to please, and it is equally likely that she fell out again without any great perturbation of spirit.

The most probable explanation of her long silences is that she was discouraged by her inability to find a publisher who would publish her books. Her close relations, to whom she read them, were charmed with them, but she was as sensible as she was modest, and she may well have concluded that their appeal was only to persons who were fond of her and had, it may be, a shrewd idea who the models of her characters were.

4

ANYHOW in 1809, in which year she settled with her mother and sister in the quiet of Chawton, she set about revising her old manuscripts, and in 1811 *Sense and Sensibility* at last appeared.

By then it was no longer outrageous for a woman to write. Professor Spurgeon, in a lecture on Jane Austen delivered to the Royal Society of Literature, quotes a preface to *Original Letters from India* by Eliza Fay. This lady had been urged to publish

them in 1782, but public opinion was so averse to "female authorship" that she declined. But writing in 1816 she said: "Since then a considerable change has gradually taken place in public sentiment, and its development; we have now not only as in former days a number of women who do honour to their sex as literary characters, but many unpretending females, who fearless of the critical perils that once attended the voyage, venture to launch their little barks on the vast ocean through which amusement or instruction is conveyed to a reading public."

Pride and Prejudice was published in 1813. Jane Austen sold the copyright for £110.

Besides the three novels already mentioned she wrote three more, *Mansfield Park*, *Emma*, and *Persuasion*. On these few books her fame rests, and her fame is secure. She had to wait a long time to find a publisher, but she no sooner did than her charming gifts were recognized. Since then the most eminent persons have agreed to praise her. I will only quote what Sir Walter Scott had to say; it is characteristically generous: "That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements, feelings and characters of ordinary life which is to me the most wonderful I have ever met with. The big bow-wow I can do myself like anyone going; but the exquisite touch which renders commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment is denied to me."

It is odd that Scott should have omitted to make mention of the young lady's most precious talent: her observation was searching and her sentiment edifying, but it was her humor that gave point to her observation and a kind of prim liveliness to her sentiment. Her range was narrow. She wrote very much the same sort of story in all her books and there is no great variety in her characters. They are very much the same persons seen from a different point of view. She had common sense in a high degree, and no one knew better than she her limitations. Her experience of life was confined to a small circle of provincial society and that is what she was content to deal with. She wrote only of what she knew; and it has been noticed that she never attempted to reproduce a conversation of men when by themselves, which in the nature of things she could never have heard.

She shared the opinions common in her day and, so far as one can tell from her books and letters, was quite satisfied with the conditions that prevailed. She had no doubt that social distinctions were important and she found it natural that there should be rich and poor. A gentleman's younger son was properly provided for by taking orders and being given a fat family living; young men obtained advancement in the service of the King by the influence of powerful relations; a woman's business was to marry, for love certainly, but in satisfactory financial circumstances. All this was in the order of things and there is no sign that Miss Austen saw

anything objectionable in it. Her family was connected with the clergy and the landed gentry, and her novels are concerned with no other class.

5

It is difficult to decide which is the best of her novels because they are all so good, and each one has its devoted, and even fanatic, admirers. Macaulay thought *Mansfield Park* her greatest achievement; other critics, equally illustrious, have preferred *Emma*; Disraeli read *Pride and Prejudice* seventeen times; today many look upon *Persuasion* as her most exquisite and finished work. The great mass of readers, I believe, have accepted *Pride and Prejudice* as her masterpiece and in such a case I think it well to accept their judgment. What makes a classic is not that it is praised by critics, expounded by professors and studied in college classes, but that readers generation after generation have found pleasure and spiritual profit in reading it.

My own feeling, for what it is worth, is that *Pride and Prejudice* is on the whole the most satisfactory of all the novels. *Emma* offends me by the snobbishness of the heroine; she is really too patronizing to the persons she looks upon as her social inferiors, and I can take no particular interest in the affairs of Frank Churchill and Jane Fairfax. It is the only one of Miss Austen's novels that I find long-winded. In *Mansfield Park* the hero and heroine, Fanny and Edmund, are intolerable prigs and all my sympathies go out to the unscrupulous, sprightly, and charming Henry and Mary Crawford.

Persuasion has a rare charm and except for the incident on the Cobb at Lyme Regis I should be forced to look upon it as the most perfect of the lot. Jane Austen had no great gift for inventing incident of an unusual character and this one seems to me a very clumsy contrivance. Louisa Musgrove runs up some steep steps and is "jumped down" by her admirer Captain Wentworth. He misses her, she falls on her head and is stunned. If he was going to give her his hands, as we are told he had been in the habit of doing in "jumping her off" a stile, she could not have been more than six feet up, and as she was jumping down, it is impossible that she should have fallen on her head. In any case she would have fallen against the stalwart sailor and though perhaps shaken and frightened could hardly have hurt herself. Anyhow she was unconscious and the fuss that was made is unbelievable. Everybody loses his head. Captain Wentworth, who has seen action and made a fortune out of prize money, is paralyzed with horror. The immediately subsequent behavior of all concerned is so idiotic that I find it hard to believe that Miss Austen, who was able to take the illnesses and deaths of her friends and relations with considerable fortitude, did not look upon their conduct as uncommonly foolish.

Professor Garrod, a learned and witty critic, has

said that Jane Austen was incapable of writing a story, by which, he explains, he means a sequence of happenings, either romantic or uncommon. But that is not what Jane Austen had a talent for and not what she tried to do. She had too much common sense and too sprightly a humor to be romantic, and she was not interested in the uncommon, but in the common. She made it uncommon by the keenness of her observation, her irony, and her playful wit.

By a story most of us mean a connected and coherent narrative with a beginning, a middle, and an end. *Pride and Prejudice* begins in the right place, with the arrival on the scene of the two young men whose love for Elizabeth and her sister Jane is the main theme of the novel, and it ends in the right place with their marriage. It is the traditional happy ending. This sort of ending has excited the scorn of the sophisticated and of course it is true that many, perhaps most, marriages are not happy, and further, that marriage concludes nothing; it is merely an entry upon another order of experience. Many authors have in consequence started their novels with marriage and dealt with its outcome. It is their right.

But I have a notion that there is something to be said for the simple people who look upon marriage as a satisfactory conclusion to a work of fiction. I think they do so because they have a deep, instinctive feeling that by mating a man and a woman have fulfilled their biological function; the interest which it is natural to feel in the steps that have led to this consummation, the birth of love, the obstacles, the misunderstandings, the avowals, now yields to its result, their issue, which is the generation that will succeed them. To nature each couple is but a link in a chain and the only importance of the link is that another link may be added to it. This is the novelist's justification for the happy ending. In Jane Austen's books the reader's satisfaction is considerably enhanced by the knowledge that the bridegroom has a substantial income from real estate and will take his bride to a fine house, surrounded by a park, and furnished throughout with expensive and elegant furniture.

Pride and Prejudice seems to me a very well constructed book. The incidents follow one another very naturally and one's sense of probability is nowhere outraged. It is, perhaps, odd that Elizabeth and Jane should be so well-bred and well-behaved, whereas their mother and three younger sisters should be so ordinary; but that this should be so was essential to the story Miss Austen had to tell. I have allowed myself to wonder why she did not avoid this stumbling block by making Elizabeth and Jane the daughters of a first marriage of Mr. Bennet and making the Mrs. Bennet of the novel his second wife and the mother of the three younger daughters.

Jane Austen liked Elizabeth the best of all her

heroines. "I must confess," she wrote, "that I think her as delightful a creature as ever appeared in print." If, as some have thought, she was herself the original for her portrait of Elizabeth — and she has certainly given her her own gaiety, high spirit and courage, wit and readiness, good sense and right feeling — it is perhaps not rash to suppose that when she drew the placid, kindly, and beautiful Jane Bennet she had in mind her sister Cassandra.

Darcy has been generally regarded as a fearful cad. His first offense was his refusal to dance with people he didn't know and didn't want to know at a public ball to which he had gone with a party. Not a very heinous one. It is true that when he proposes to Elizabeth it is with an unpardonable insolence, but pride, pride of birth and wealth, was the predominant trait of his character and without it there would have been no story to tell. The manner of his proposal, moreover, gave Jane Austen opportunity for the most dramatic scene in the book. It is conceivable that with the experience she gained later Jane Austen might have been able to indicate Darcy's feelings in such a way as to antagonize Elizabeth without putting into his mouth speeches so improbable as to shock the reader.

There is perhaps some exaggeration in the drawing of Lady Catherine and Mr. Collins, but to my mind little more than comedy allows. Comedy sees life in a light more sparkling, but colder, than that of common day, and a touch of exaggeration, that is of farce, is often no disadvantage. A discreet admixture of farce, like a sprinkle of sugar on strawberries, may well make comedy more palatable.

With regard to Lady Catherine one must remember that in Jane Austen's day rank gave its possessors a sense of immense superiority over persons of inferior station, and these persons accepted the position without resentment. If Lady Catherine looked upon Elizabeth as so much white trash, let us not forget that Elizabeth looked upon her Aunt Phillips, because she was the wife of an attorney, as very little better. In my own youth, a hundred years after Jane Austen wrote, I knew great ladies whose sense of importance, though not quite so blatant, was not far removed from Lady Catherine's.

And as for Mr. Collins, who has not known even today men with that combination of pomposity and sycophancy?

No one has ever looked upon Jane Austen as a great stylist. Her spelling is peculiar and her grammar often shaky, but she had a good ear. I think the influence of Dr. Johnson can be discerned in the structure of her sentences. She is apt to use the word of Latin origin rather than the plain English one, the abstract rather than the concrete. It gives her phrase a slight formality which is far from unpleasant; indeed it often adds point to a witty remark and a demure savor to a malicious one. Her dialogue is probably as natural as dialogue can ever be. To set down on paper speech as it is spoken would be very tedious, and some arrangement of it is necessary. Since so many of the speeches are worded exactly as they would be today, we must suppose that at the end of the eighteenth century young girls in conversation did express themselves in a manner which would now seem stilted. Jane, speaking of her lover's sisters, remarks: "They were certainly no friends to his acquaintance with me, which I cannot wonder at, since he might have chosen so much more advantageously in many respects." I am willing to believe that this is just how she put it, but I admit, it requires an effort.

I have said nothing yet of what to my mind is the greatest merit of this charming book: it is wonderfully readable — more readable than some greater and more famous novels. As Scott said, Miss Austen deals with commonplace things, the involvements, feelings, and characters of ordinary life; nothing very much happens and yet when you reach the bottom of a page you eagerly turn it in order to know what will happen next; nothing very much does and again you turn the page with the same eagerness. The power of making you do this is the greatest gift a novelist can have and I have often wondered what creates it. Why is it that even when you have read the novel over and over again your interest never flags? I think with Jane Austen it is because she was so immensely interested in her characters and in what happened to them and because she profoundly believed in them.



Books and Men



A philosopher and teacher, PAUL WEISS was born in New York City.

A B.S.S. of City College, he took his M.A. and Ph.D. at Harvard, where he worked under the friendly stimulus of Alfred North Whitehead. The tribute which follows was written directly after Professor Whitehead's death last December, and at the urging of the Harvard Crimson, with whose kind permission the essay is reprinted. The author of three volumes, *The Nature of Systems, Reality, and Nature and Man*, the founder and editor of the *Review of Metaphysics*, Mr. Weiss is professor of philosophy at Yale University.

ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD

1861-1947

by PAUL WEISS

THERE are men who cherish what ought to be. There are others who stress what is. The former are moralists, the latter scientists. Alfred North Whitehead was something of both, as a philosopher should be. But he was more as well. He was also, perhaps primarily, concerned with seeking connections between the facts that theory seemed to hold apart. He was alive to what might be, partly for the sake of understanding this world in which we daily live. A ruminative man who looked at all things from the vantage of the possible, he was also a precise and rigorous one, as might be expected from a mathematician and a logician who was always at home with fact.

The possible, Whitehead saw, is free from the restrictions characteristic of the things in this more or less arbitrary world. It is free too from the limitations characteristic of traditional mathematics and logic. It is not restricted to what has been or is; it includes much that never was realized. There are no impassable boundaries in it any more than there are in the world of fact, and there should be but one science encompassing it all. From the very beginning Whitehead was aware of and explored this truth.

In his first great work, his *Treatise on Universal Algebra*, he dealt with mathematics as a discipline by which one could move in a precise way from any well-defined part of the realm of possibility to any other. An independent and original work, it was without much influence. And now it is somewhat out of date, in part because of Whitehead's own subsequent labors, particularly as contained in his three-volume *Principia Mathematica* published together with his pupil, Bertrand Russell.

The *Principia Mathematica* is one of the greatest testimonies to sustained, rigorous thought that we have. Whitehead once said that its greatest ac-

complishment was the provision of the first real proof that 1 plus 1 is 2 — an achievement which required some hundred pages of most careful reasoning and the use of a most complicated symbolism. But the work is best known for the way it brings logic and mathematics together as a single enterprise, deducing most carefully the basic propositions of both fields from a half-dozen truths and a few undefined ideas. The work has been the inspiration of a whole generation, and only recently have we been learning ways to go beyond it — in part by reflecting on the problems it raised.

It was characteristic of Whitehead to look at his own writings with considerable detachment. He disowned disciples and disliked hero-worship. Everything, he said, had some bearing on everything else, and as a consequence he was most ready to see the relevance of the most diverse approaches and views to his own presentation. Believing firmly that the intellectual life demanded the constant extension of the imagination and the adjustment of discourse to the infinite richness of reality, he was the most flexible and youthful of men in spirit, in speech, and in thought.

Whitehead soon left behind the perspective and values of the *Principia Mathematica*, to devote himself to questions beyond the province of its method. His first ventures were highly technical and of restricted interest, though there are students of the philosophy of science who think his *The Principle of Relativity* has been wrongly neglected, and who still study his *An Inquiry Concerning the Principles of Natural Knowledge* and his *The Concept of Nature* as the soundest works we have on the nature and meaning of scientific knowledge.

It was not until Whitehead came to America, in 1924, at the age of sixty-three, that he began to make evident to the world the breadth of his in-

terests, the brilliance of his mind, and the freshness, profundity, and boldness of his thought. Harvard, he said, gave him a chance to express himself; there, he often remarked, he began another life. There he taught new subjects, made new friends, and in a space of less than a half-dozen years made himself known throughout the world as one of the greatest of speculative minds.

From 1925 to 1938 he wrote nine books. The most effective was his *Science and the Modern World*. We have not yet entirely recovered from the shock of its appearance. Brilliantly written, dotted with penetrating epigrams which serve to turn thought in new directions, it ostensibly traces the history of modern science, but actually states some of the most important original ideas it has been our generation's fortune to hear. It is here that he made so evident the arbitrary, unreal character which Newton and his followers, of whom Einstein is one, supposed our universe to have; it is here that God is shown to have a place in a comprehensive scientific cosmology; it is here that Whitehead makes us see how all things are intermeshed without loss of individuality.

Whitehead's next great book was his *Process and Reality*. It is his most difficult, but is also his most sustained; it is in fact the most comprehensive, original, systematic work in English philosophy that we have had since the days of Hobbes. Hardly read by his contemporaries and colleagues, not understood by reviewers and most of his pupils, it has nevertheless already attained the status of an indispensable work.

The awkwardness and obscurity of much of its style, the detailed technical discussions of which it is full, the abstractness of many of its issues, will prevent *Process and Reality* from ever directly affecting more than a small number of industrious and independent thinkers. But its indirect effect has been and will continue to be enormous. It should forever remain a landmark in the history of the intellect, a perpetual source of fundamental ideas, a monument in metaphysics, cosmology, and theology, a watershed separating twentieth-century from nineteenth-century thought.

According to *Process and Reality*, this universe is made up of a host of beings. Whitehead called them "actual occasions." Each was a point where the finished met the possible, where the ideas of God joined history, where the physical was interwoven with the mental. Each, according to him, "prehended" — laid hold of and made internal to itself — all that lay beyond it in the world that had been and in the world that might be, to constitute a novel present unity. Each was the juncture of the whole of the past and the whole of the future.

Whatever had been and could be was relevant to each occasion. Nothing was simply located, here and not in some sense also there, without significance for anything beyond it. But just what mean-

ing the rest of the universe had for this particular thing, only this particular thing could decide, and then only when and as it came to be. Each being, according to Whitehead, made itself be what it was. Each was an adventure in self-creation, an adventure which looked backwards for material and forwards for guidance, but which was finally performed in the solitude of absolute privacy. This was true both of those actual occasions we locate in men and of those we locate in stones or chemical compounds. We are all, the living and the dead, the human and the subhuman, part of one nature. We have different yet similar origins, careers, and destinies. Each of us is a cosmic artist making use of the whole welter of the actual and possible to create that private unity which is ourselves most truly.

An actual occasion exists for but an atomic moment, a short stretch of time which cannot be subdivided. It takes the whole of such a moment for an occasion to make itself be, and when that moment is over, the occasion passes away. Perishing is thus the inevitable accompaniment of creation.

But each thing is remembered in a sense by God, and each is "prehended" — taken account of and thus preserved — by all that comes thereafter. Each of us is naught but a series of somewhat closely related actual occasions. No one of us is permanent, no one of us is duplicatable, no one of us is forever without effect on everything there will be. We are internally richer, more intense, than other beings perhaps, and occasionally may have a flicker of a consciousness denied to others, but in principle we are like all other beings. Like all else we are focal points unifying the cosmos in a fresh and original way, offering ourselves as material to be unified by what else might follow, and together with all other things in this space-time world, interplaying with and complementing that supreme actual occasion, God. This is a cosmology in which there is no place for the hard, colorless, self-sufficient atoms of the past, but which grounds deep and firm the modern view that the fundamental realities are interrelated quanta events in a cosmic space-time.

Process and Reality will last as long as our scientific epoch does. His *Adventures of Ideas*, because not subject to the vicissitudes of scientific fashions, is a more enduring book. But not for that reason alone. It will, I believe, be read, pondered and discussed long after all of us are gone. It is a classic of our time, a wise book, a mellow one. Whitehead felt that it was his best. At once profound and lucid, original and erudite, comprehensive and detailed, it deals equally with the soil, the life, the roots, and the fruits of cosmology, religion, art, ethics, and civilization. In a hundred different ways it points up the limitations of language, of scholarship, of traditional science and religion, and gently but surely leads one to see that the history

of civilization is but a special case of the history of a cosmos in which ideas can and sometimes do "persuade" the brute facts of life and experience to be harmonized, muted, and ennobled. There is a faint but sure drive in things towards excellence which deserves to be encouraged, nursed, supported. We are civilized to the degree that we refuse to allow this bias toward excellence to be blocked by force or quieted by a dogmatic supposition that the richness of the ideal has already been exhausted.

Throughout, but perhaps no better than in the final words of this book, there is summarized a

lifetime of thought and a lifetime of civilized living. "At the heart of the nature of things, there are always the dream of youth and the harvest of tragedy. The adventure of the universe starts with the dream and reaps tragic beauty. This is the secret of the union of zest with peace — that the suffering attains its end in a harmony of harmonies. The immediate experience of this final fact, with its union of youth and tragedy, is the sense of peace. In this way the world receives its persuasion towards such perfections as are possible for its diverse individual occasions."

FAILURE

by DANIEL J. BERRIGAN, S.J.

I AM mindful of failure that crowns the unborn
And the never begun —
Mortal and small and lost as the settled dust
Of that small son
From David's unchastity and tears
Soon born and soon undone.

Failure, the hasty bread begrudged,
The absurd snatch they sing
In the courts of fools, where the king is a fool
The fool a king —
And death well knows it, and the dust
That says not a thing.

Failure, the last to break,
Or if you will, the first
Or any leaf that loved the summer but fell and fell
From the tree accursed —
Deformed, most beautiful, hidden, highest, least
The perfect and the worst.

Indiscriminate, thank God, it is:
Canker in the sweet brain
Of Denmark and his digger; sun of shadow and light
On a lost perelandran lane;
Deep as a grave in hell
And equable as rain.

Born certainly in the heart: perhaps of a calm maddening
Midsummer breeze:
Risen from choice to a great tide that may blow out the candid
stars: lovely or lost, flower or festered, angel or devil.
Failure is the wrong or the right
Choice among these.

THE ATLANTIC

Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

THE hostility of inanimate objects is not to be taken lightly. Because I am an unhandy man, I am apt to credit such objects with malevolence, as if what they did, they did out of personal spite. So when a muffin jumps all over me at breakfast, leaving butter on the lapel, I damn the whole tribe of muffins as I wet my napkin and begin to scrub the cloth.

Such hostility breaks out when you least expect it. On my first visit to Houston, Texas, I traveled down on the sleeper from St. Louis, and since I was to give a series of lectures, I was accompanied by my biggest leather suitcase, complete with evening clothes and a tray of clean shirts. Early in the morning, having shaved and dressed, I returned to the berth to put away my toilet articles. The suitcase sat back sullenly far underneath the lower. "Out you come," I said, as I pulled at the handle. It wouldn't budge. "Oh, you won't, won't you?" I said, turning the thing into a tug of strength. "You'll come, all right." And I really put my back into it.

Well, it came — that is, the top half of it came, spilling the contents into the aisle. The bag had got itself jammed under the berth, and what I had done was to tug it clean in two. Luckily the porter had a length of old clothesline: we lashed the two halves together with only a little of the linen showing, and I stepped out to meet my Texas host.

The perversity of these attacks is infuriating. We spent one damp summer on Cape Cod in a cottage where every drawer and door stuck. Each week-end I would get into a new feud with my bureau. One Saturday morning I remember I was jerking irritably at the middle drawer when a younger member of the family appeared at the doorway and paused to watch. The drawer would open for a thin slice at one end and of course jam. Then when I hammered it back, it would go deep into another

jam. Finally it yielded to my rage, and I staggered backwards, with the drawer strewing its contents on the floor. Muttering, I stooped to pick the stuff up. This took time.

Meanwhile the junior, still giggling, had inserted his head sideways in the opening and then turned and looked down. When he started to withdraw, his jaws and ears caught, and his howl of hurt surprise caused me to look up. There he stood with his head in the lion's mouth, beating the enemy with both palms. I called my wife, lifted him horizontal, and with some smoothing of his ears, we drew him out. But it is amazing what a bureau will think up.

Take no chances with kindling wood, even with chunks as obedient as white pine. A year ago I had sawed up a binful in our wood lot, and on a rainy Saturday I was down cellar splitting those gleaming even lengths so satisfying to the eye. The pile mounted uneventfully until I got into some knots. Then the wood began to fly off the chopping block as if it wanted to escape the axe. I'd pursue and give it the *coup de grâce* on the stone floor. One tough wedge escaped me twice, and tried to hide on the edge of my lovely pile. "No, you don't," I grunted, and I really smote it. In a split second the air was full of flying timber, and one piece caught me square in the eye. I had hit into a chain reaction, and for a week it was ignominious to explain how I got that shiner.

Such assaults are always ignominious. No shoelace ever breaks until you're already ten minutes late; when your shirt grows too tight and you try to ease the neckband with your thumb, off pops the button; when you most need your fountain pen, it is gummy with ink. I guess life was a good deal simpler in Eden.

The handy book

I learned long ago that every household needs a tool kit which you can depend on finding when you want it. Our tool kit is housed in a square tin cracker box. The box is two inches deep in nails, brads, and tacks which have escaped from their manila envelopes. In it are loose coils of picture wire and our two chief tools: a monkey wrench large enough to hammer with, and a scarred but still formidable screwdriver. If these are inadequate, we reach for that master instrument, the telephone. When the plumber or carpenter appears, his skill is sometimes as humiliating as it is swift. "Well," I say, "you can't be both an editor and a mechanic." And we pay for the difference.



1861—Southern Democrats Revolt!

This book records a dangerous crisis in the Democratic party and the nation, leading to the Civil War. The author believes the crisis occurred because our Democratic leaders did not understand the nation's complex growth. "... a masterful job, a realistic description of men, issues, negotiations and events ... carries one along, as on a stream of campaign excitement." — Charles A. Beard. \$7.50

New!



Exciting!

Unique!

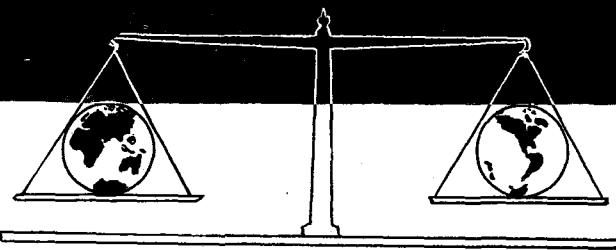
Here are the Presidents' lives told in pictures—426 beautiful pictures, the greatest share of which have never reached the public at all. Here is a stirring pageant of Presidents from Washington to Truman—their wives, their birthplaces, their colleges, their homes, dramatic highlights of their careers, their cabinets, inauguration scenes—and much more. Under each picture is a brief summary, giving important dates and facts. With Mathew Brady's famous photographs, complete for the first time. By HIRST D. MILHOLLEN and MILTON KAPLAN. \$7.50



PRESIDENTS ON PARADE

THE DISRUPTION OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY

By ROY FRANKLIN NICHOLS

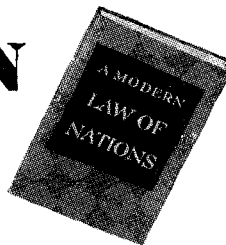


Is ours a lawless world?

A MODERN LAW OF NATIONS

By PHILIP C. JESSUP

Read the headlines, remember two wars, and you know that the answer is YES! What can we do about it? Adopt a modern law of nations, says Philip C. Jessup. This brilliant study—hailed in the *New York Times* by Justice Jackson of the Supreme Court—breaks ground for this new law. \$4.00



She looked like a queen! Gay Leguay was the pawn in a plot to save Marie Antoinette's life. She was whisked away to Azylum, a French colony in Pennsylvania. There her life was saved by a stalwart young American who wooed and won her. For lovers of romance with an authentic background. \$3.00



I THEE WED

By GILBERT W. GABRIEL

DANDY HART

By HAMILTON ELLIS



A swashbuckler of the railroads, Dandy Hart lived in the hurly-burly of the mid-Victorian railway world. He was a big man—with big loves and hates. Dandy's story makes a dashing historical novel, with a vivid picture of early railroading days. \$3.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

That was all very well in the days when help was easy to get. Today a household survives on self-help, and the best and clearest instruction that I have found for one of my amateur standing is *The Complete Home Handyman's Guide*, edited by Hubbard Cobb (Wise, \$3.95). This book has a solution for every household mystery which has plagued us, and the explanations are both lucid and economical. Profusely illustrated, comprehensive, and clearly detailed, this unpretentious volume embraces everything from burglar alarms to the intriguing operation of removing furniture dents with a warm iron. It has directions for the repair of all types of home equipment, and clear descriptions of the fundamental systems of heating, wiring, plumbing, and so forth. The book is simply written and well cross-referenced, and one can learn the secrets of house-owner's liability or hermaphrodite calipers, why to wash clapboards from the bottom up, and — the greatest challenge to the patience of man — how to hang wallpaper on the ceiling without stealing the act from the Marx Brothers. Here is a family stand-by which belongs on the shelf with Fannie Farmer.

The U.S.A. in Italy

All this talk of Italy sends me back to a war novel which, despite the encomiums, I neglected to read at the time of its publication, — *The Gallery* by John Horne Burns (Harper, \$3.00). Mr. Burns was a master at Loomis before the war. He had written experimentally both fiction and verse. Then he took part in the landing at Casablanca and saw action in North Africa and in Italy. The prose which emerged from this experience has power and authenticity.

The Galleria Umberto in Naples is the stage of this story. A cross between a railroad station and a museum, the bars and shops and pavement covered by a dome of glass which has now been shattered by the bombing, the Gallery was the unofficial heart of the city where men of the Allied armies mingled with Neapolitans — men, women, and children — to drink vermouth, to dicker on the black market, to make love or relieve other primary needs by day or night. "Most of the modern world," writes Mr. Burns, "could be seen in ruins there in August, 1944."

The novelist divides his book into nine vignettes, each dedicated to a character or set of characters who are brought within the activity of the Gallery. The impact of these Americans upon the Italians is on the whole not a pretty sight. The concupiscence, the plundering, the insensibility of a conquering army, are starkly revealed. Like the young Dos Passos, Mr. Burns makes no compromise with degrading detail. The love-making is often sheer physical relief taken hurriedly and brutally by men on borrowed time. And yet Mr. Burns writes of these soldiers on leave, the men in the V.D. ward,

these young aviators and chaplains, and these Italians, with understanding, with passages of genuine tenderness, with integrity. "For though we Americans were a conquering army, when history is written it will show that the Neapolitans conquered many of us. They beat us down with love" — so reflects the author on one of those promenades which he takes before each chapter.

It is disconcerting, and to me a shortcoming of the book, to have to take up and then put down these characters in turn. Since the strands are not interlaced, what we have are nine episodes of unequal interest, with the book ending somewhat theatrically on the note of the strongest character. Strength, pity, disgust — these are the three keys to the book. "Hope" is also mentioned in the blurb. But I found little of it.

When lightning strikes

When Teddy Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot took up the cause of Conservation in the early years of this century, we had, as I remember, only two first-rate schools of forestry, Yale and Cornell. Over the past four decades the defenders of our forests, soils, and unpolluted streams have had a hard and at times a losing fight on their hands. Political interests and industrial selfishness have too often combined for quick profits, leaving the taxpayer to foot the bill for the despoliation which follows. The fight still goes on: Jackson's Hole and the Everglades are but two of our finest preserves which are now in jeopardy. And when a forest fire breaks out as devastating as that which swept through the Acadia National Park and Bar Harbor last autumn, we realize sadly that there is an incalculable element which at times can be even more ruthless than man.

George R. Stewart enjoys contending against the elements. His earlier novel, *Storm*, was the work of a man versed in meteorology, a writer with a gift for description and a bird's-eye view. Mr. Stewart is now teaching English at the University of California, and there, in close coöperation with the U.S. Forest Service, he worked through two fire seasons as a lookout on the fire lines, and in the same plane with the parachutists who guard our great stands on the Western slopes. From such an experience comes his new book, *Fire* (Random House, \$3.00), a novel about a forest fire, minutely observant, panoramic, and very human.

The story begins with a thunderstorm in the Ponderosa National Forest. As lightning strikes, the lookouts high up in their glass cages go to work with their fire-finders, and any smoke column is instantly reported to the ranger at headquarters. As the storm advanced, it was Judith Godoy, the lookout at Cerro Gordo, who spotted the blue-white flash which poured through a Jeffrey pine on a mountain slope twelve miles from her tower. At the base of the tree, that lightning stroke had

CLIFTON FADIMAN *says:*

**"This is real backstage stuff.
It is horrible—and it is fascinating."***

THE GOEBBELS DIARIES



This is the man who,

during 1942 and 1943, when Nazi Germany was passing the peak of its power, wrote a gigantic personal diary, covering every plot, every plan, every doubt and jealousy and confidence of the closely guarded Nazi hierarchy.

He was closer to Hitler than any of the others. And if he was mad, he was a madman with an eye on history. His diaries are an intimate record of unrelieved evil. They are also the best and most accurate record we are likely to have of what went on inside Germany during the war. Goebbels was one of a very small group of men in wartime Germany who knew all about what was happening and what was planned. As he fabricated his network of lies to the German people and to the world by day, he was telling the truth to his diary at night.

As *John P. Marquand* says: "Don't pass up this terrible but utterly fascinating book . . . The private and shameless confession of one of the most dangerously malignant minds in history."*

► "Self-revelation requires complete freedom from moral censorship, and skill in expression of a high order. Benvenuto Cellini had it; Pepys had it; so had Joseph Goebbels."—HENRY SEIDEL CANBY*

► "Through these intimate records . . . we look into that brain and see what Goebbels thought."—DOROTHY CANFIELD*

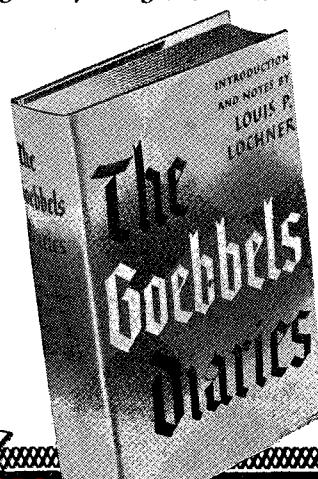
**Book-of-the-Month Club News*

THE GOEBBELS DIARIES

► Edited, Translated, and with an Introduction by LOUIS P. LOCHNER.

190,000 words, 576 pages, \$4.00.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB SELECTION FOR MAY



At your bookseller's

DOUBLEDAY

heated a few dry needles to the kindling point. And that evening a column of smoke as from a cigarette grew faintly into the air. All this was hidden from Judith's detection, and it was a colony of ants and then a pine squirrel who watched this fire smolder into life. Not until the sixth day was there enough evidence to bring lookout, forest ranger, and supervisor into action; and then, Onion Creek being isolated from road or trail, the fire had headway and, what was worse, a hot gusty north wind to make it fierce and unpredictable.

In the five days that followed, the fire devours 10,000 acres. An army to fight it is called into being, an army reaching back to Sacramento and Los Angeles for recruits. Lumbermen, rangers, soldiers, meteorologists, cat-skinners (a "cat" is a bulldozer to the forest), parachutists, fishermen, and volunteers from the forest villages — for five days they fight a retreating battle under the direction of the fire boss, John Bartley. Three times they almost have it under control: once when Slugger O'Neill nearly has it cut off, again when Bart plays his lines too close in Reverse Flat, and again just before the panic on the ridge. Then Bart is broken, the supervisor takes over, the wind shifts — and you must see for yourself what happens.

The ceaseless vigilance of the foresters, their resourcefulness, and their love of the country are well delineated. The ants, the squirrel, the hawk, the deer, and the bear are graphically picked out in their retreat before the ancient enemy. And the protagonist, the Fire itself, as it explodes a 200-foot pine, as it sends the blazing big cones rolling into the underbrush, and turns the manzanita brush into Hades, is a force whose terror and destruction rival what man can do at his worst.

The quick of nature

For five months the fly-fisherman has had no more play of the wrist than the twitch of the new rod which he fitted together in the living room on Christmas Day. But as April 15 approaches, out come the fly box, the reel to be oiled, the leaders to be soaked and tested. Most pleasures feast on anticipation, and as this is most true of fishing, I commend *Angler's Choice*, "An Anthology of American Trout Fishing," edited by Howard T. Walden II (Macmillan, \$3.75). Each will take from this anthology the pleasure and guidance which best fit his needs. I, who am a novice in stream fishing, have enjoyed the cast and playing of a trout as told by Eugene E. Slocum in "A Typical Experience," "The Willow Fly" by Eugene Wright, and "The Eye for an Eye" by Curtis Zahn. I wish I had printed Leonard Bacon's poem, "Minch on a Dry Fly," in the *Atlantic*; I was proud that we had done so with those two classics of our time, "Fishing With a Worm" by Bliss Perry and "Feller in the Creek" by Ferris Greenslet. These are but half a dozen helpings of an appetizing bedside book.



Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO

In flash after flash, metaphor after metaphor, the eye lights up that cave of darkness" — Virginia Woolf's tribute to Proust perfectly describes her own method. Her prose is radiantly luminous. I doubt if any of her contemporaries have written lovelier English than the best of Virginia Woolf.

Some of her best is contained in *The Moment* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.00), a collection of essays not previously assembled in book form, and in a one-volume reissue of *The Common Reader*, First and Second Series (Harcourt, Brace, \$4.00). A few of these sparkling pieces are portraits of such figures as Ellen Terry and Beau Brummell; the majority are literary criticism ranging from Chaucer to modern American fiction and reflections on the art of the novel, which in turn prompt a note on the art of Virginia Woolf. Hers was a faultless conception of the artist's function: to see what goes unseen and "to compose the truth of it, the whole of it." She complained that in the omniscient narrative, with its forthright definition of character and situation, "life escapes." Her tormenting endeavor is forever to subordinate time to meaning, "what happens" to "what is." Who knows what we are, what we feel? one of her heroines asks. "Fifty pairs of eyes" are not enough "to get around . . . one woman." And there are always thoughts "hanging like bats" in the primeval darkness.

"It is no use trying to sum people up," Virginia Woolf wrote. "One must follow hints, not exactly what is said, nor yet what is done." One must, in fact, inhabit and look out from the psyche of each and every character, seeking, with all of their variegated perceptions and subjectivity, to "fix the moment" in its totality. This aim calls for nothing less than multiple vision and a freewheeling sensibility, gifts which Virginia Woolf, for all her prodigious talent, did not possess in the requisite degree. In the great experimental novels — *Mrs. Dalloway*, *To the Lighthouse*, *The Waves* — the vision of her characters and their subjective coloring are, with some exceptions, minor variations of her own. The inner monologues become an inner monologue, and here too, life escapes. E. M. Forster has described Virginia Woolf as "a poet who wants to write something as near a novel as possible." Of the novels she has written, some are among the finest of our time, but only *The Waves* came

Malabar Farm

By LOUIS BROMFIELD

A delightful new book about life at "Pleasant Valley". One third of MALABAR FARM consists of the author's personal diary of a year's cycle at Malabar. The journal and the book as a whole open for city dweller and countryman alike a new, fresh world, an unequalled picture of country life as it is really lived.

Illustrated by KATE LORD. \$3.75



THE IDES OF MARCH

BY THORNTON WILDER

"One of the really great books of our generation."— FANNY BUTCHER, *Chicago Tribune*. "The finest prose Mr. Wilder has yet given us, and incomparably the richest reading experience I have enjoyed this winter."— EDWARD WEEKS, *Atlantic Monthly*. "Brilliantly and vitally alive, subtle in wit, astute in wisdom, and richly provocative."— ALICE DIXON BOND, *Boston Herald*. \$2.75



On Active Service

IN PEACE AND WAR

By Henry L. Stimson and McGeorge Bundy

"There can be only one other set of personal memoirs out of this war, written in English, that will be in the same class with them, and those, of course, are Churchill's. These are tops for this country."— WALTER LIPPMANN.

\$5.00

Special autographed edition, two volumes, boxed. \$15.00

ENJOYMENT OF LIVING MAX EASTMAN'S autobiography

With the abundant vitality that made his ENJOYMENT OF LAUGHTER such enthralling reading, a famous fighting journalist writes candidly of love and liberalism as he has known them through years crowded with exuberant experience. With 16 pages of illustrations and cartoons from *The Masses*.

\$5.00

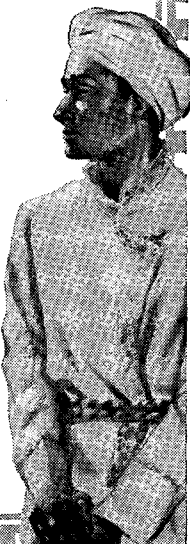
Son of the Moon

The new HARPER PRIZE NOVEL

By Joseph George Hitrec

"Enchanting . . . A more readable, thorough, and entertaining introduction to modern India could scarcely be devised . . . Mr. Hitrec proves himself to be a rich storyteller in this engrossing narrative."— THOMAS SUGRUE, *N.Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*.

\$3.00



Have you read?

INSIDE U.S.A.

by John Gunther

\$5.00

SPEAKING FRANKLY

by James F. Byrnes

\$3.50

I REMEMBER DISTINCTLY

by Agnes Rogers and Frederick Lewis Allen

\$5.00

THE GALLERY

by John Horne Burns

"The best war novel of 1947"

6th Printing.

\$3.00

HARPER & BROTHERS, 49 East 33rd Street, New York 16

A girl with eyes grey
as chilled steel, a British
sergeant, a host of
conspirators, and the
pungent turmoil of a
Middle East cross-roads
in a slick-as-a-scimitar
novel of international
adventure, by the author
of **ROGUE MALE**.

**GEOFFREY
HOUSEHOLD'S**

Arabesque

At all bookstores • \$2.75

AN ATLANTIC BOOK • LITTLE, BROWN & CO

Presenting
One of the Most Important Biographies
of this Century

—the First Volume of
JEFFERSON AND HIS TIME

JEFFERSON *the* **VIRGINIAN**

By **DUMAS MALONE**

MARQUIS JAMES, two-time Pulitzer Prize biographer, says:
"Up to now Thomas Jefferson has bested every
biographer who has tackled him . . . Twenty years
ago Dumas Malone went to work. His achievement
is one of the great triumphs in our annals of biog-
raphy. Malone has got Jefferson for us as if he were
in the next room. He could not have chosen a better
time to introduce to the public this great American
citizen of the world."

At all bookstores • \$6.00

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY • BOSTON

anywhere near to achieving the elusive goal she set herself.

As critic, Virginia Woolf invites herself, as a sort of week-end guest, into the world of the writer and there too seeks to fix the totality of her impressions. The result is not so much criticism as an entrancing travelogue about Virginia Woolf in, say, Scotland. There is Sir Walter, "prosing and pompous," fussing about the gas, for "he loved a bright light, and he did not mind a slight smell." As he narrates *The Antiquary*, "old metaphors out of the property box come flapping their dusty wings across the sky." But then there is a thundering good storm, and Virginia Woolf is reminded that Stevenson's storm in *Kidnapped* was "incapable of wetting the sole of a lady's slipper." She thinks a lot of Sir Walter, despite his old-fashioned ways. Now she is with Dickens, not one of her closer friends. She soon begins to feel chilly, and cuttingly observes that he stirs up a blaze "not by tightening his plot or sharpening his wit, but by throwing another handful of people into the fire."

Humor flits across the page, administering here and there a gentle sting. Sinclair Lewis's Babbitt is out shopping for dreams. "What are dreams made of — the most expensive dreams? Seas, fairies, moors? Well, he will have a little of each." Literature, to the mighty critic Gosse, is an incomparable mistress and it is his joy "to dress her charms." The novelist whispers that "lovers of course sometimes go further and a child is the result. Critics too sometimes love literature *creatively*." And that is precisely the way Virginia Woolf loved criticism.

The Christian dialectic

When a "Study of History" of prodigious scholarship, vast complexity — and costing five dollars — remains a leading best-seller for a year or more, there is surely cause to marvel. A clue is suggested by the fact that two other best-sellers, *Peace of Mind* and *Human Destiny*, proffer, as **Arnold Toynbee** does, a resolutely spiritual viewpoint. The response to these books looks like a token of the "return to religion" which prophets of the moral weather have said is in the air. What is certain is that Toynbee's work marks a resounding rupture with the modernist tradition, whose roots reach back to the Age of Reason — the tradition whose architects have been Voltaire and Condorcet, the doughty English rationalists, and the latter-day scientists and scientific thinkers.

Toynbee's forebear is Carlyle — the similarity between their concepts is sometimes arresting — a Victorian by chronology but a throwback in spirit to an earlier time, who opposed a prophetic vision of history to the prevailing intellectualism. "All history," said Carlyle, "is an inarticulate Bible." "History passes over into theology," writes Toynbee in the preface to *Civilization on Trial* (Oxford, \$3.50), a collection of his recent essays. He assails the thesis of *The Decline and Fall*, product of Gibbon's skeptical maturity, rejects materialism and Spengler's doomsday determinism, opposing to them Christian dogma and a Faustian dialectic between Good and Evil.

If you believe our civilization
is the most advanced in history—

How do you
explain
these headlines?

GIRL DELINQUENCY
FOUND INCREASING
Youngest Age Group Legend
for First Time in History of
Chicago's Police Agency

Guns Roar in Palestine

THOUSANDS FLEE ARAB MOBS

PRICES DECLARED
BRINGING SLUMP
Immediate Voluntary Cuts Are
Needed, Truman Is Told by
His Economic Advisors

JAIL 1,000 STRIKERS

Eisenhower Hails Reich Bombings,
Says City After City Is Shattered

WITH RED VETO JOLTS U. N.

THESE HEADLINES are
symbols of our civilization
... bomb-shattered cities,
stricken faiths, world-wide misery
and disillusion.

What's at fault?

Who's to blame?

IDEAS HAVE CONSEQUENCES will
tell you. The answer may shock
you. It may also start you on the
road toward changing these head-
lines. This calm, quiet, courageous
book, this startling, infuriating,
revolutionary book, may shatter

your strongest convictions. But it
will give you new understanding
of the problems of the world, and
what can be done to prevent chaos.

• "A profound diagnosis of the
sickness of our culture. It will be
shocking to many moderns."
—REINHOLD NIEBUHR.

• "With relentless penetration Mr.
Weaver lays bare the inner corro-
sion of modern civilization."
—CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON.

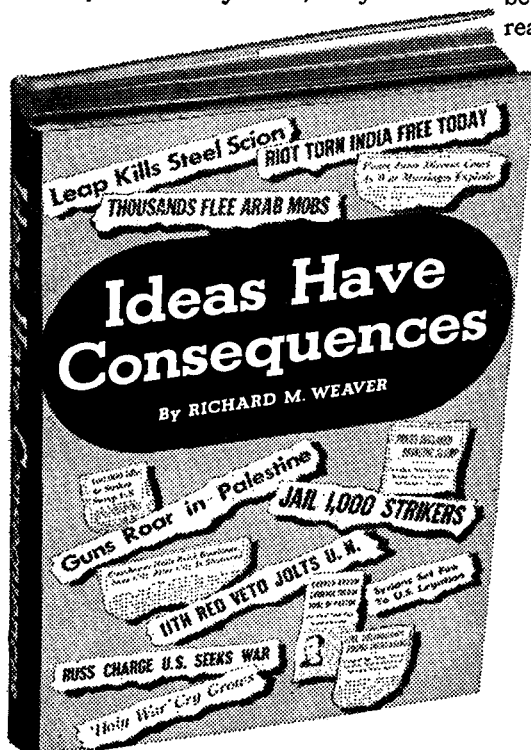
• "Persuasive and eloquent ... will
be attacked, but will be widely
read."—ALLEN TATE.

• "Will be hated and attacked ...
Brilliantly written, daring and ra-
dical ... It will shock, and philo-
sophical shock is the beginning of
wisdom."—PAUL TILLICH.

• "One of the classics of the 20th
century."
—JOHN ABBOT CLARK, *Chicago Tribune*.

• "Richard Weaver's book is im-
portant; his explanation of the
breakdown of modern man is the
best in years."—JOHN CROWE RANSOM.

• "A brilliant and sustained attack
on the muddled relativism of our
age."—CLEANTH BROOKS. \$2.75



Other UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS books



The Categorical Imperative:

A STUDY IN KANT'S MORAL PHILOSOPHY
By H. J. PATON. A radically new
interpretation of theories the author
believes have been ascribed falsely
to Kant. \$4.00

Rage for Order

ESSAYS IN CRITICISM
By AUSTIN WARREN. A study of
nine metaphysical poets and novel-
ists, and their search for meaning in
the universe. \$3.00

The History of the Persian Empire

By ALBERT T. OLMSTEAD. The
life, times and thought of the ancient
Persians, pictured for the first time
from the Persian point of view.

182 illustrations, \$10.00

Early Irish Literature

By MYLES DILLON. An introduc-
tion to the poetry and legends of
ancient Ireland. \$3.50

Matthew Arnold

A STUDY IN CONFLICT
By EDWARD KILLORAN BROWN.
A new picture of the serene Victorian
poet as a fiery—and sometimes con-
fused—social reformer. \$3.00

Dreadful Freedom:

A CRITIQUE OF EXISTENTIALISM
By MARJORIE GRENE. The new
and the old, the true and the false in
this philosophy—by a uniquely qual-
ified writer. "An excellent and con-
scientious guide."—Kurt Riezler. \$2.75

The Protestant Era

By PAUL TILLICH. What is wrong
with Christian civilization? Does Prot-
estantism need a reformation? \$4.00

The Philosophy of Francis Bacon

By FULTON H. ANDERSON. A
handbook to the philosophical writ-
ings of Francis Bacon. The first
thorough treatment of Bacon's phi-
losophy. \$4.00

At all bookstores, THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS, 5750 Ellis Ave., Chicago 37, Ill.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DAN WICKENDEN

The author of

THE WAYFARERS and

THE RUNNING OF THE DEER

writes a novel it's a joy to read . . .

Tobias Brandywine

Senator Windrow's family found Tobias Brandywine out on the back stoop half-starved and freezing. They put him to bed in the sacred room President Cleveland had slept in, and hoped the Senator would never find out. He did, of course, but by then Tobias had infiltrated — and a new era had begun for all of them. It was an era warm and gay, poignant and funny, an era of discovering themselves — the world — and romance.

At all bookstores \$3.00



WILLIAM MORROW & CO., INC. New York

By Paul McGuire Experiment IN WORLD ORDER

A famous Australian examines the "closest thing to world order man has yet achieved" — the British World system — and its relation to the United States in the world tomorrow. What can we learn from its triumphs, its errors? How has it united men of many races, creeds, political opinions? \$4.00

Out of the encounters between civilizations, Toynbee argues, "the higher religions have been born." Whence the rise and fall of civilizations suggests that "some purposeful enterprise . . . may all the time be making headway, and, in a divine plan, the learning that comes through suffering . . . may be the sovereign means of progress." Thus the course of history — to Gibbon and Voltaire "a picture of crimes and follies" — is here prophetically revealed as bequeathing to man "a growing fund of illumination and Grace . . . an inexhaustible possibility of progress [toward] closer communion with God . . . the true purpose of life on Earth." Such, in brief, is the perspective from which Toynbee surveys the trials that confront the present civilization.

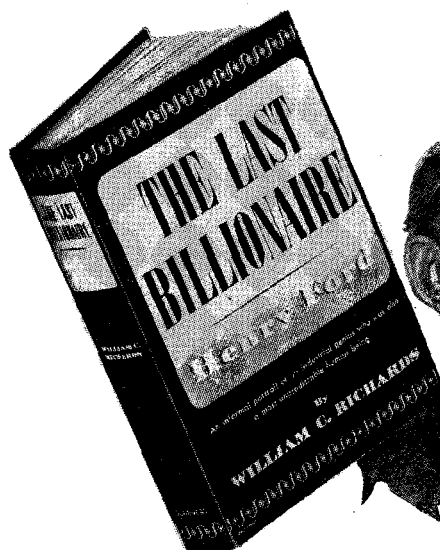
War and Class — the congenital diseases which have killed off most of the twenty known civilizations — will now kill off Civilization, unless, in politics, we "establish a constitutional cooperative system of world government. In economics find working compromises (varying according to the practical requirements of different places and times) between free enterprise and socialism. In the life of the spirit, put the secular structure back onto religious foundations." Toynbee's objection to "the present rather conservative American gospel of out-and-out individualism," and to Russian Communism, is that both claim to be universally applicable "blueprints," which they most emphatically are not. The mixing of free enterprise and socialism in Western Europe may help to knock these issues off their "ideological pedestal," and so buy time for history to allay the differences between the Big Two. "It is a foregone conclusion that the world is in any event going to be unified politically in the near future."

Then and now

The breadth of Toynbee's vision, vitalized by a dazzling erudition, is a chastening reminder of our absurd parochialism. He will match you past tense to any present tension, and thereby place that tension in more meaningful perspective. To the challenges that confront our civilization, Toynbee furnishes exact parallels in the scroll of ancient Greece; to Russia's policies, parallels in her Byzantine heritage. We learn that in the ninth century the Bulgarian heathen turned to the West — as Greece and Turkey turn today — for protection against the Byzantines. And the Byzantines trembled at the awesome new weapon of the West — the deadly crossbow.

Toynbee's consummate mastery of history coupled with his literary gifts makes *Civilization on Trial* — easier reading and less ambitious than the *Study* — a vastly important and illuminating piece of work, irrespective of agreement with the over-all viewpoint. That viewpoint is open to challenge on several accounts. Notwithstanding the claim to empiricism, history is from the start vassalized to theology (for example, "War and Class are social reflections . . . of original sin"); its Babel is reduced to revivalist sonorities — an approach which the skeptical modern finds hard to swallow. To Toynbee the higher religions are the sole "creative"

Spring books from Scribners



The **LAST BILLIONAIRE**

HENRY FORD

by **William C. Richards**

A delightful, utterly informal biography of the fabulous motor-maker, by a newspaperman who knew him intimately for thirty years.

"The best thing on Ford ever written." *DETROIT SUNDAY NEWS*. "As choice a collection of anecdotes and facts as have ever been assembled about one individual." *NEWSWEEK*

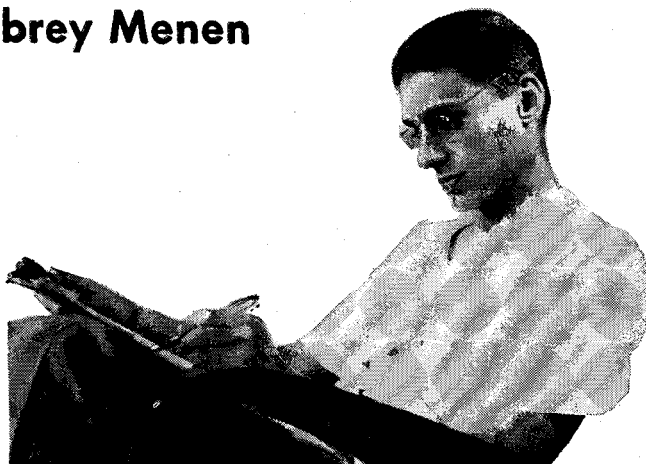
Fourth large printing • \$3.75

The **PREVALENCE of WITCHES**

by **Aubrey Menen**

"An absolute triumph of sly wit and malicious merriment . . . Menen writes as if he were Norman Douglas, Evelyn Waugh and the young Aldous Huxley all rolled into one!" *NEW YORK TIMES*. "Shaw at his best could not have done better." *HARTFORD COURANT*. "A novel of remarkable wit and originality . . . impudent, ironic and profound."

THE NEW YORKER



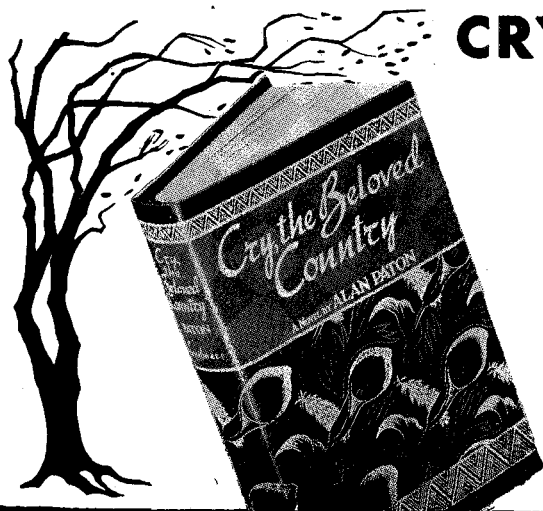
Second printing • \$2.75

CRY, the BELOVED COUNTRY

by **Alan Paton**

"Certain to rank as one of the finest novels of the year." *Orville Prescott, NEW YORK TIMES*. "One of the most distinguished novels of any period in my reading life. There is fire in it that runs like a flame across the wide veld. There is hidden passion that comes into the vast open of human hunger for a homeland." *Dr. Daniel A. Poling, CHRISTIAN HERALD*

Fifth large printing • \$3.00



at all bookstores • Charles Scribner's Sons, New York

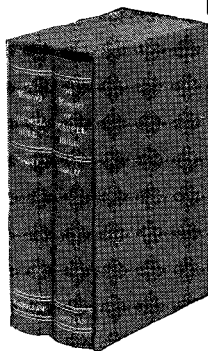
Announcing . . .

a **GREAT** book

The Memoirs of **CORDELL HULL**

Two large, handsome volumes, more than 1800 pages (only one-ninth was serialized in the newspapers). To be published May 24. Order from your bookseller *now* at special pre-publication price of \$9.00. After publication, \$10.50.

MACMILLAN



OPPORTUNITIES IN MAGAZINE WRITING

NOTE: THE MAGAZINE INSTITUTE COURSE IN WRITING HAS BEEN APPROVED FOR VETERANS' TRAINING

Now you can study the famous Magazine Institute Course in Magazine Writing and Journalism at **home, in spare time**. You receive regular assignments designed to get you started and keep you writing. Everything you send in is patiently corrected and returned with detailed explanation of just what you need to do to achieve **professional** standards.

WRITERS AND EDITORS SHOW YOU HOW

The Magazine Institute is owned, operated and staffed by men and women themselves active in the modern writing and publishing fields. They correct your work, suggest possible markets, answer all your questions. You get a chance to concentrate on fiction, non-fiction or newspaper work—whatever seems to suit you best. Before long you are preparing, in your own home, short stories, articles, sketches or other material in accordance with **modern** magazine and publishing requirements.

FREE BOOKLET—Send **today** for the free catalog which describes the Magazine Institute method. Inquirers also receive list of unsolicited testimonials from successful Magazine Institute graduates.

FILL OUT THE COUPON AND MAIL IT **NOW**

The Magazine Institute, Inc.
50 Rockefeller Plaza, Rockefeller Center
New York 20, N. Y., Dept. 15

Please send me, without obligation, your free catalog and other information of value to writers.

Name

Street Address

City State

(INQUIRIES CONFIDENTIAL • NO SALESMAN WILL CALL)

☐ Check here if eligible under G. I. Bill

power in history, the measure of a civilization's achievement is its output of prophets. This is *deduction* from articles of faith, not *induction* from the mazy gyrations of history.

How do these concepts square with history's lesson, which certain mystics have noted, that religious fanaticism has inspired innumerable wars and unimaginable cruelties? (The massacre in India is a present reminder.) Is it self-evident that Zoroaster was a greater benefactor than, say, Pasteur? That the French-Canadians are likely to prove the most creative community in North America? That Sir James Frazer's humanism is almost equatable with the aberrations of Alfred Rosenberg? Is the concept of human welfare per se quite meaningless as the measure of a society's achievement? The answers to such questions hinge on whether, sharing Toynbee's prophetic outlook, one is prepared to jettison part of the core of contemporary enlightenment.

Toynbee's "encounter between civilizations" is topically anatomized in *Tumult in India* (Dodd, Mead, \$3.00) by **George E. Jones**, a former New York Times correspondent. Appalled by the dimensions of India's misery, the havoc wrought by Hindu-Moslem rivalry — eight millions have been uprooted, some four hundred thousand killed — Mr. Jones suggests that what India needs is more material progress, at the expense, if need be, of spiritual tradition, which has contributed toward keeping millions petrified in a miserable way of life.

Taking up where recent books left off, *Tumult in India* is a readable, levelheaded, and informative survey of the subcontinent, both of whose warring societies are wavering between tradition and the conflicting magnetism of the West. That conflict is imaginatively projected in **Joseph Hitrec's** prize-winning novel, *Son of the Moon* (Harper, \$3.00), a richly variegated tapestry of the life, loves, and harrowing allegiances of a Westernized upper-caste Hindu. The outcome of this contest is predicted by Arnold Toynbee: the destiny of most non-Westerners is neither to be fossilized in tradition nor to be assimilated to the West, but to be "enrolled in that vast, cosmopolitan proletariat which is one of the most portentous by-products of the 'Westernization' of the world." Toynbee would have you note it was from a similar "proletarian underworld" that a cluster of higher religions once emerged — among them Christianity.

Goebbels: myth and reality

Evidence that history is a sardonic prankster is afforded by *The Goebbels Diaries* (Doubleday, \$4.00), translated and edited by **Louis P. Lochner**. Diligently compiled each day for twenty years as a monument to the Nazi state, the *Diaries* are proof that Nazism lacked even the quality we envied in it: efficiency. Dr. Goebbels's testament to posterity is, by indirection, a resounding testimonial to democracy.

The 7100 pages from which Mr. Lochner has drawn his excerpts cover, fragmentarily, the period from January, 1942, to December, 1943. The material is mildly disappointing in three respects. It

side-steps Goebbels's private life — which, judging from Lochner's remarks, makes Frank Harris seem a sluggard in amour. It stops short of the supreme treat: Goebbels's commentary on the German debacle. Written for eventual publication, subject to doctoring, it is far from being a "true confession."

With these captious qualifications, I've no hesitation in saying that the *Diaries* are an utterly fascinating document, rich in intriguing disclosures and brimming over with unconscious ironies. They also afford a satisfying revenge on the little fiend who so long plagued the world with lies, threats, and obscenities. There he is now, laid out in front of you: still devilishly performing in one paragraph, but in the next admitting that the act is going to pieces — abusing his colleagues, cursing the generals ("they aren't worth a hoot"), berating the German people for not being the supermen he said they were.

The *Diaries* can best be described as an attempt at myth-making which keeps slipping from the clouds into reality. It is a gem of irony that the Nazi radio monitoring service should have been a devastating carrier for Allied propaganda, a veritable "fountainhead of defeatism" whose "manipulations threaten a collapse of morale"; apparently Allied broadcasts were irresistibly alluring to the Germans, high and low. Inordinately vain of his accomplishments, Goebbels betrays a colossal inferiority complex about the German character and Nazi policy. The Germans are too sentimental; their news reporting is "too dry" to compete with Reuters; with them, griping is "a bowel movement of the soul." "How little" they know about politics, how "inept" is their diplomacy; they cannot even "behave like a victorious people." Japan's occupation policies make the doctor bug-eyed with envy. But alliance with the "Yellow Race" worries the Führer, "since we are uncompromising in our racial views." Goebbels favors following the Japanese in executing captured airmen. He lays plans to liquidate the Church. Among the minor topics he touches on are artificial insemination, potato rationing, brothels for slave workers, his eczema, the effects of war work on the sex appeal of dancing girls.

The inefficiency of the Nazi regime proclaims itself on every page. The Ministry of the Interior is "a bureaucratic hydrocephalus," the Post Office is "filled with bureaucrats," and so on. Meanwhile, the Führer is sealed off in his aerie with a little dog as his "only living companion," and "we are quite without a governing hand."

Goebbels's opinions on "the little kings throughout the land" are sheer delight. Rosenberg — "a sort of Quisling type . . . an obstreperous nincompoop." Ley — an illiterate "sophomore." Ribbentrop is castigated for not preserving peace with England — just because of his confounded "inferiority complex." Goebbels on foreign figures and peoples is equally astringent. The fact that Sweden is showing a Russian film makes him exclaim, "How low the so-called Nordic states have sunk!" Franco, whom he abominates, is "cowardly . . . an inflated peacock." Edda Ciano revolts him so

"The best written, most interesting, accurate, and concise work for the general reader."

—ARTHUR B. SPINGARN, President, National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

Story of the Negro

by ARNA BONTEMPS
Chief Librarian of Fisk University

In this authentic, unbiased history of his people Arna Bontemps offers the facts that challenge prejudice at its source — in ignorance. A thoroughly readable and dramatic story, it is written simply and dispassionately. There is, throughout, an inherent dignity — the dignity of a people fighting for freedom — a people about whom too little is known.

Illustrated by Raymond Lufkin

\$3.00 wherever books are sold

Borzoi Books for Young People



ALFRED • A • KNOPF • 501 Madison Avenue, New York 22

WORLD FAMOUS

**The finest book of synonyms
and antonyms in existence**



Take a tip from writers like Mary Roberts Rinehart, Kenneth Roberts, Norman Corwin, Philip Van Doren Stern, from executives, teachers, speakers everywhere. The new *International* is the indispensable book for anyone who works with words.

Now double its former size, even easier to use and completely up-to-date, it's the finest book of synonyms and antonyms in existence.

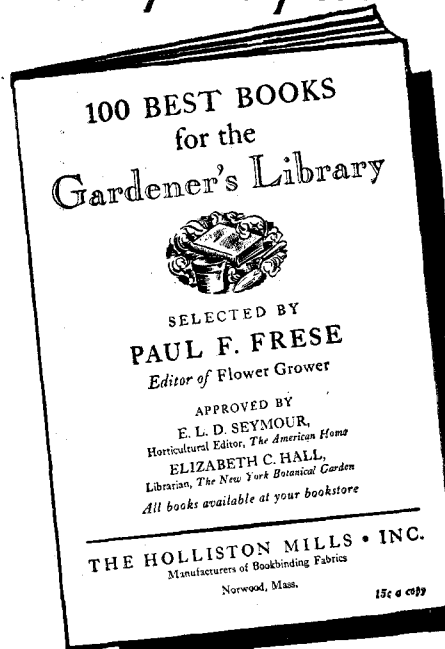
Over 200,000 words and phrases • Only edition with American speech and slang • Large type • Newly designed for rapid reference • Sturdy, long-lasting binding • 1194 pages

◀ THE NEWEST Plain, \$5.00
◀ THE BIGGEST Thumb-indexed, \$5.50
◀ THE BEST

Send for FREE Booklet Dept. A-6

THOMAS Y. CROWELL CO., 432 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 16

Ready May 1st—



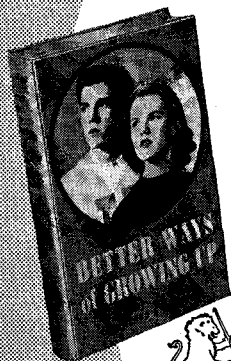
16-page catalogue . . . 15c a copy at your local bookstore or THE HOLLISTON MILLS, INC. Dept. A 70 West 40th Street • New York 18

Interesting to Parents
Fascinating to Teen-Agers

Better Ways of Growing Up

by J. E. Crawford and L. E. Woodward

Both parents and their teen-agers will want this newest of books about growing boys and girls. Written by two nationally known authorities on youth psychology. Skillful handling of a wide range of material increases self understanding of puzzling youth problems. Not technical. Includes 42 self quizzes. 18 full page illustrations. Ideal for ages 14 to 18. Order today for your son or daughter.



At Your Bookstore
or Send Coupon to

\$3

MUHLBERG PRESS
1228 Spruce Street, Philadelphia 7, Pa.
I enclose Please send copies of BETTER
WAYS OF GROWING UP.

Name

Address

City Zone State

AT 5-44

powerfully he concludes the Duce once committed "race disgrace" with a Russian Jewess. And Quisling — he is "in fact nothing but a Quisling!"

In the latter pages, a doomsday mood obtrudes itself. The bombings and the "blood letting" in the East are a martyrdom. The Luftwaffe is impotent, the Wehrmacht untrustworthy. Reaping the whirlwind, Goebbels recognizes that "future generations will curse us for having brought such ruin upon the peoples of Europe." Shallow (his estimates are often wrong or superficial), volatile (his opinion of persons and countries constantly changes), flagrantly self-contradictory — the real architect of the Nazi myth shows us how strangely weak was the reality.

The enemy, my brother

Goebbels's prophecy that anti-Semitism would not lose its new vigor is borne out in *A Mask for Privilege* (Little, Brown, \$2.75), Carey McWilliams's analysis of the "cold pogrom" in America. This is no undercover man's febrile exposé, but a responsible and impressively documented piece of work by a former Commissioner of Immigration and Housing in California, who has devoted years to the study of America's minority problems and has written several books about them. It is McWilliams's thesis that American anti-Semitism is a diversionary weapon of class and economic privilege. Alien to the "classical" American tradition, anti-Semitism is said to have received its impetus from the top ranks of society in the Industrial Age and then to have become enshrined in a "bogus countertradition" nurtured by the "private governments": industry, banking, clubs, universities, and so forth.

McWilliams maps the astounding ramifications of anti-Semitism in American life. He proceeds to wither the stereotypes with a fire of facts and figures, showing, for example, that so far from dominating the American economy, the Jew is its "marginal man." He explains why the Jews are singled out as scapegoats, why the "crackpot" organizations are a menace. He probes psychological sources, quoting from Sartre's *Portrait of the Anti-Semite*: "He is a man who is afraid . . . of his conscience, of freedom, of his instincts, of his responsibilities, of change, of society and of the world; of everything except the Jews." The most effective way to combat anti-Semitism, McWilliams concludes, is by legislation outlawing discrimination and organized agitation.

It strikes me that some contradiction is implicit between the key role assigned to privilege in McWilliams's analysis and his agreement with Sartre's purely psychological diagnosis. In Sartre's view, which accounts for the relative universality of the disease, individual tensions might breed anti-Semitism even in a society devoid of privilege. In Russia, anti-Semitism, though outlawed by the ruling class, is reported to have cropped up among the peasantry. Another case which makes me query McWilliams's emphasis is modern Italy. There privilege has flourished, and yet — as the Goebbels *Diaries* continually complain — anti-Semitism has found remarkably few recruits.

BODIES AND SOULS

\$3.75

Maxence van der Meersch

PELLEGRINI AND CUDAHY

THIS crusading novel about public medicine in France recalls a best-seller of some years back, *The Citadel*. It is written in the Zola tradition by a winner of the Prix Goncourt, who combines naturalistic treatment with an evangelical message. The story traces the career of a young doctor with powerful connections who, rebelling against the intrigues and professional cynicism of his ambitious colleagues, sacrifices a brilliant future to a sick girl and practice in the slums. Embedded in these pages is a veritable primer of medicine and surgery: clinical details of operations, of shock treatments, and of disease in its many shapes and forms — all of which has a gruesome but compelling fascination for the layman. The characterizations are solid and the intricate narrative has intensity and sweep.

INNOCENTS

\$2.50

A. L. Barker

SCRIBNER

It's a long time since a new writer has bowed in with a collection of short stories of such superb quality as these. Miss Barker, an English girl who has won the British Atlantic Award and the first Somerset Maugham Award, has the gifts of a considerable artist: highly individual sensitivity, precision and control, a refreshing sense of structure, and a wonderful ability to fuse character and incident. Her protagonists are children. Moving with amazing penetration into their mysterious mental world, she fixes and lays bare the shock of first contact with tragedy and evil. But her title cuts both ways. Two of her "innocents" are the adult victims of malicious fiends in children's clothing. This is a truly exciting talent, a book you should not miss.

THE DIVINE COMEDY

\$10.00

Translated by Lawrence Grant White

PANTHEON

THIS new translation in blank verse seeks to recapture the great narrative power of Dante's masterpiece. Designed to be more readable to contemporaries than Longfellow's rendition, it is free of archaisms, clear, simple, and painstakingly accurate. The author, who comes from a family of Dante enthusiasts, worked on his translation over a period of twenty-five years. The book is superbly printed and contains seventy full-page reproductions of Gustave Doré's famous illustrations.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF TASTE

\$2.49

Jean Anthelme Brillat-Savarin

LIVERIGHT

THE "Meditations on Transcendental Gastronomy" of the immortal Brillat-Savarin constitute a mouth-watering encyclopedia of the table: aphorisms ("Dessert without cheese is like a pretty girl with only one eye"; "A cook may be educated, but a 'roast cook' must be born such"), savory anecdotes, gastronomic history and folklore, learned discourse on eels and truffles, culinary esoterica, a psalmody of great dishes, and sermons on the abuse of food and wine. The meat of our author's wit and wisdom sometimes floats thinly in a stew of pseudoscientific, pseudophilosophic hokum. But the sympathetic reader won't mind fishing for the choice morsels.

You can learn any foreign language in *record* time



WITH

HOLT ARMY LANGUAGE COURSES

"THE ONE AND ONLY ARMY METHOD"

... IN YOUR OWN HOME ... AT YOUR OWN CONVENIENCE

Here are the authentic ARMY books and records developed by the non-profit American Council of Learned Societies ... already used by more than 700 schools and colleges, and thousands of individuals studying at home. *TIME Magazine* calls the method:

"LINGUISTIC QUICKSTEP"

It provides practical, tested vocabulary for everyday situations. Through *guided imitation* you listen-and-repeat with correct pronunciation, intonation and speed. Each course consists of 24 high-fidelity, unbreakable Vinylite records with textbook and self-testing key. No fancy gadgets ... all non-essentials eliminated ... rock-bottom price. \$50.00. Write for free prospectus NOW.

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY, Dept. A

257 Fourth Ave., New York 10

THE NEW COLOPHON

A Book Collectors' Quarterly

is a resumption of the original Colophon, 1930-1940 under the familiar trio of editors, Elmer Adler, John T. Winterich and F. B. Adams, Jr., and a distinguished board of contributing editors, all eminent in the bibliographic and collecting world.

The first two quarterly parts are ready and subscriptions at \$15.00 per year will include these

Order from your bookseller

THE NEW COLOPHON

66 East 56th Street

New York 22, N. Y.

SCOTTISH CLANS

And Their Tartans

By Robert Bain, City Librarian, Glasgow. Illustrated with 129 superb full-page *color plates*. Attractively bound in blue cloth, stamped in gold, stained top. In addition to the 129 splendid full-page color plates of tartans, the history of each Scottish Clan is given. Size 4 1/4" x 6 1/4". 314 pages. Imported from Scotland. Only \$2.74 postpaid

Money-Back Guarantee

THE UNION LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

AM-5

Established 1884

121-123 E. 24th St., New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me copies of SCOTTISH CLANS and Their Tartans for which I am enclosing \$.....

Name (Please Print)

Address

City Zone State

☐ Please send me your FREE 36-page Bargain Book Catalog No. 356-AM

We're Spending One Thousand Million Dollars

to meet your growing needs for oil

THE JOB AHEAD is a *big* job, calling for *big* plans and *big* performance.

Right now Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) and its affiliates are modernizing and expanding production and facilities at the greatest rate in their history. Expenditures for 1947 and 1948 alone come to *one billion dollars. That's a thousand million dollars!*

It is reported that the oil industry as a whole will spend *13 billion dollars* over the next few years to do this job.

Why? What's going on?

Last year, this country used more oil than the whole world did in 1939—before World War II.

You're getting *61% more* oil products now than pre-war. You're getting *12% more* than even the biggest war-time output.

3 million more cars on the road than pre-war—buses and trucks up *25 and 30%!* And the average car is using *50 more gallons* of gasoline a year than pre-war!

1,500,000 more homes are oil-heated than in 1939!

Farmers have *doubled* their use of time-saving,

work-saving tractors, trucks, and other equipment since pre-war!

And this is all to the good. It spells progress. It's part of America's better and better living standards.

It's part of the amazing fact that oil has supplied 62% of this country's whole vast increase in use of fuel over the past 20 years—for industry, agriculture, homes, and transportation.

But it also means close figuring between present needs and present capacity. Even today's record output doesn't give the *extra* reserve of available supply we've always had in the American oil business. This will be true until the full effect of the new, expanded facilities is felt.

But the big new supply for your new need is *on its way right now*. Wells being drilled. Refineries, pipelines, storage tanks built. Billions of dollars working as fast and as hard as skill and resourcefulness and experience can make them work.

The better you live the more oil you need. And the oil for your needs is on the way!

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (NEW JERSEY)



Who Pays for Telephone Expansion?

INVESTORS DO

They invest in telephone bonds and stocks and we use the money to build new telephone facilities.

On the other hand, the money you pay us for telephone service is used for wages, taxes, depreciation and other operating costs.

So when you read about the millions of

dollars we are putting into our expansion program — or see a new building going up — it is good to be able to say:

“Thanks, Mr. and Mrs. Investor. Thanks for putting up so much money so we can have so much more and better telephone service.”

That's the way it happens.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

